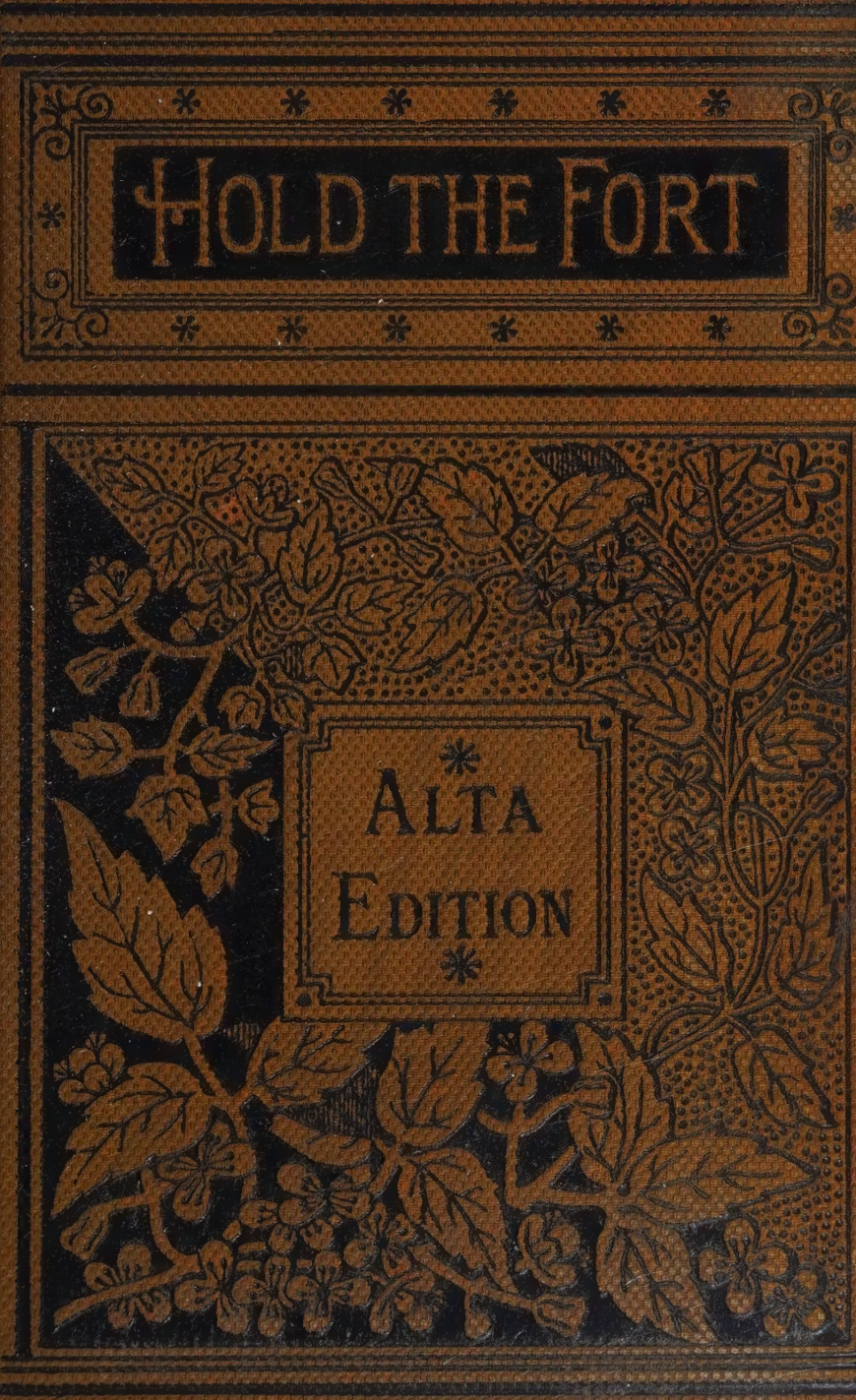
HOLD THE FORT



ALTA EDITION

D. L. Moody.

HOLDING THE FORT:

COMPRISING

SERMONS AND ADDRESSES

AT THE

GREAT REVIVAL MEETINGS

CONDUCTED BY

MOODY AND SANKEY;

AND ALSO THE

LIVES AND LABORS

OF

D. L. MOODY, IRA D. SANKEY, AND P. P. BLISS.

BY M. LAIRD SIMONS,

EDITOR OF "SUNDAY HALF-HOURS WITH THE GREAT PREACHERS," "DUYCKINCK'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF AMERICAN LITERATURE," ETC.

WITH PORTRAITS COPIED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

PHILADELPHIA:

PORTER & COATES.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY CHAS. H. YOST.

Dedication.

TO

DWIGHT L. MOODY

AND

IRA D. SANKEY

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED AS AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THEIR

GREAT SERVICES

IN THE CAUSE OF

OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST.

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

FOR the space of four years, the great and enlightened countries of England, Scotland, Ireland and the United States have been swayed in a wonderful way by the words preached and the hymns sung by two plain men of the people. As these Evangelists have removed from city to city, tens of thousands have collected about them to listen, and as many as twenty or thirty services a week have not exhausted the popular interest. Converts have been made by thousands, thus strengthening the churches that uphold the Truth, and the religious world of the English race has been animated by a spirit of earnest zeal that was known but in part before their advent into public notice.

And yet, in our own land, by the necessities of the case, hundreds of thousands have as yet neither seen nor heard either of these self-sacrificing preachers of righteousness, and may never enjoy that privilege. Even those who have been more favored have been able to attend only a meeting or two, and what they have received there can but make them the more eager to have an opportunity to increase such a personal experience. It is for the benefit of all such that the Publisher has prepared the present volume. He feels assured that it will meet a need in the community.

The series of fifty sermons and the additional addresses herewith given are reprinted from verbatim reports. They

present an accurate account of Mr. Moody's preaching, so that a reader has as good an opportunity to know his very words as a regular attendant. No attempt at a revision has been made. These discourses are worthy, by their intense earnestness, strong conceptions, vigorous expression, and clear explanations of evangelical truth, to attain a wide circulation, and so carry the influence of the Evangelist where his voice may never reach.

The record of the lives and labors of Messrs. Moody, Sankey and Bliss which is added, has been written expressly for this volume by an author thoroughly in sympathy with their grand mission. It will enable our readers to understand the peculiar manner in which Providence reared up each of these three men, and qualified them to assume and fulfil the mighty responsibilities which have fallen upon them. Our reverence for them as teachers cannot but be heightened by the study of their pure, unselfish characters and tireless toils.

It is also proper to state that neither Mr. Moody nor Mr. Sankey are interested, in any pecuniary manner, in the publication of this work. They would no doubt, in the modesty of their characters, have discouraged its preparation, had they been consulted upon the subject.

PHILADELPHIA,
April 25th, 1877.

CONTENTS.

Page

DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY..... i

IRA DAVID SANKEY..... xxvi

THE GOSPEL AWAKENING..... xxxiii

PHILIP PAUL BLISS..... xlvi

FIRST EVENING.

But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise..... 17

SECOND EVENING.

When He saw their faith..... 25

THIRD EVENING.

Courage and Enthusiasm..... 34

FOURTH EVENING.

To every man his work..... 42

FIFTH EVENING.

Pray and Work..... 50

SIXTH EVENING.

The Lord and the Gospel..... 58

SEVENTH EVENING.

The Lord and the Gospel—Part Second..... 66

EIGHTH EVENING

For there is no difference..... 73

NINTH EVENING.

Ye must be born again..... 81

TENTH EVENING.

Ye must be born again—Part Second..... 90

ELEVENTH EVENING.

Page
What is Christ to us?..... 98

TWELFTH EVENING.

Where art thou?..... 105

THIRTEENTH EVENING.

The mission of the Son of Man..... 112

FOURTEENTH EVENING.

The mission of the Son of Man—Part Second..... 120

FIFTEENTH EVENING.

Seek the Lord..... 128

SIXTEENTH EVENING.

Grace..... 138

SEVENTEENTH EVENING.

Law and Grace..... 144

EIGHTEENTH EVENING.

What think ye of Christ?..... 152

NINETEENTH EVENING.

Faith..... 159

TWENTIETH EVENING.

Belief and Confession..... 166

TWENTY-FIRST EVENING.

What must I do to be saved?..... 176

TWENTY-SECOND EVENING.

Compassion..... 184

TWENTY-THIRD EVENING.

The Prodigal Son..... 192

TWENTY-FOURTH EVENING.

Page
Jesus' Birth-place 200

TWENTY-FIFTH EVENING.

The Blood of the Old Testament 207

TWENTY-SIXTH EVENING.

The Blood of the New Testament 217

TWENTY-SEVENTH EVENING.

Heaven 228

D. L. MOODY.

DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY, whose name is already historic as the Evangelist of the Nineteenth century, was born in the rural town of Northfield, Mass., on the 5th of February, 1837. His father's father had settled in that town in 1796, being by trade a mason; and earlier mention of the Moody family is given in the register of the Roxbury church, dating as far back as 1633. His mother's family, which was named Holton, also dwelt in that same State, for seven generations. His father, Edwin, lived to see six sons born, of whom the eldest was thirteen and Dwight the youngest, besides a daughter. His home was a spacious farm-house, a two-storied double-front with an attic; and it stood on the road a little outside the town. By farming a tract of a few acres, and working also as a stone mason, he contrived to earn a comfortable livelihood. But heavy losses from a business venture fell upon the family, followed unexpectedly by the death of the father, after a few hours of illness. And as a final burden, a twin boy and girl were born a month later. Although Dwight was only four years old then, he was deeply impressed by the shadow of death on the family hearth. In his sermon on the Prodigal Son he recalls his childish horror, saying: "The first thing I remember was the death of my father. It was a beautiful day in June when he fell suddenly dead. The shock made such an impression on me, young as I was, that I shall never forget it. I remember nothing about the funeral, but his death has made a lasting impression upon me."

Mrs. Moody bore with a brave heart the weight of a household that would have crushed most women, and nurtured her flock of nine as best she could. She refused all offers to part with any of her children. Instead of breaking up the family, she kept all busily at work in the garden, at picking berries and fruit, and doing chores for the farmers around. She daily

instilled into their minds a little teaching from the Scriptures, and took them regularly to the services of the Unitarian church and Sunday-school.

Reared in such a school of poverty, labor and self-denial, Dwight grew up a sturdy, ruddy boy, self-reliant, strong in will, and possessing a flow of animal spirits that made him a favorite with his playmates. His mother said of him: "He used to think himself a man when he was only a boy." His pastor, Mr. Everett, once engaged him to work at the parsonage, but found him so full of mischief that he was glad to dismiss him to his home. Nor did the teacher of the district school find him a hopeful pupil. Fun pleased Dwight better than study. So, though he attended the sessions until almost seventeen years old, he progressed but poorly in reading and writing, was a bad speller, and knew but little of ciphering. Yet he was in no sense a vicious lad. He always respected his mother's authority, and never wholly escaped the influence of the religious training at her hands. Once, when he was driving cows as a six-year-old, an old fence fell over on him and pinned him to the ground. "I tried and tried," he has said, "but could not lift the heavy rails. I hallooed for help, but nobody came. Then I thought I should have to die away up there on the mountain all alone. But I happened to think that maybe God would help me, and so I asked him; and after that I could lift the rails."

Though Dwight was not a studious boy, yet he was observant, watchful, and keenly sympathetic to impressions from nature and real life. He has related how in his childhood death was a terrible enemy to him. "Up in that little New England village where I came from, it was the custom to toll out the bell whenever any one died, and to toll one stroke for every year. Sometimes they would toll out seventy strokes for a man of seventy, or forty strokes for a man of forty. I used to think when they died at seventy, and sometimes at eighty, well, that is a good ways off. But sometimes it would be a child at my age, and then it used to be very solemn. Sometimes I could not bear to sleep in a room alone. Death used to trouble me, but, thanks to God, it don't trouble me now." Another of his experiences as a boy refers to a little excursion: "I remember when I was a boy I went several miles from home with an elder brother. That seemed to me the longest visit of my life. It seemed that I was then further away from home than I had ever been before, or have ever been since. While we were walking down the street we saw an old man coming

toward us, and my brother said: 'There is a man that will give you a cent. He gives every new boy that comes into this town a cent.' That was my first visit to the town, and when the old man got opposite to us he looked around, and my brother, not wishing me to lose the cent and to remind the old man that I had not received it, told him that I was a new boy in the town. The old man, taking off my hat, placed his trembling hand on my head, and told me I had a Father in heaven. It was a kind, simple act, but I feel the impression of the old man's hand upon my head to-day."

The saddest memory of these days of childhood relates to the running away from home of his eldest brother. He has described the incident pathetically in the sermon on the Prodigal Son. We reprint it here as narrated in England, and in language somewhat different from that recorded in this volume. "I well remember the long winter nights when we all sat around the fire, how mother would go on telling us all about father and his goodness—she was never tired of talking about him. But if any of us mentioned our eldest brother, all would be hushed in a moment. She never could speak of him without tears. She said it would have eased her heart even to know he was dead. 'I don't know,' she would say, 'but he is lying sick in some foreign land, with nobody to watch over him.' I do believe she would have gone all round the world to find him. Some nights I used to hear that mother's voice praying for that boy. Ah! how she used to pour out her heart in prayer to God for her wandering son; and when on winter nights a great gale would come sweeping and howling along, she would turn pale, and in a voice choked with sobs would say, 'Perhaps my boy is at sea with the gale blowing, and in danger of going down!' Well, on one particular day there was always a family gathering to thank God for the harvest, and on this occasion she always put a chair for him, but the chair was always empty. Many and many a time have I gone to the window in the hope that I should see him coming up the garden-walk to cheer our mother's heart, but all was in vain—he didn't come. And so time rolled on. The step that once was so firm became feeble, and the hair that was black as night became silvery gray. How she loved that boy! But amid all this disappointment she held fast to the hope that she would yet see him come back before she died. One day, as she sat in her cottage, her twin-children with her (for the rest of us had gone away into the world, one in one direction and another in another, to fight the battle of

life), she saw a stranger coming through the gate. At first she did not recognize that boy, with his long beard and altered face. But when she saw the tears straggling down his cheeks, the truth flashed on her in an instant, and she sprang to him with the words, 'Come in! come in!' 'No, mother,' he said, 'I will not until you forgive—never!' Do you believe she forgave him? Forgave him! She threw her arms round him and kissed him—the dead was alive, the lost was found! I cannot tell you the joy that welled up in my heart when I heard the news that my poor, long-lost brother had come home again. But this I know. The tears were wiped away from that mother's eyes, and the sunshine of happiness was in her heart again."

Another incident which occurred in Dwight's early manhood made a deep impression on his mind, and prepared his heart to receive willingly the seed of the Word when the time should come for its sowing by the Spirit. The incident cannot be better told than in his own life-like words, as given in one of those autobiographical fragments which he has so frankly narrated from time to time for the warning and encouragement of his fellows.

"Before I left the farm," he said, "I was talking one day to a man who was working there, and who was weeping. I said to him, 'What is the trouble?' And he told me a very strange story—strange to me then, for I was not at that time a Christian. He said that his mother was a Christian when he left home to seek his fortune. When he was about starting, his mother took him by the hand and spoke these parting words: 'My son, seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' 'This,' said he, 'was my mother's favorite text.' When he got into the town to which he was going, he had to spend the Sabbath there. He went to a little church, and the minister preached from the text, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God;' and he thought the text and sermon were meant for him. He wanted to get rich; and when he was settled in life he would seek the kingdom of God. He went on, and the next Sabbath he was in another village. It was not long before he heard another minister preach from the same text, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.' He thought some one must have been speaking to the minister about him; for the minister just pictured him out. But he said, when he got settled in life, and had control of his time, and was his own master, he would then seek the kingdom of God. Some time after he was at another

village, and here went to church again; and he had not been going a great while when he heard the third minister preach from the same text: 'Seek ye the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' He said it went right down into his soul; but he calmly and deliberately made up his mind that he would not become a Christian until he had got settled in life, and owned his farm. This man said, 'Now I am what the world calls rich. I go to church every Sunday; but I have never heard a sermon, from that day to this, which has ever made any impression on my heart. My heart is as hard as a stone.' As he said that, tears trickled down his cheeks. I was a young man, and did not know what it meant. When I became converted, I thought I would see this man when I should go back home, and preach Christ to him. When I went back home I said to my widowed mother, naming the man, 'Is he still living in the same place?' My mother said, 'He is gone mad, and has been taken away to the insane asylum; and to every one that goes to see him he points his finger, and says, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God?' I thought I should like to see him; but he was so far gone it would do no good. The next time I went home he was at his home, idiotic. I went to see him. When I went in, I said, 'Do you know me?' He pointed his finger at me and said, 'Young man, seek ye first the kingdom of God.' God had driven that text into his mind, but his reason was gone. Three years ago, when I visited my father's grave, I noticed a new stone had been put up. I stopped, and found it was my friend's. That autumn wind seemed whispering that text, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.'"

At the age of seventeen, this country lad, stout and robust in physique, but unpolished in manner and shabby in dress, set off from Northfield to seek his fortune in Boston, with his mother's blessing upon him as a benediction, and a few dollars in his pocket. He also bore with him a capacity for persistent work and enthusiasm yet latent, and so unsuspected by himself and his friends. His uncle, Samuel S. Holton, who was in business as a shoe merchant, hesitated to engage such a shaggy, wayward lad, and young Moody was too proud to ask him for a situation. So the lad scoured Boston for employment. As no opening presented itself, he canvassed Lowell, again fruitlessly, and then began to think about starting for New York. In this emergency, his uncle agreed to hire him at a small salary. He had to promise beforehand, however, that he would be guided by his relative's advice, and also

attend the Congregational Church of Mount Vernon and its Sunday-school. Being energetic and tireless, he soon proved himself an excellent salesman. He was generally ready at the door to welcome buyers, and when customers were slack he walked through the streets to seek traders.

At this critical period in his life, young Moody became a shy and silent attendant at the Congregational Church. At first, the evangelical preaching of the pastor, Dr. Kirk, was distasteful to him, and the raw scholar looked unpromising enough to his teacher, Mr. Edward Kimball. But the interest in the lesson which he showed by the quaint question, "That Moses was what you call a pretty smart man, wasn't he?" induced his earnest teacher to visit him at his place of business. Mr. Kimball laid his hand on the lad's shoulder and spoke a few kind words to him. Then he asked him the direct question, "Will you not give your heart to Jesus?" The inquiry pierced him to the heart. He sought and found Jesus as his Saviour, and resolved to consecrate himself to the service of his God. Henceforth life was a new revelation to him. "The morning I was converted," he has said, "I went outdoors and I fell in love with the bright sun shining over the earth. I never loved the sun before. And when I heard the birds singing their sweet songs, I fell in love with the birds. Like the Scotch lassie who stood on the hills of her native land breathing the sweet air, and when asked why she did it, said, 'I love the Scotch air.' If the church was filled with love, it could do so much more."

In another bit of modest autobiography, given as an experience to his English hearers, Mr. Moody referred to the momentous point of his conversion, and told the story of how he was permitted many years afterward to lead to the Saviour a son of his teacher. "When I was in Boston," said he, "I used to attend a Sunday-school class, and one day I recollect a Sabbath-school teacher came round behind the counter of the shop I used to work in, and put his hand on my shoulder, and talked to me about Christ and my soul. I had not felt I had a soul till then. I said: 'This is a very strange thing. Here is a man who never saw me until within a few days, and he is weeping over my sins, and I never shed a tear about them.' But I understand it now, and know what it is to have a passion for men's souls and weep over their sins. I don't remember what he said, but I can feel the power of that young man's hand on my shoulder to-night. Young Christian men, go and lay your hand on your comrade's shoulder, and

point him to Jesus to-night. Well, he got me up to the school, and it was not long before I was brought into the kingdom of God. I went thousands of miles away after that, but I often thought I should like to see that man again. Time rolled on, and at length I was at Boston again; and I recollect, one night when I was preaching there, a fine, noble-looking young man came up the aisle and said: 'I should like to speak with you, Mr. Moody. I have often heard my father talk about you.' 'Who is your father?' I asked. 'Edward Kimball,' was the reply. 'What?' said I, 'my old Sunday-school teacher?' I asked him his name, and he said it was Henry, and that he was seventeen years of age. I tried to put my hand on his shoulder just where his father did on my shoulder, and I said to him: 'You are just as old as I was when your father put his hand on my shoulder. Are you a Christian, Henry?' 'No, sir,' he said; and as I talked to him about his soul, with my hand on his shoulder, the tears began to trickle down. 'Come,' said I, 'I will show you how you can be saved,' and I took him into a pew and quoted promise after promise to him. And I went on praying with him, but as he did not get light, I read to him the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah: '"All we, like sheep, have gone astray." Do you, believe that, Henry?' 'Yes, sir, I know that's true.' '"We have turned every one to his own way." Is that true?' 'Yes, sir, that's true, and that's what troubles me: I like my own way.' 'But there is another sentence yet, Henry: "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all?" Do you believe that, Henry?' 'No, I do not, sir.' 'Now,' I said, 'why should you take a verse of God's word and cut it in two, and believe one part and not another? Here are two things against you, and you believe them; and here is one thing in your favor, but you won't believe that. What authority have you for serving God's word in that way?' 'Well,' he said, 'Mr. Moody, if I believed *that* I should be saved.' 'I know you would,' I replied, 'and that's exactly what I want you to do. But you take the bitter, and won't have the sweet with it.' So I held him to that little word *hath*—'He *hath* laid on Him the iniquity of us all.'"

Moody as a young Christian was for a while a mere babe in the Kingdom. His zeal was strong, but his mind was not tutored in the Scriptures, his command of language was very limited, his sentences were broken and ungrammatical. So it happened, singularly enough, that his application in May, 1855, for admission into church membership was not accepted, as he

was thought not to know enough. He was not received until May 4, 1856. The fact was doubtless as Mr. Kimball has since stated: "I can truly say, and in saying it I magnify the infinite grace of God as bestowed upon him, that I have seen few persons whose minds were spiritually darker than was his when he came into my Sunday-school class; and I think that the committee of the Mount Vernon Church seldom met an applicant for membership more unlikely ever to become a Christian of clear and decided views of Gospel truth, still less to fill any extended sphere of public usefulness. Mr. Moody remained in my class for two years, until he bade me good-bye on leaving Boston for Chicago." And another Christian brother has testified that Mr. Moody, when he began to labor publicly for the saving of souls, had little more than a half of a talent to account for. But it is now evident that he put his half talent to service so diligently that the Lord added to it continually, until at the present time he has come to be endowed with the transcendant influence of ten talents, and to be mightiest among the mighty in the proclamation of the glad tidings of salvation by the gift of God.

Older Christians, who had learned wisdom in the school of experience, felt called upon occasionally to counsel and warn the inexperienced and impetuous layman to watch over the utterances that sprang in such a tempestuous torrent from his heart. Such a rebuke, which he had the grace to profit by, has been told by him. "I remember once when I was first converted I spoke in a Sabbath school, and there seemed to be a great deal of interest, and quite a number rose for prayer, and I remember I went out quite rejoiced; but an old man followed me out. I have never seen him since. I never had seen him before, and don't even know his name—but he caught hold of my hand and gave me a little bit of advice. I didn't know what he meant at the time, but he said: 'Young man, when you speak again, honor the Holy Ghost.' I was hastening off to another church to speak, and all the way over it kept ringing in my ears—'Honor the Holy Ghost.' And I said to myself, 'I wonder what the old man means.' I have found out since what he meant. And I think that all that have been to work in the vineyard of the Lord have learnt that lesson that, if we honor Him in our efforts to do good, He will honor us and work through us; but if we don't honor Him, we will surely break down. The only work that is going to stand to eternity is the work done by the Holy Ghost, and not by any one of us."

At the age of twenty, Mr. Moody began to feel straitened in Boston for lack of opportunity to put his hand to work for the Master. Accordingly, in September, 1856, he removed to Chicago, where he found a situation in the boot and shoe store of Mr. Wiswall. He united himself with the Plymouth Congregational Church, and began to take an active part in the prayer-meetings. He was so thoroughly in earnest to do good that he hired four pews in his church, and set about hunting up young men and boys to occupy those sittings. But his efforts to express his experiences were as unacceptable there as in Boston, and he was repeatedly advised not to attempt to speak in public.

It is now apparent that the Lord was preparing to cut him loose from denominational effort, that he might devote all his powers to the evangelization of that great city. The population of Chicago was increasing with astonishing rapidity. A large mass of its people were cut loose from old religious associations, and living in worldliness; another large proportion was composed of the wholly irreligious—the indifferent, who never entered a church; the scoffers at revealed truth, many of whom were of German descent; and the recklessly vicious. That metropolis of the great Northwest was in danger of escaping from the grasp of the Evangelical churches, just as the Lord was laying the burden of caring for the souls of the churchless upon this one man, whose fiery zeal, bluntness of speech, and loving heart, were admirable qualifications for winning the masses to listen to the preaching of the cross of Jesus Christ.

A casual visit to a Methodist class-meeting led Mr. Moody to join himself to a mission band, who spent Sunday mornings in scattering tracts throughout the city. While thus engaged, he came across a little Sunday-school in North Wells street, and offered himself as a teacher. He was accepted, on condition that he would bring his pupils with him. Accordingly a week later he appeared followed by eighteen ragged children, whom he had coaxed in out of the lanes. These he soon transferred to another teacher, and kept on himself in the task of recruiting till the school-room was crowded. Then, in the spring of 1857, he began to look after the welfare of the sailors in the port of Chicago. On Sunday mornings he busied himself in circulating tracts and Testaments, in praying and conversing in vessels, boarding-houses, hospitals and prisons.

As Mr. Moody grew in the stature of Christian manhood by diligence in studying the Bible, and ardor in seeking out the

impenitent, his soul became more deeply awakened to the necessity of carrying the news of redemption in the spirit of love to those sunk in the wretchedness of sin and vice. So he chose out for himself the worst section in northern Chicago, a district known as "The Sands," where gamblers, thieves, and the depraved of both sexes herded together. He hired a rickety saloon near the North Market, for Sunday-school services and evening meetings. Then he set about persuading the intemperate and degraded to come in, while their unkempt and boisterous children were won over to attend by gifts of maple sugar. There they clustered together, a rude, disorderly crowd, at first without even seats, and with only the shadow of any discipline. The bonds of sympathy were the singing of hymns, led by two helpmates, the telling of stories by Moody, the display of pictures, and the bestowal of candies.

A graphic picture of the evangelist as he was at this time was given a few years since by Mr. Reynolds, in these words: "The first meeting I ever saw him at was in a little old shanty that had been abandoned by a saloon-keeper. Mr. Moody had got the place to hold the meeting in at night. I went there a little late; and the first thing I saw was a man standing up with a few tallow candles around him, holding a negro boy, and trying to read to him the story of the Prodigal Son; and a great many words he could not read out, and had to skip. I thought, 'If the Lord can ever use such an instrument as that for his honor and glory, it will astonish me.' After that meeting was over, Mr. Moody said to me, 'Reynolds, I have got only one talent; I have no education, but I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do something for him: I want you to pray for me.' I have never ceased, from that day to this, to pray for that devoted Christian soldier. I have watched him since then, have had counsel with him, and know him thoroughly; and, for consistent walk and conversation, I have never met a man to equal him. It astounds me to look back and see what Mr. Moody was thirteen years ago, and then what he is under God to-day,—shaking Scotland to its very centre, and reaching now over to Ireland. The last time I heard from him, his injunction was, 'Pray for me every day; pray now that the Lord will keep me humble.'"

The school prospered, as it could not help doing under such auspices, and grew steadily larger, as that outcast neighborhood was canvassed in a circle ever widening. A larger room became necessary, and the use of the hall over the North Market was obtained from Mayor Haines. The lack of seats

was supplied by the liberality of a Christian merchant, Mr. John V. Farwell, and that gentleman was elected superintendent by acclamation. Moody was thus set free to search after new scholars. He labored so abundantly that within a year the average attendance at his school was 650, while sixty volunteers from various churches served as teachers. During the six years these faithful services were kept up, fully 2000 children are thought to have been brought each year within its control. The harvest for the fold of Christ from the good seed there sown cannot be known until eternity dawns. Among the memorable incidents of the school was a visit paid by Abraham Lincoln, after his election to the Presidency in 1860, and his speaking a bit of genial advice, bidding the scholars find out from the Bible the way to grow up to be manly men and womanly women. And truly many of its scholars were blessed for life. One beggar boy, who came in on a cold February day, dressed in an overcoat all in tatters and with no coverings for his legs but newspapers, grew up to be a prominent business man, and superintendent of a large Sunday-school. Mothers who were living in open profligacy were persuaded to send away their daughters from the danger of contamination, and thus many young girls were rescued from lives of shame.

It was at this time that Mr. Moody, after a season of earnest prayer, resolved to devote his entire time and strength to the work of an evangelist. For two years preceding, his business engagement had been that of a commercial traveller, and prosperous as well; while he had always arranged his trips so as to be at home for the duties of each Sunday. He now announced to his employer his decision to give all his time to God, and was asked in return how he was going to live. "God will provide for me," he replied, "if he wishes me to keep on; and I shall keep on till I am obliged to stop." So with a child-like trust in God, he set about his work. He had no home, and he was long content to use as a bed a bench in the room of the Young Men's Christian Association, while a dark coal closet under the stairs served him for praying in secret. His food was of the plainest fare, and his expenses were less than the contributions forced upon him by his friends. The searching experience which led him to this work of self-consecration was narrated by him in his season of services at Chicago sixteen years later, on Sunday, November 2d, 1876, as follows:

"I will tell you how I got my first impulse in this personal work for souls. I hadn't got hold of the idea; there was no

one to teach me, and I was going on with the general work of my school in 1860, when a man who was one of my Sunday-school teachers came into my place of business one day, looking very ill. I asked him what was the matter, and he replied, 'I have been bleeding at the lungs, and the doctors have given me up to die.' 'But you are not afraid to die, are you?' 'No, I think not,' he answered; 'but there is my class. I must leave it, and there is not one of them converted.' It was a class of young girls that gave me more trouble than any other class in the whole school; and he had hard work to get along with them. 'Well,' said I, 'can't you go and call on them before you go away?' 'No,' he said; he was too weak to walk. So I went and got a carriage, and took him round to see those careless scholars. And he pleaded with them and prayed with them, one by one, to give their hearts to Christ. He spent ten days at this work, and every one of that class was saved. The night before he left the city for his home at the East, where he was going to see his mother and to die, we got the teacher and the class together; and such a meeting I never saw on earth. He prayed and I prayed; and then the scholars of their own accord, without my asking them—I didn't know as they could pray—prayed for their teacher, and for themselves that they might all be kept in the way of life, and by-and-by all meet again in heaven. I have thanked God a thousand times for those ten days of personal work."

These labors, though so unselfish, had often to encounter opposition, abuse, and even threats of violence. Once his life was menaced in a hovel by three savage men. They gave him a chance to say his prayers, however, and when he arose from his knees they had fled, being unable to resist the witness of the Spirit. Frequently he confronted infidels, deists, and rum-sellers with the plain testimony of the Word of God, and silenced their enmity. As his school lay in a Roman Catholic district, the window-glass was broken repeatedly by the rowdyish boys, and Mr. Moody visited their bishop to seek a remedy. That prelate promised redress on condition of him joining his fold, and agreed to allow him still to pray with Protestants. "Well, bishop," replied the blunt evangelist, "no man wants to belong to the true Church more than I do. I wish you would pray for me right here, that God would show me his true Church, and help me to be a worthy member of it." The bishop had the grace to comply, and from that time the windows of the school-room were not molested. Yet encouragements to labor also came to him. He was made city mission-

ary of the Young Men's Christian Association, and contrived to buy a pony, so as to make longer tours in the by-ways. Within a twelve-month he had assisted above five hundred families, at an expenditure of $2350.

Mr. Moody was always fearless in maintaining the honor of his Master, no matter what was the opposition. A characteristic instance of this was given in an address to young converts, upon the point of never doing anything they could not feel like praying over. "Once," he said, "I received an invitation to be at the opening of a large billiard-hall. I suppose they thought it was a good joke to invite me. I went before the time came and asked the man if he meant it. He said yes. I asked him if I might bring a friend along. He said I might. I said, 'If you say or do anything that will grieve my friend, I may speak to him during your exercises.' They didn't know what I meant, and knitted their brows and looked puzzled. At last he asked, 'You are not going to pray, are you? We never want any praying here.' 'Well,' I said, 'I never go where I cannot pray; but I'll come round.' 'No,' said he, 'we don't want you.' 'Well, I'll come, anyway, since you invited me,' said I. But he rather insisted that I shouldn't, and finally I told him: 'We'll compromise the matter. I won't come if you will let me pray with you now.' So he agreed to that, and I got down with one rumseller on each side of me, and prayed that they might fail in their business, and never have any more success in it from that day. Well, they went on for about two months, and then, sure enough, they failed. God answered prayer that time."

The outbreak of the civil war in 1861 extended the sphere of Mr. Moody's activities. He was foremost in organizing a system of visitation and prayer-meetings among the troops gathered at Camp Douglas, near the city, and he secured the erection of a neat chapel there, at a cost of $2300. Very soon he was the leader of a band of one hundred and fifty Christian workers, and was carrying the Gospel news from tent to tent and soldier to soldier, with all the ardor and homeliness of brotherly love. After the fall of Fort Donelson, in February, 1862, he was one of a special committee sent to bear the consolations of religion to the wounded and dying volunteers. There, as he stood many a time in the presence of souls whose names were already entered on the muster-roll of death, with only a few hours or moments to turn the glazing eyes to a crucified Saviour as the abiding hope of redemption, he was himself a scholar put under Divine tuition, that he might

realize profoundly the need of teaching sinners the narrow and near way to salvation. His addresses often contain allusions to scenes of army life, and among them occurs this story of a dying soldier.

"After one of our terrible battles—I was in the army, attending soldiers—and I had just laid down one night, past midnight, to get a little rest, when a man came and told me that a wounded soldier wanted to see me. I went to the dying man. He said, 'I wish you to help me to die!' I said: 'I would help you to die if I could. I would take you on my shoulders and carry you into the Kingdom of God, if I could; but I cannot. I can tell you of one that can.' And I told him of Christ being willing to save him; and how Christ left heaven and came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost. I just quoted promise after promise, but all was dark, and it almost seemed as if the shades of death were gathering around his soul. I could not leave him, and at last I thought of the third chapter of John, and I said to him: 'Look here, I am going to read to you now a conversation that Christ had with a man that went to him when he was in your state of mind, and inquired what he was to do to be saved.' I just read that conversation to the dying man, and he lay there with his eyes riveted upon me, and every word seemed to be going home to his heart, which was open to receive the truth. When I came to the verse where it says: 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life,' the dying man cried: 'Stop, sir, is that there?' 'Yes, it is all here.' Then he said, 'Won't you please read it to me again?' I read it the second time. The dying man brought his hands together, and he said: 'Bless God for that! Won't you please read it to me again?' I read through the whole chapter, but long before the end of it he had closed his eyes. He seemed to lose all interest in the rest of the chapter, and when I got through it his arms were folded on his breast. He had a sweet smile on his face; remorse and despair had fled away. His lips were quivering, and I leant over him, and heard him faintly whisper from his dying lips: 'As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.' He opened his eyes and fixed his calm, deathly look on me, and said: 'O that is enough! that is all I want.' And he pillowed his dying head upon the trust of those two verses, and in a

few hours rode away on one of the Saviour's chariots, and took his seat in the kingdom of God."

The evangelist, who so needed the comforts and restfulness of family life, became the possessor of a home of his own upon marrying Miss Emma C. Revell, on the 28th of August, 1862, and renting a small cottage. His wife was an active worker in his mission field, and thoroughly in harmony with his life of consecration to the Lord. His fireside was a happy and hospitable one, with its latch-string out to all comers, so that a prisoner just released from jail was as sure of a welcome as an earnest Christian brother. This union was blessed with two children, a daughter and a son. The father took delight in romping with his children, and was tenderly careful to bind them to himself from infancy by the bonds of loving sympathy. He seems to have instinctively recognized the truth, which so many parents fail to discern and so wreck precious hopes, that unless a child learns to place its heart and its will in the keeping of its father and mother within the very first years of its childhood, it never will manifest implicit obedience and unquestioning trust. Some of the tenderest incidents he describes are founded on his presentation of such Scriptural truths to their opening minds.

"I wanted," he said, "to teach my little boy what faith was, a short time ago, and so I put him on a table, for he was about two years old. I stood back three or four feet and said, 'Willie, jump.' The little fellow said, 'Pa, I'se afraid.' I said: 'Willie, I will catch you; just look right at me and just jump.' And the little fellow got all ready to jump, and then looked down again and said, 'I'se afraid.' 'Willie, didn't I tell you I would catch you? Will pa deceive you? Now, Willie, look me right in the eye and jump, and I will catch you.' And the little fellow got all ready the third time to jump, but he looked on the floor and says, 'I'se afraid.' 'Didn't I tell you I would catch you?' 'Yes.' At last I said: 'Willie, don't take your eyes off me.' And I gazed into the little fellow's eyes and said: 'Now jump; don't look at the floor.' And he leaped into my arms. Then he said to me, 'Let me jump again.' I put him back, and the moment he got on the table he jumped. And after that, when he was on the table, and I was standing five or six feet away, I heard him cry, 'Pa, I'se coming,' and had just time to rush and catch him. He seemed to put too much confidence in me. But you cannot put too much confidence in God. Now faith never looks down; it looks right up. God says, 'Trust me,' and

God will bring us through all our difficulties if we will only trust him."

Nor was this matter of faith in the watchful and guiding providence of God merely a surface opinion and talk of the lips with the father. It was inwrought into his every-day life, for his daily support was then wholly dependent on the Lord. On parting with his wife one morning, he said to her: "I have no money, and the house is without supplies. It looks as if the Lord had had enough of me in this mission work, and is going to send me back again to sell boots and shoes." But a day or two brought to him two fifty-dollar checks from a stranger for the use of himself and his school. Again, as he was setting out for his day's work, his wife asked him to order a barrel of flour that morning. He found his pocket was empty, however; but his mind was quickly diverted from the thought of money to the care of some souls he was then bearing constantly in prayer before the mercy-seat. So he returned home at night just as empty-handed, and found that a friend, whose heart had been moved upon from above, had sent ahead of him a barrel of flour. Another surprise came to him on New Year's day, 1868, in the shape of the lease of a cosy house already furnished for his occupancy, which was presented to him by some friends who were alive to his virtues and self-abnegation.

Meanwhile, Mr. Moody was more busily than ever at work for the Lord. He was president of the Chicago branch of the Christian Commission, and paid nine visits to the battle-front, being present among the Union soldiers after the conflicts of Shiloh, Pittsburgh Landing, and Murfreesboro'. He labored also with Southern prisoners of war, of whom ten thousand were confined in Camp Douglas, and still did not neglect his own special field of evangelization at the North Market hall. Already one thousand scholars were members of his school, and three hundred adult converts attended his regular services. As these latter could not be induced to separate from the teacher who had led them from iniquity unto Christ, he found himself, without his own volition, the unordained pastor of an earnest congregation of souls converted under his own ministry. These he kept engaged in distributing tracts, and testifying for the truth in byways and amid their neighbors. Such a congregation and pastor were unique in Christendom, but the witness of the Holy Spirit in their behalf was undeniable. This body of believers, which was wholly without denominational bias, and accepted implicitly the common

evangelical doctrines, was cordially welcomed to the fellowship of the city pastors. A church-building was now a necessity, and a spacious house of worship was erected on Illinois street in 1863, at a total cost of $20,000. No pastor ever looked more faithfully after the welfare of his individual members. On New Year's day it was his custom to visit every attendant, setting out in an omnibus on a run from house to house, inquiring after their various needs, and praying tenderly for the welfare of each. In this manner, he has been known to visit two hundred families in the course of a single day.

It was in one of Mr. Moody's flying visits to the East about this time that he preached the Gospel in New York city. The story is an entrancing one and cannot be omitted, the more so as he appears then to have had only a single earnest listener, and the service was thus in striking contrast with the next time of his preaching in that metropolis, which was not until the great revival services of 1876. But the presentation of the everlasting truth was as faithful and impassioned on the first occasion as on the second.

"I was invited one day, some years ago, to visit and preach in the Tombs prison, New York. I had supposed that I should address the prisoners face to face, as I used to talk to the prisoners in the chapels of most of our jails. But when I got there, I found I had to stand on a little iron railing running from one tier of cells to another. There was a tier above and one below, and one on the same level with me. There I talked to a great, long, narrow passageway—to gates, to bars, and to brick walls. It was pretty hard preaching. I had never attempted to preach in that way before. I did not know, when I got through with it, how they had received me; and so I thought I would go and see them. I went to the first cell-door and looked in. I found the men playing euchre. I suppose they had been playing all the time that I was preaching, and took no interest in the sermon. I looked into the window, and said, 'How is it with you here?' 'O chaplain, we do not want you to have a bad idea of us.' I said to myself, 'There is no one here to be saved, for there is no one lost.' And I got away as quick as I could. I went to another cell. There were three or four men in there; and I said, 'How is it with you here?' 'Well, stranger, we will tell you. We got into bad company, and the men that did the deed got clear and we got caught.' I said to myself, 'There is no one here for Christ to save, for there is no one lost.'

And I went along to the next cell; and I said, 'Well, my friends, how is it with you?' One of them said, 'A false witness went to court and swore a lie upon me.' *He* was perfectly innocent, and ought not to be there. I went on to the next cell, looked in, and said, 'Well, my friends, how is it with you?' *They* were innocent, thank God! But the man that did the deed looked very much like them. The people thought they were the men, and they got caught. *They* were perfectly innocent. *They* were not the men. I went along to the next cell. But no sooner did I ask the same question than they said they had not had their trial. They were going to have it that week, and they would be out on next Sunday. And so I went on. I never found so many innocent men. They were all innocent. I found a great many innocent men under lock and key, and they were all trying to justify themselves. There was no one guilty but the constables, the justices, or magistrates. *They* were the guilty ones. I got discouraged. I thought I would give it up; but I kept on, and I found one man in a cell alone. He had his elbows on his knees, and had his head buried in his hands. As I looked in, I could see the streams of tears running down upon his cheeks. They were the first tears I had seen. It did me good to look at them. I said, 'My friend, how is it with you here?' He looked up. It was a look of remorse and despair. He said, 'O, sir, my sins are more than I can bear.' 'Thank God for that!' said I. '"Thank God for that!" Ain't you the man that's been preaching to us?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And yet I thought you said you was a friend to the prisoner; and you are glad that my sins are more than I can bear?' 'Yes.' 'Yes? Then you are a queer kind of friend. How is it that you are glad my sins are more than I can bear?' 'I am glad that they are more than you can bear. For if they are more than you can bear, you can cast them on the Lord Jesus.' 'He will not bear my sins. Why I am the worst man living to-day.' And he began enumerating his sins, and what a load it was for him to bear. It was refreshing to stand there and hear him tell me. It was the Lord Jesus that had got into that cell and into that man's heart, and I told him so; then I told him to pray to God to forgive him and to take away his sin. He thought God would never forgive such a sinner as he was. I told him: 'You can get all those sins, multiplied by ten thousand, forgiven; because you have committed probably ten thousand more sins than you have thought of. You can sum them all up, and write underneath, "The blood

of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin."' And I stood there and preached the Gospel to that thirsty soul. He seemed to drink it in. I said, 'Let us get down here and pray.' And we did, he inside and I outside. And after I got through prayer I said, 'My friend, now you pray.' 'I pray! It would be blasphemy for me to pray—for a wretch like me to call upon God.' I said to him, 'Call upon God. Ask for mercy. That's what you want. Ask him to have mercy upon you.' The poor wretch could not lift his eyes towards heaven. He knelt down on the pavement, and all he could say was, 'God be merciful to me, a vile wretch!' After his prayer I put my hand through the window in the door. He got hold of it and shook it, and a hot tear fell on my hand. That tear seemed to burn into my very soul. I said: 'I am going to the hotel between nine and twelve o'clock. I want you to join in prayer, and make up your mind that you will not sleep to-night till you know.' That night I got much interested in prayer for the man. My heart was so overborne that I could not go back to Chicago without going down to the prison to see him. I went down, and I got the governor of the Tombs to let me in, and I went to his cell; and when I got there and saw him, the remorse and despair had all disappeared. It was all gone. His face was lit up with a heavenly glow. He seized my hand, and tears of joy began to flow. He pressed my hand and shook it, and said: 'I believe I am the happiest man in the whole city of New York. I thought when they brought me to this prison I should never go out again. I thought I never could walk down Broadway again. I thought I never could see my godly mother again. Now I thank God that they brought me; for if they had not I would never have known Christ.' He said, when he prayed the Lord Jesus heard his prayer. I asked him what time of the night he thought it was; and he said he though it was about midnight that the Lord Jesus came into that cell and saved his soul. My dear friend, can you tell me why it was that God came into that prison, and passed by cell after cell, and set that one captive free? It was because he took his place as a poor lost sinner, and asked for mercy. The moment sinners do that and cry for mercy, they will get it."

Mr. Moody was privileged to enter Richmond with the army of General Grant, and several of the sights he saw there have been used by him to illustrate the work of Christ as a deliverer. "We had been there but a few hours," he related,

"before I heard that the colored people were going to have a jubilee meeting down in the great African church that night, and I thought to myself, although I am a white man, I will get in there somehow. I had a hard fight to get in, but I did succeed at last. It was probably the largest church in the South. There were supposed to be three or four thousand black people there, and they had some chaplains of our Northern regiments for their orators on the occasion. Talk about eloquence, I never heard better. It seemed as if they were raised up for the occasion. I remember one of them, as he stood there on the platform, pointed down to the mothers and said: 'Mothers, you rejoice to-day that you are forever free, all your posterity is free; that little child has been taken from your bosom and sold to some distant State for the last time.' And some of those women shouted right out in meeting, 'Glory to God!' They could not keep the good news to themselves. They believed they were delivered. They believed the good news. Then this man turned to the young men and said: 'Young men, rejoice to-day! It is a day of jubilee, a day of glad tidings. We come to proclaim to you that you are free. You have heard the crack of the slave-trader's whip for the last time.' And they shouted and clapped their hands and said, 'Glory to God!' Then he turned to the young ladies and said: 'Rejoice to-day! You have been on the auction-block and sold into captivity for the last time.' And then the young maidens clapped their hands and shouted for joy. It was a jubilee. What made them so glad? They believed they were liberated, and that is what made them so joyful. People want to know why Christians are so joyful. It is because they have been delivered from Satan."

The Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago had been blessed by the pioneer efforts of Mr. Moody in its behalf, so that its noon-day prayer meeting, whose services had dwindled down to a single old Scotchwoman, was recruited in a few years to a thousand persons. Its members being desirous of obtaining a suitable building, saw no better way than to elect him president in 1865, and they continued him in office four years, till he retired in favor of Mr. Farwell. By his energetic and judicious plans, the spacious "Farwell Hall" was ready for dedication on the 29th of September, 1867. When that edifice was burned to the ground in the January following, he dauntlessly began again, and another hall soon arose on the same site. His vitality was so ex-

haustless that it permitted him to endure manifold toils. On Sunday mornings he would preach to his own people, in the afternoon superintend a Sunday-school of a thousand pupils, and in the evening preach in the hall of the Association.

At the dedication of Farwell Hall, Mr. Moody had avowed to its members his faith that, by God's answer to their prayers and his blessing on their work, a mighty influence was to go out from them that "should extend through every county in the State, through every State in the Union, and finally, crossing the waters, should help to bring the whole world to God." This hope of faith soon met the beginning of its fulfilment in a special blessing vouchsafed to the leaders in the Sunday-school cause in Illinois. Conventions had been held for six years, but the sessions had been absorbed in matters of routine. Three days before the gathering of the seventh at Springfield, Mr. Moody with two earnest friends began a canvass among ministers and laymen in that city, to arouse them to the importance of the session approaching. At the preparatory services for prayer on Sunday afternoon, seventy inquirers arose, and pleadings for a blessing were continued at three meetings on Monday. The convention, ushered into being with such a baptism of the Spirit, marked an era of spiritual power, wherein very many sinners were converted unto Christ Jesus, while the dispersion of the delegates to their homes helped to permeate the State with the fervor of the anointing from above. And the same thorough intensity of purpose characterized the special meetings which this devoted man held in various districts. Nothing could daunt him or slacken his enthusiasm. Once, he visited a town in summer for revival work, having been unable to accept an earlier call. But one pastor bluntly told him: "I am sorry you have come. When we wrote to you, everything seemed favorable for a revival; but now all promise is gone." Another met him in a similar spirit, saying: "You might better have staid at home; in the summer the people here are too busy." Thereupon the evangelist went out alone into the public square, mounted an empty box, and began an exhortation with such earnestness that many passers-by were deeply affected. That night no church could contain the crowd of attendants, and the work of awakening spread like wildfire. Before he left the town, the first minister confessed to him: "I was mistaken; the Lord knew when to send you;" while the second said: "I see now that summer is just the time for a revival."

Mr. Moody as a Christian was ever an incessant student of

the Bible. It was his custom to rise at five o'clock in the morning, that he might enjoy several hours of its prayerful study, before he went about the duty of acting outwardly the grace he had been imbibing by feeding on the Word. He had a very simple rule to govern him in his choice of reading matter. "I do not read any book," he declared, "unless it will help me to understand *the* Book." And he was modestly ever ready to profit by the suggestions of those competent to teach him how to progress in his favorite study. His mind was directed to the importance of studying the Bible by the aid of parallel passages through the example of a young evangelist, Harry Moorhouse, of Manchester, a lad of only seventeen years, whom he met at Dublin during his first trip to England and Ireland, in 1867, and who was deeply learned in the language of Sacred Writ. The boyish preacher visited Chicago a few months later, and gave seven sermons from the text: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John iii. 16; and the people with their Bibles in hand gladly followed him in his references from creation to the heavenly Jerusalem. Henceforth, Mr. Moody used constantly *Cruden's Concordance* and the compact *Bible Text Book*, issued by the American Tract Society, as invaluable aids to trace a single word or doctrine through the various books. He has answered the question, "How am I to know the Word of God?" as follows: "By studying it with the help of the Holy Ghost. As an American bishop said, not with the *blue* light of Presbyterianism, nor the *red* light of Methodism, nor the *violet* light of Episcopacy, but with the clear light of Calvary. We must study it on our knees in a teachable spirit. If we know our Bible, Satan will not have much power over us, and we will have the world under our feet. I think I have got the key to the study of the Bible: take it up *topically*. Take 'Love,' for instance, and spend a month in studying what the Bible says about love, from Genesis to Revelation. Then you will love everybody, whether they love you or not. In the same way take up 'Grace,' 'Faith,' 'Assurance,' 'Heaven,' and so on. When you study the Bible, be sure you *hunt for something*. Spend six months studying Genesis; it is the key to the whole book; it speaks of death, resurrection, judgment—it is the seed-plant of the whole Bible. Read the same chapter over and over and over again, and don't leave it until you have understood it. About the twenty-eighth time you have read a chapter you will see

the Man Christ Jesus, who is on every page of Scripture. Here is another way: take up *one word* in a book, such as the word 'believe' of St. John's gospel. Every chapter but two speaks of believing. Look up the nineteen 'personal interviews' with Christ recorded in that gospel. Take the 'conversions' of the Bible. Take the seven 'blesseds,' and the seven 'overcomes' of Revelation. If you want to get the best book on 'assurance,' read 1 John iii., and the six things there worth 'knowing.' Take up the five 'precious things' of Peter, or the 'verilys' of John."

The year 1871 was scored in Mr. Moody's life with two memorable events. In June he met Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the sweet Gospel-singer, and soon united him to himself as a yokefellow in the ripening harvest-field; in October, Chicago was devastated by the conflagration which laid four square miles of buildings in ruins. The church of his heart, Farwell Hall, his cottage home, and the dwellings of most of his members, were all consumed to ashes. His family had to flee for their lives, and, as Mr. Moody said, he saved nothing but his reputation and his Bible. But this sifting of his faith in the furnace of affliction redoubled instead of diminishing his ardor. He at once set to work to relieve the wants of the destitute and homeless by aiding to collect and distribute supplies. He made a flying trip to the East, holding revival services in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and elsewhere, and receiving contributions to rebuild a habitation for his congregation and school. He was thus enabled to begin a wooden Tabernacle on the old site, in size one hundred and nine feet by seventy-five; and by the free labor of his poor congregation, the structure of boards was finished in eight weeks. On the Sunday after, one thousand children were present, and its services were thronged. On week-days, it served as a storehouse of supplies and a congregational hall, where sewing-circles interchanged with services of prayer and praise, while a side room sheltered the family of the evangelist. The ceaseless duties of each Sunday are exhibited by this programme of the ordinary services:

Nine o'clock. The Lord's Supper.—Half-past Ten. Preaching by Mr. Moody.—After Service. Dinner in the class-room with the Teachers, and conversation on the Day's Lessons.—Three o'clock. Sunday-school, Mr. Moody superintending.—After School. Teachers' Prayer-Meeting, led by Mr. Moody.—Then Supper in the Class-room.—After Supper. Yokefellows' Prayer-Meeting.—Half-past Seven. Preaching by Mr. Moody.—After Service. Inquiry Meetings, lasting as long as there were any inquirers needing counsel.

These labors were their own abundant reward, for very many souls were permitted to be led by this loving, manly hand unto Him who is the way of eternal life.

A second visit to England was made by Mr. Moody in the spring of 1872, for the purpose of attending the Evangelical Conference at Mildmay Park, London. In a brief stay, he preached almost a hundred times, and established a daily union prayer-meeting in that metropolis. He also spent some time with Mr. George Muller, the founder in faith of the famous orphan asylum at Bristol, which has been maintained wholly so many years by a sublime reliance upon the Lord, who has promised to fulfil every prayer offered to His honor by the follower of the meek and lowly Son of Man. He was thus brought into an intimate communion with the devout disciples known as Plymouth Brethren, and he learned to share their profound convictions of the approach of the second coming of Christ. Of this new light he has testified: "I have felt like working three times as hard ever since I came to understand that my Lord was coming back again. I look on this world as a wrecked vessel. God has given me a life-boat, and said to me, 'Moody, save all you can.' This world is getting darker and darker: its ruin is drawing nearer and nearer: if you have any friends on this wreck unsaved, you had better lose no time in getting them off." At that time he met Henry Varley, an evangelist who has since departed to his reward, and was impressed deeply by his remark: "It remains for the world to see what the Lord can do with a man wholly consecrated to Christ." He also overheard one Christian inquire of another concerning him, "Is this young man all O O?" And when asked, "What do you mean by O O?" reply, "Is he *out and out* for Christ?" "I tell you," Moody confessed later, "it burned down into my soul. It means a good deal to be O O for Christ."

A wrestling with the Spirit ensued, and was long continued before he enjoyed a new baptism and an entire consecration, in the sunshine of a faith that knew no shadow of doubt. He spoke of this struggle years later, in a prayer-meeting talk, in New York city, in 1876, saying: "About four years ago I got into a cold state. It did not seem as if there was any unction resting upon my ministry. For four long months God seemed to be just showing me myself. I found I was ambitious; I was not preaching for Christ; I was preaching for ambition. I found everything in my heart that ought not to be there. For four months a wrestling went on within me,

and I was a miserable man. But after four months the anointing came. It came upon me as I was walking in the streets of New York. Many a time I have thought of it since I have been here. At last I had returned to God again, and I was wretched no longer. I almost prayed in my joy, 'O stay Thy hand!' I thought this earthen vessel would break. He filled me so full of the Spirit. If I have not been a different man since, I do not know myself. I think I have accomplished more in the last four years than in all the rest of my life. But O it was preceded by a wrestling and hard struggle! I think I had never else got out of this miserable selfishness. There was a time when I wanted to see my little vineyard blessed, and I could not get out of it; but I could work for the whole world now. I would like to go round the world and tell the perishing millions of a Saviour's love."

In the spring of 1873, Mr. Moody having obtained the consent of Mr. Sankey to be his companion, resolved to accept the invitation of three English gentlemen to visit the British Isles. His motive in this decision was, as he told an inquiring friend, "to win ten thousand souls to Christ." From the very start, the work was one of trustful, child-like faith. Preparations were made for the ocean voyage, wherein both evangelists were to take their wives and children; and yet, when the day came that they must set out from Chicago, Mr. Moody still lacked the money needed for their passage and expenses. Several hours before train time, however, his friend, John V. Farwell, who knew nothing of the emergency, put in his hand a check for five hundred dollars. So the Lord opened the way. Yet their daily living was still to be by faith, and not by sight, that they might constantly depend on Him whose hand is not shortened that He cannot save, and whose watchful care is upon all his children. These yoke-fellows had promised each other that they would accept no salary for their services from any person, committee, or society; neither allow any collections, nor engage in business ventures; but rely wholly on the strength of God. Accordingly, in this spirit, they set sail from New York on the 7th of June, 1873, and landed at Liverpool on the 17th. It was fitting that an anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, falling within three years of the Centennial jubilee of peace and brotherhood, should witness the advent of these two Americans, whose souls were all aglow with love as carriers of the Gospel message to brethren of the British race, and whose labors in going about doing good were to become historic in Christian annals.

I. D. SANKEY.

THE sweet singer of spiritual songs, IRA DAVID SANKEY, was peculiarly gifted for teaching the people of his generation how to fulfil the Apostle Paul's aspiration toward "singing and making melody in the heart unto the Lord." His life and training, though in sharp contrast with the bracing experiences of Mr. Moody, were clearly adapted to prepare him for the responsible position of yoke-fellow with him as "the Gospel-singer," in the grandest services of evangelization put forth since apostolic times.

Ira was born in the village of Edinburgh, Lawrence county, in Western Pennsylvania, on the 28th of August, 1840. His father, David, was of English descent, a man well-to-do in fortune, and so respected by the community as to be chosen for some years to represent it in the lower house of the Legislature. His mother was of Scotch-Irish extraction. Both parents were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and reared their family of nine children under the sweetening influences of an affluent Christian home. As a little child, Ira displayed the joyous spirit, confiding disposition, and sunlit smile that has characterized him throughout his public career, and won for him even then the praise of being "the finest little fellow in the neighborhood." His first recollections of a holy life were connected with an old Scotch farmer named Frazer. Of him he spoke in the city of Dundee, Scotland, saying: "I remember he took me by the hand, along with his own boys, to the Sabbath-school,—that old place which I shall remember to my dying day. He was a plain man, and I can see him standing up and praying for the children. He had a great, warm heart, and the children all loved him. It was years after that when I was converted, but my impressions were received when I was very young from that man." The awakening of his conscience to his condition as a sinner occurred at the age of fifteen, during a series of week-day services held in a little country church, three miles distant from his home. He attended evening after evening with some young friends, being influenced by curiosity. But every

night a faithful elder of the church sought him out, and pressed home to him the question of the salvation of his soul. At first he heard him with a laugh, then with secret concern, then with a fear to encounter the laugh of his gay companions by professing Christ. But after the Spirit had striven with him for a week, he yielded, and gave himself wholly to the service of the Lord who had bought him at the cost of His own life. A year later, when his father became president of the bank at Newcastle, Ira united himself with the Methodist church in that town, and continued his studies at the Newcastle academy.

Henceforth, this young Christian found his chief delight in the study of the Holy Bible and the singing of sacred music. From a child, his pure, sympathetic voice had touched the hearts of all hearers. He now laid this gift of sweet song at the feet of his Master, asking no hire except the saving of souls drawn by curiosity to hear him. The consistent beauty of his character led to his appointment as superintendent of the Sunday-school, then containing 350 scholars, before he reached his twentieth year. At this time he began to sing messages of the Gospel in solos that were weighted with prayer, and so sank into the souls of his hearers like a benediction. He was also called to become a class leader to seventy Christians, many of whom were older than himself. This heavy burden of souls drove him to a more reverent study of the Word of God. He was wont to tell his flock: "Tell me your condition in Bible language. The Scriptures abound in accounts of religious feeling of all descriptions. There is no state of grace which may not be described by a text."

From such happy duties he was summoned away by the outbreak of the late civil war. He at once enlisted as a private for the three months' service, and carried to camp with him his genial and consecrated manhood. After his discharge, he returned to Newcastle and assisted his father as collector of internal revenue. His marriage to Miss Edwards, a member of his choir and a teacher in his Sunday-school, occurred on the 9th of September, 1863. This happy union has been blessed with three sons, the youngest of whom was born in Scotland. Henry, the eldest, has already begun to labor as an evangelist among boys.

Mr. Sankey has never studied music under the guidance of any instructor. His hymns have always been sung as naturally as a bird warbles. He never cared to be applauded as

an artistic singer. He sought only to wing the words of life into the very souls of his hearers, by an utterance so clear as to make every articulation audible to a congregation of thousands, so musical as to linger in the memory as a refrain of sweetness, and so sanctified for the service of the Lord by the prayer of faith as to be blessed by the Spirit to the bearing of the joyful tidings of salvation to impenitent and careless hearers. So it was that the fame of his rich baritone voice and consecrated talent went throughout the country around. He was repeatedly called on to lead the service of praise in conventions and other Christian assemblies, and cheerfully gave his time without charge.

Blessed himself spiritually in blessing others, he committed his way unto the Lord, and awaited expectantly a call to give himself unreservedly to the proclamation of Messiah's kingdom. This call came in June, 1871, when he attended the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations at Indianapolis, as president of the organization in his own town. It happened at the morning prayer-meeting that the singing of hymns dragged wofully until a delegate noticed Mr. Sankey in the hall and invited him to the front. The magical and spiritual change which his leadership of the music wrought at once attracted the notice of Mr. Moody. He soon sought an introduction. "Where do you live?" he asked, in his straightforward way. "In Newcastle, Pennsylvania," the singer replied. "Are you married?" "Yes." "How many children have you?" "One." "I want you." "What for?" "To help me in my work at Chicago." "I cannot leave my business." "You must: I have been looking for you for the last eight years. You must give up your business, and come to Chicago with me." "I will think of it, I will pray over it; I will talk it over with my wife."

The call was as irresistible as that given at Geneva three centuries earlier to the reluctant Calvin. Mr. Sankey prayerfully resolved to cast in his lot with the stalwart and consecrated evangelist of Chicago. Thus Mr. Moody gained an invaluable coadjutor, and one admirably qualified to supplement his own blunt manner and downright earnestness by the graces of Christian sympathy and personal tenderness. The man who has publicly acknowledged that he cannot distinguish between the tunes of "Old Hundred" and "Yankee Doodle," received as a partner the most gifted Christian singer of the age.

In Chicago, these evangelists worked together in a spirit of

loving fellowship, and were honored of the Lord. He rewarded their faith by blessings both spiritual and temporal, for they were entirely dependent on him for their support. The one taught, the other sang, the eternal truths of the Word to the large congregation, the Sunday-school, and the assemblies held in Farwell Hall. Many who would withstand the burning appeals and pointed illustrations of Mr. Moody, were melted into repentance by the tidings of a Saviour's love and sacrifice as wafted into their inmost being by a voice of almost angelic tenderness. And the singer, whose spirit of self-abnegation made him eager to be nothing but as a messenger of the Cross, was often permitted to direct the eyes of perishing ones to the One who bore their sins in his own body on the tree, that they might look and live. But the Lord saw fit to send mysterious providences of adversity upon these men, as tests of their faith and to purge them, that they might bring forth much fruit. Within four months the city of Chicago was ravaged by a mighty conflagration, and their services were perforce suspended. Mr. Sankey returned to his family in Pennsylvania until Mr. Moody obtained funds for rebuilding a frame house of worship. Then the evangelists dauntlessly set at work again, lodging meanwhile in small rooms in the Tabernacle.

The Gospel-singer was much comforted at this crisis by the testimony of a little child, a member of the Sunday-school, who lay dying in one of the poor little huts so hastily built for the homeless. "How is it with you to-day?" he asked her. She answered, her face all radiant with a smile: "It is all well with me to-day. I wish you would speak with my father and mother." "But are you a Christian?" "Yes." "When did you become one?" "Do you remember last Thursday in the Tabernacle, when we had that little singing-meeting, and you sang, 'Jesus loves even me?'" "Yes." "It was last Thursday I believed on the Lord Jesus, and now I am going to be with him to-day!" The strength of the testimony of that little child was enough to take Mr. Sankey to labor in the British Isles, as he has himself testified. "I remember," he added, when speaking of the circumstance in Scotland, "the joy I had in looking upon that beautiful face. She went up to heaven, and no doubt she said she learned upon the earth that Jesus loved her, from that little hymn. If you want to enjoy a blessing, go to the bedside of these bedridden and dying ones, and sing to them of Jesus, for they cannot enjoy these meetings as you do. You will get a great blessing to your own souls."

These servants of the Lord thus drew the sweet out of bitterness, and became more devoted than ever to the preaching of Christ Jesus and him crucified. Each was more thoroughly imbued by the Spirit with a thirst for studying the Bible as its own and only interpreter. During the visit of Mr. Moody abroad in 1872, Mr. Sankey acted as leader in the services at the Tabernacle. He also devoted his spare hours to a selection of the most spiritual and spirited hymns and tunes adapted to Gospel meetings, while many lyrics he also wedded to airs of his own composition. Among his selections were: "Sweet hour of prayer," by Rev. W. W. Walford; "He leadeth me," by Rev. Jos. H. Gilmore; "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour," and "Safe in the arms of Jesus," by Fanny J. Crosby; "Sowing the seed by the daylight fair," by Mrs. Emily S. Oakey; "There is a gate that stands ajar," and "Take the name of Jesus with you," by Mrs. Lydia Baxter; "I need thee, every hour," by Mrs. A. S. Hawks; "I love to tell the story," by Kate Harkey; "One more day's work for Jesus," by Miss Anna Warner; "Shall we gather at the river," by Rev. S. Lowry; "Almost Persuaded," "Hold the Fort," and other hymns, by P. P. Bliss; "Nothing but leaves," by Mrs. W. S. Ackerman; "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing," by Mrs. E. Codner. These were set to music by such composers as Wm. B. Bradbury, W. H. Doane, S. J. Vail, Rev. Robert Lowry, P. P. Bliss, and Theo. E. Perkins.

Among the chief favorites of his selection were "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," and "Ninety and nine." The former of these was written by Miss Campbell, during the progress of a glorious outpouring of the Spirit in awakening souls in Newark, N. J., in 1864. Her inspiration was a touching address delivered by R. G. Pardee, the noble worker in the cause of American Sunday-schools, upon the answer to blind Bartimeus: "They told him that Jesus of Nazareth passeth by," Luke xviii. 37. The "Ninety and nine" was printed in an out-of-the-way corner of the *Christian Age*, a religious weekly published in London; and a copy containing it, dated May 13, 1874, was bought by Mr. Sankey while abroad. He was so much pleased with its adaptation to his mission that he cut it out and set it to music. Three days afterward he sang it to a gathering in the Free Assembly hall, Edinburgh. He soon received a letter from the sister of the author, thanking him for his kindness, and stating that Miss Eliza C. Clephane, of Melrose, Scotland, had written the hymn in 1868, for Dr. Arnott's *Daily Treasury*, shortly before her death. He was

able to obtain but one other hymn from that graceful pen, and printed it in "Gospel Hymns" as hymn 49, "Beneath the Cross of Jesus." Mr. Sankey has modestly published but one hymn of his own composition, "For me, for me;" and even that does not appear in his own collections.

When, in the spring of 1873, Mr. Moody was weighing the advisability of visiting Great Britain, Mr. Sankey was also debating the question of accompanying Philip Phillips to the Pacific coast, on a tour of six months for a ministry of song. A friend whom he consulted advised him thus: "Two workers in the same line, especially two singers, are sure not to agree. Go with Moody; then you can do your work, and he can do his, and there will be no occasion of conflict between you." This impression was deepened by prayer, and he resolved to cast in his lot with his old comrade. And he set forth hopefully on that mission of evangelization, accompanied by his wife and two sons.

The glorious results they accomplished in this tour of faith, in awakening the entire kingdom into a vividness of religious life unknown since the times of Wesley and Whitefield, testify amply that these men were commissioned from on High as messengers of the Gospel. And yet the various difficulties that were to be encountered were enough to utterly dishearten any who should sit down to consider them in the light of human wisdom. In Scotland especially, where the first spontaneous movement of sympathy among the masses was observable, few would have ventured to predict that the hymns and singing of even a Sankey would have been acceptable. For generations the ministers and people there had sung Rouse's rugged version of the Psalms, as set to tunes as plain that had come down from the times of the Covenanters. Their attachment to these rude services of praise was as profound as was their aversion to all other hymns and spiritual songs, which they were wont to ostracise summarily as uninspired. Nor was it unusual, as instances among some of their representatives in the United States illustrate, to discipline church members who had presumed to engage in the singing of hymns. And even more rooted yet was their prejudice against the use of all musical instruments in the sanctuary. But the joyous singer of the Gospel was so evidently actuated by the spirit of his Master, his sympathetic voice and hymns were so inwrought with grace and truth, that he captured the heart of the stalwart, cautious, and self-reliant Scottish people almost on sight.

His little melodeon was plainly of such minor importance, and only brought into play as required to maintain the proper pitch of a melody, that such an innovation was lost sight of in the consciousness of the unparalleled blessing from the Lord, that was ushering such multitudes of converts into the kingdom. Scotland, Ireland, and England were overswept by the tidal wave of sacred enthusiasm. Within a few months, these American hymns were for sale at the towns and villages throughout the kingdom, and their melodies were to be heard everywhere, in public assemblies, dwellings, and streets. Thus the good news of redemption was borne to countless numbers of the indifferent and ignorant, to the saving of many who despised the ordinary channels of grace.

So marked was the sympathy of even the non-Christians with these evangelists that it impelled them to frown down the few attempts made to cast ridicule on labors so praiseworthy. In Manchester, a performer at the Royal Theatre sang, to the air of "He's a fraud,"

> "We know that Moody and Sankey
> Are doing some good in their way."

A storm of hisses greeted this travesty; and when Mr. Cook attempted to continue his song, the indignant cries of the theatre-goers compelled him to retire from the stage. The newspapers endorsed this act of summary justice, and the offence was not repeated. A like manifestation of sympathy was exhibited at the circus in Dublin. One clown ventured to say to another, "I'm rather *moody* to-night; how do you feel?" But as soon as his fellow replied, "I feel rather *sankey-monious*," the displeasure of the audience showed itself in hisses. And then, in an outburst of sympathy, the audience united in singing "Hold the Fort."

Many striking instances of conversion can be traced to the sowing of the seed of the Word by the solos sung by Mr. Sankey. Once, when the Gospel-singer remarked to a minister, "I am thinking of singing to-night, 'I am so glad,'" the latter replied: "O no; do rather sing 'Jesus of Nazareth.' An old man told me to-day that he had been awakened by it the last night you were down. 'It just went through me,' said he, 'like an electric shock.'" Another man, past fifty years of age, whose life had been spent in politics and dissipation, was struck to the heart by the closing words of the hymn,

> "Jesus of Nazareth *hath* passed by."

He confessed he had always secretly intended to be a Christian some time before his death. But that hymn pressed home upon him the fearful thought: "What if Jesus of Nazareth has passed by, and it is too late?" That dread followed him home, brought him down on his knees, and kept him a suppliant before God's mercy-seat till he looked on Jesus as his sin-bearer and believed.

THE GOSPEL AWAKENING.

IT is a question of great moment to Christian workers, to note carefully what were the peculiar qualifications of Mr. Moody for the work he had assumed. As an aid towards an answer, we have endeavored to trace out the single and successive steps in his training as a child of God, and as a reaper in the harvest field of the world. The foreign field he was now entering was complex and peculiar. Great Britain had been a centre of Christian influence and labor for centuries. But its population was rent into social strata; its denominations and congregations shared the sentiment of class distinctions; a large part of its church-going people were cold and formal, having merely "a name to live," and great masses, especially of the common folks, were undeniably lukewarm towards religious services. There were many devoted Christian workers in the kingdom, ready to serve in a revival of religion under a capable leader. Thus it happened that the task to be undertaken was, as Rev. Elias Nason has forcibly expressed it in his life of the evangelists, to "first unify and intensify the individual activity of all Christians, and then with their help proclaim the Gospel to the entire community."

Mr. Moody was then thirty-six years old. His build was sturdy and compact, with broad shoulders and deep chest, a face ruddy with rich blood, and a round head that almost seemed to set into the body, owing to a shortness of neck. He possessed a magnificent vitality, that could endure herculean toils without exhaustion; and lungs so strong as to make his voice in its ordinary tone audible to ten thousand listeners. His eyes were dark and piercing; his nose massive in shape, yet well formed. His whole air was authoritative, unassuming but commanding. Nature had planned him to be a leader of

men, and his personal experiences in life had trained him to be a man of executive power, with latent force enough for the oversight and fulfilment of the hugest designs. But he was by no means an orator, or even an eloquent speaker, in the common meaning of the term. He lacked the graces of training and culture, originality of thought, the poetic imagination, the sympathetic voice, the distinct articulation which is such a charm to the ear, the polished cadence of sentences, the ability to construct a grand or pathetic climax. But as a speaker he possessed gifts peculiar to himself, which far excelled those enumerated, valuable as they are in themselves, and enabled him to exercise an influence over tens and hundreds of thousands of mortals profounder than the grandest human abilities would have been able to achieve. His very personal defects were so many opportunities for the light within him to shine forth the brighter for the glory of God. A plain, healthy man, full of the beauty of naturalness, wholly without affectation or self-consciousness, so destitute of the promptings of self as to be unambitious, sturdy, rugged, and outspoken; a steady, self-contained worker, judicious in all things, and having a marvellous fund of good common-sense; a speaker of the language of common life, clear and homely, racy, pointed, and brimful of meaning; a thinker and observer, who had opened very few books in his lifetime, and so remained keenly alive to the scenes of nature, of every day experience, and the hidden depths of his own soul, so as to have an inexhaustible fund of vivid illustrations; an enthusiast, profoundly in earnest, whose love to his fellows displayed itself in sympathy with, and care for, their bodily as well as their spiritual needs, and who would spend hours and dollars cheerfully to rescue a poor drunkard, or point a dying soul to its Redeemer; an untiring and incessant student of God's Word, as the only book in the world worth spending time upon, so that his wonderful familiarity with its thoughts and texts made him mighty in wielding the sword of the Spirit, in presenting clearly the truth of Christ crucified to sinners who had only glimmerings of spiritual sight, and in grappling with their consciences in the throes of the presentation. Such was Mr. Moody—and far more. Added to these capabilities, and infusing them all with a subtle power, he was emphatically a Christ-like man, who had been trained of the Lord, by a wonderful ministry of experiences and self-denying labors in going about doing good, to become just the instrument for evangelizing the English world. So he stood forth clad in the graces of faith, hope and love, one

whose faith had continual fruitage in good works, whose consecration to the service of God was unreserved. Flesh, self, and the world were put down under foot, and he was

> "A broken and emptied vessel
> For the Master's use made meet."

"I have decided to give God all my time," was the motto of his consistent life; and the Father permitted him to declare in return: "God is with me: this is all the strength I have." He was, in a word, a soldier fighting valiantly for the Captain of his salvation, and indwelt by the Spirit of God. And he was aided by the joyous and sympathetic Ira D. Sankey, whose consecrated gift of song has already been depicted.

Tried by the tests of worldly wisdom, the enterprise of these American evangelists was fated to be overborne by adverse circumstances, and could not fail to be wrecked. But viewed in the light of the simple faith of a child of God, they were chosen apostles—the ones sent of the Lord, and were taught by the Father, again and again, that their help was not to come from man, but was to be wholly in the name of the Lord. On their arrival in England, news met them that Rev. W. Pennefather, of London, and Mr. Bainbridge, of Newcastle, two of the three gentleman who had invited them abroad, were dead. At once they telegraphed to the survivor of the committee, the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association at York. He replied that a revival could not be prepared for in York under a month. Thereupon the evangelists at once started by rail, and were in the town that night. The field was by no means promising, as it was the seat of the archbishopric, of a cultured and well-endowed clergy, and amply provided with churches, which, however, were but slimly attended. At their first prayer-meeting, only eight persons were present. Yet they labored on boldly in faith, in the few churches opened to them. Though the ministers gave them scant encouragement, the fervent explanations of Bible truths by Mr. Moody drew the common people to him. The fruits of a month's labor were the conversion of two hundred and fifty souls. Next these two accredited but as yet unrecognized evangelists, began to work at the seaport town of Sunderland, on Sunday, July 27. The clergy still looked on dubiously, and some ridiculed their efforts in caustic pamphlets; but their congregations grew, although the harvest was still slack.

In August, the evangelists opened a series of meetings at

the busy town of Newcastle, on the Tyne. They were now fully resolved to stay there patiently till they had lived down the prejudices of the good people who did not understand them. Here the ministers and chief laymen rallied to their help, and Mr. Moody avowed his assurance—"We are on the eve of a great revival which may cover Great Britain, and perhaps make itself felt in America. And why may not the fire burn as long as I live? When this revival spirit dies, may I die with it." His faith was almost at once turned into sight. The largest churches were filled to overflowing with assemblies who were deeply impressed by the unadorned truths of God's Word; noon-day meetings for prayer were attended by a thousand daily; special services were given for business men in the Assembly Hall, and for factory hands in the Tyne theatre. From all the sessions crowds had to be turned away for want of room. In a single week as many as thirty-four meetings were held in this town. The bold Gospel-preacher and the sweet Gospel-singer were permitted to be the agents for communicating a new life to its churches and Sunday-schools, a more fervid desire to serve the Master to old Christians, and a new resolve to search the Scriptures. A novel service to Englishmen of an All Day Meeting was inaugurated in Rye Hill Chapel, on Wednesday, September 10, and an audience of seventeen hundred were in attendance. One hour was devoted to the reading of the Bible and to prayer; another to the promises, wherein passage after passage was read by persons present; the praise of song, from Mr. Sankey alone and from the congregation, was interspersed; and the closing hour Mr. Moody gave to a Scriptural exposition of Heaven. In a word, the hearts of ministers and the Christian community were at last conquered by the grace of the Spirit, and they were built up into a fuller stature of manhood in Christ Jesus, by the same baptism that awakened multitudes of sinners to flee from condemnation and find acceptance as sons and daughters in the blessed family of the Most High. So it came about that the day of parting was one deeply affecting to the evangelists and their brethren in the Lord. Mr. Moody did not say *Good-by* but *Good-night*, and in the expectation of meeting them all in the morning—in the dawn of the eternal day.

The first wave of this blessing reached Edinburgh even before the evangelists arrived. Preparatory meetings for prayer made hundreds of Christians ready to expect a manifestation of great mercies, and to uphold the hands of these servants of the Lord. This harmony of spirit removed the

only apprehensions felt by Mr. Moody; for, knowing the proverbial wariness of the Scotch, the tenacity with which they held to the doctrinal beliefs imbibed by them from childhood, and the intellectual calibre of their leading divines, he had no hesitation in confessing the utter incapacity of himself as a man to fulfil their expectations. The aversion of that people to the use of any service of praise except their own old versification of the Psalms also threatened to disturb the mission of Mr. Sankey. But the undeniable simplicity and godliness of the latter, and the scriptural lessons which such a voice of sympathy and tenderness bore to the secret hiding-place of the soul, transformed the doubting and criticising into firm upholders. On the opening day, Sunday, November 22, more people were turned away from the hall than the two thousand that crowded within. A noon-day prayer-meeting was started on Monday, and the Gospel net was drawn continually by holding inquiry meetings after every service. Within a week three hundred confessed Christ Jesus before men, and the work waxed in power. All classes of the community were reached. Old folks past three-score and ten and children of less than a dozen years; students at the university and soldiers from the barracks; drunkards, skeptics, backsliders, and the callous; rich and poor—all these thronged the largest buildings in the city, to hear the story of Him who is the way, the truth, and the life. A prominent infidel, who defied the efficacy of Mr. Moody's prayers for his conversion, became a Christian after the lapse of months, and the instrumentality for saving eighteen members of his free-thinking club.

On the last night of the year 1873, a watch-meeting was held in the Tolbooth Church, and the services were deeply impressive. As midnight approached, the great congregation waited before the Mercy Seat in silent prayer, watching out the expiring year in thankfulness for its loving kindnesses, and ushering in a new year that was destined to be big with mercies to the sons of men. The Gospel harvest in that city went on until the 21st of January, 1874. Three thousand converts united themselves with various churches in Edinburgh, and numberless old communicants were aroused to realize the wonderful heritage that was theirs as heirs of the kingdom. As the American evangelists went forth to labor throughout Scotland, their way was prepared in advance by a circular letter from the chief city pastors to every minister in that land, whereby special prayer for them was recommended during the Week of Prayer.

Dundee was visited next. Here more than four hundred young converts were present by ticket at the closing meeting for counsel and thanksgiving. From thence they proceeded to Glasgow, a manufacturing city of half a million souls, where the ground had been already broken up for sowing by a month of special prayer. The opening meeting at the City Hall, on February 8, had as an audience three thousand teachers from the various Sunday-schools; the first noon-day prayer-meeting contained fifteen hundred. Even the Palace in the Botanical Gardens, which seated six thousand, soon proved too small to accommodate the throngs. Meetings in the open air were frequent, and largely attended. Special services were held for children, young men, young women, inquirers, working-men, habitual drinkers, and Christian workers. At the parting-meeting on Sunday evening, thirty thousand people are estimated to have gathered in and around the Crystal Palace, so that Mr. Moody preached to the flood of living humanity from an open carriage, and made the Palace do duty as a vast inquiry-room. Above three thousand were added to the churches of Glasgow, as the hire of their three months' ministry. Many old church-members were so energized to work for Christ that meetings in all the churches and abroad throughout the city streets were daily features. Seventeen thousand were induced to sign the pledge in that city.

Flying visits were next paid to Paisley, Greenock, and Gouroch, with glorious results. A parting visit of three days was made in May to Edinburgh. A farewell meeting on May 21 in the Queen's Park was attended by eleven thousand. After the last hymn and prayer, the evangelists could scarcely escape from the multitudes eager to testify to their grateful and loving sympathy. In June, missions at Perth and Aberdeen were undertaken. At an open-air meeting in the latter city from twelve to twenty thousand were present, to all of whom Mr. Moody's voice was distinctly audible. After further services at Inverness and in the Highlands, these labors in Scotland were closed at Rothesay, on September 3, by an evening meeting at the seashore, at which three thousand were present.

The two evangelists now turned their feet as bearers of glad tidings to Ireland. In that country, distracted for centuries by the animosities of denominational strife, the recent dis-establishment of the Irish Church was a powerful agency in pacifying opponents and inclining them to pay heed to that

faith which worketh by love. The revival services were opened in Belfast, early on Sunday morning, September 6, 1874. Their methods of unfolding and impressing Gospel truths were blessed here as elsewhere. Special meetings were held for various classes, and the largest buildings were overflowed. At an out-of-door gathering in the Botanic Gardens, nearly thirty thousand listened to the utterances of the inspired preacher; and at another place, above ten thousand mill hands collected. On September 27, the morning service gave the evidence of such a manifestation of the presence of the Holy Spirit that the remaining hours of the day were devoted to an inquiry meeting, lasting from two o'clock till ten at night. Indeed, Mr. Moody has freely avowed that he prefers the close personal contact only to be had in the meetings for inquiry with the awakened sinner above even the preaching of the Word, and that he would drop the latter willingly were it not first requisite to persuade men to seek the Saviour. On that single day above two hundred believed on Him and were saved. A week later, a great assembly was preached to in a meadow. The converts were admitted by ticket to a farewell meeting, and are known to have numbered twenty-four hundred.

A month of services followed in Dublin, extending from October 24 to November 29. The Exhibition Palace, which seated ten thousand, was daily and nightly thronged. Among the multitudes drawn to the Redeemer were found to be many Roman Catholics, and even several parish priests, so that Cardinal Cullen thought it necessary to forbid his church people to attend these plain expositions of the Scriptures. The entire city was moved by the breath of the Spirit as it had never been before. Soldiers were impressed by the preaching of the bold soldier of the Cross, and children from neighboring towns were brought in great numbers to feed on the bread of life at his hands. At a single meeting, as many as seven hundred passed into the inquiry rooms. Among these was an old man of over seventy years, who cried amid sobs: "I was utterly careless about my soul till last night; but I have been so unhappy since I could not sleep. I seemed to hear singing in my ears, 'Jesus of Nazareth is passing by;' and if I don't get saved now I never shall." As a fitting close of this signal union of Christians of all branches of the Church in the Lord's name, a three days' convention of eight hundred ministers and laymen, from all sections of Ireland, was held in Dublin. The second day beheld the reception of over two

thousand converts. "It was the first time," said a delegate, "that all these ministers had met on a platform broader than their churches; and it is easy to see already that the impression on the country is very deep."

Manchester, one of the busiest hives of industry in England, was prepared to hope for an awakening by a series of union prayer meetings; and the month of December was given to its evangelization. Messrs. Moody and Sankey first appeared there at a celebration of the Lord's Supper, wherein two thousand Christians participated. All the meetings were largely attended, and many of the mill hands in particular were converted. The entire city was divided into districts for canvassers, and visits were made to every house by earnest laymen. Great good was done. An appeal was made for a sum to build a suitable hall for a Young Men's Christian Association, and in all $150,000 were received, thus invigorating the Association, and bringing five hundred new members into its fold.

On the last night of 1874 the evangelists held their first service in Sheffield. That great watch-meeting in Albert Hall abounded in thanksgiving to Him who had vouchsafed such a year of wondrous blessing to the British Isles. Here they paused for two weeks of labor, which witnessed an attendance far exceeding the capacity of any edifice. Sidewalks and streets were repeatedly filled, in spite of the wintry season, and Mr. Moody had to address throngs in the open air. Birmingham, another mart of industry, was reached on January 17, 1875, and here also the common people heard them gladly. The Town Hall, though it could seat five thousand, was found far too small. Even at Bingley Hall, which accommodated almost twelve thousand, the doors had to be closed against a vast number. After preaching for two weeks, Mr. Moody again gathered a convention of ministers and earnest Christians for two days, to seek counsel and a fresher consecration. At a special meeting for converts, two thousand were present by ticket, as the harvest of a single fortnight. Liverpool had ready for the evangelists a new building able to seat ten thousand, Victoria Hall by name, and the first especially built during this grand awakening. After a week of rest from their incessant toils, the evangelists ministered there from February 7 to March 7. Eighteen services were held each week. On Saturdays the evangelists suspended their labors, to enjoy the divinely enjoined rest of a-seventh part of their

time, and so refresh their wearied faculties. An attendance of six thousand was had at the noon prayer-meetings; and it was necessary to use a large amphitheatre adjoining for overflow meetings. Efforts were made to reach sailors and other classes peculiar to the great seaport. The success attained far exceeded public expectation, and the daily audiences before their departure aggregated twenty thousand.

In the vast metropolis of London, which sheltered a population of above three million souls, preparatory prayer-meetings were sustained for five months preceding the advent of the evangelists, to beseech the gracious blessing of the Lord, for the removal of all the hindrances that prevented an abundant outpouring of the Spirit. The two godly Americans met fifteen hundred ministers of the city at a private conference, to explain their simple methods of work and allay prejudices, while a series of introductory services were united in during the week before the formal opening. A plan of four months' evangelization was mapped out. The city was partitioned into districts, and an energetic canvassing from house to house by Christian yoke-fellows was carried out, whereby it was attempted to leave a leaflet prepared by Mr. Moody with every family, and to deliver the Gospel invitation in words of earnest sympathy. On Tuesday evening, the 9th of March, 1875, the evangelists began their mission in the huge Agricultural Hall, at Islington, in the north of London. Sittings were provided for 14,000, and thousands more thronged the aisles. Within the first three days fully 80,000 were present at the evening services and noon-day prayer-meetings; and at the three sessions of the first Sunday 45,000 attended. After laboring here with profit for five weeks, a change was made to the extreme east of London. There Bow Road Hall, though seating 10,000, was found far too small. In the second month, Bible readings were also held in the Royal Opera House, in the west end. Here the aristocratic and wealthy classes were attracted. The spectators included members of the nobility and royal family. The use of a swift pair of horses gave the laborers a rapid transit across the five miles which intervened between the two sections. At the south side, services were held in Victoria Theatre, until the completion in June of Camberwell Hall, a large wooden structure with seats for 8,000. So wrought on zealously these missionaries of righteousness, and rejoiced in spirit to see a glorious reward for their toils. On the 12th of July, a parting meeting of thanksgiving was held at Mildmay Park Conference

Hall, whereat seven hundred ministers were present. Dr. A. Bonar there stated that the churches of Glasgow had gained 7,000 members as the fruits of the revival. Mr. Moody broke down completely in trying to take farewell of his English brethren, in whose midst the Lord had so marvellously magnified the devotion of his servant. His voice was choked with sobs, and he withdrew abruptly, not daring to stay to take his beloved comrades by the hand. On August 6, Messrs. Moody and Sankey sailed from Liverpool with their families, and landed at New York city on the 14th instant.

These two brothers in the common faith now parted company for a little while, to enjoy a holiday for bodily and spiritual refreshing at the homes of their childhood. Mr. Moody gave himself up for a time to the study of his Bible, which he had annotated throughout with marginal notes and thoughts, and to the preparation of new sermons. But very soon he was in the harness again, driven by a resistless sympathy for the friends of his boyhood still out of Christ. On September 9, he began to preach in the little town of Northfield, and the people for miles around came gladly to hear him. Many conversions resulted, despite the bitter opposition of the Unitarian clergyman, who denounced his doctrines in the church his forefathers had belonged to. At the closing meeting, on Sunday afternoon, October 17, Moody prayed to the Lord for a final blessing on their gatherings. His prayer was sweetly answered at once. Among the twenty-five who arose to ask the prayers of believers was his own aged mother, a Unitarian. The fortitude of the bold man gave way at the sight. Tears of joy ran down his cheeks, and he had to sit down with his face in his hands. His youngest brother, Samuel, was also converted under this ministry. He became a zealous searcher for souls, and before his sudden death, on October 6, 1876, he led above fifty young men to the Saviour.

The joint home labors of the American evangelists, for the awakening of the cities of their own native land, began at Brooklyn, on Sunday, October 24, 1875. The story of their faithful waiting upon the Master, and the continuous attestation which his Spirit has given to their testimony to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, is familiar to most of their countrymen. The limits of our space will allow only an outline view. Services for preaching were held at the Rink, on Clermont Avenue, which could seat 5,000, while the Tabernacle occupied by Mr. Talmage's congregation was chosen for prayer

meetings. A choir of 250 singers assisted Mr. Sankey in leading the congregations in the service of praise. Ministers and laymen co-operated in furthering the good cause. All the meetings were largely attended, to the number of 20,000 daily, and the whole city was shaken by their power, while many observed the fast which Mr. Moody named for November 12. These meetings were closed on November 19, and the converts probably numbered two thousand.

The placid and evangelical city of Philadelphia was labored in from the 21st of November to the 16th of January, 1876. An old and spacious freight depot, at Thirteenth and Market streets, was fitted up for the occasion, with chairs for 10,000 visitors, and a choir of 600 Christian singers was led by Wm. S. Fischer. The entire expenses of the services reached $30,000, and were met by voluntary contributions. Although the opening, at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, befel in a heavy rain storm, yet the spacious building showed but a few vacant seats; and at the afternoon service a multitude found entrance impossible, long before the hour appointed. Several peculiar services were held in the City of Brotherly Love, such as that of Thanksgiving Day; an evening session on December 19, when President Grant with a portion of his cabinet and some Congressmen were interested spectators; and a Watch-Meeting on the last night of the year 1875. The closing hour was spent in a catechising by Mr. Moody, of Rev. Dr. Plumer of South Carolina, concerning the fundamental doctrines of salvation; in the singing of "Almost Persuaded," by Mr. Sankey; the Lord's Prayer, offered by Dr. Newton, editor for the American Sunday School Union; and the grand old Doxology. Special meetings were arranged for drinkers, young men, women, and the unconverted. All the services were thronged and blessed. Reliable estimates put the total attendance at above 700,000, and the number converted at 4,000. After a short visit to Florida for the benefit of his son's health, Mr. Moody returned to Philadelphia for a parting meeting with the young babes in Christ. He gave them some affectionate counsel for the Christian life and warfare, saying: "He who holds the Word in one hand and works with the other, must advance nearer and nearer to the Throne." By request, he delivered his sermon on Daniel, and took up a collection to meet the cost of the new building of the Young Men's Christian Association, realizing almost $100,000. A Christian Convention of several thousand ministers and laymen of the city and vicinity was

held for two days, whereat invaluable suggestions were exchanged concerning the best manner of conducting revival work. February 5 and 6 were spent at Princeton, whose collegians were already awakened; and that month witnessed one hundred conversions in the college, chiefly through the individual efforts of the students themselves.

The city of New York listened to the evangelists most heartily from February 7 to April 19. A choir of 800 singers from the churches, and almost as many earnest lay workers, as well as the great bulk of the ministers of the evangelical churches, gladly assisted by all means in their power. The Hippodrome on Madison Avenue had been leased, and was so divided as to furnish two audience rooms, seating 6,000 and 4,000 respectively, besides the necessary, inquiry rooms. Here, as elsewhere, thousands could not get within the hall, and overflow meetings were a necessity. The sermons delivered were carefully reported by a corps of able phonographers—a task of no slight difficulty, owing to a rapidity of utterance reaching to 230 words a minute—and are reproduced in this volume. At the close of March a Revival Convention was convened for two days, similar to that held in Philadelphia, and a report is given on another page. His parting address to converts was attended by 3,500; and he spoke of one who had been instrumental in leading fifty-nine to the Cross.

While Mr. Sankey returned to his home in Newcastle, Mr. Moody travelled southward, and remained two weeks in Augusta, Georgia, preaching with power to congregations that collected from miles around. After an absence of three years, he returned home to Chicago by way of St. Louis. He was present at the opening of his new church building, just then completed at a cost of $89,000; and the edifice was dedicated a month later, when all the debt upon it had been cancelled. In August, he travelled eastward to visit his mother. He preached repeatedly at Greenfield, Northfield, and Springfield, and in September at Brattleboro, where Mr. P. P. Bliss sang for him.

On Sunday morning, October 1, 1876, Moody and Sankey again put their hand to the plow in the familiar field of Chicago. A wooden Tabernacle, big enough to seat 8,000 and give standing room to a fourth as many more, had been built at a cost of $20,000, and a choir of 300 singers organized. Nowhere else were the evangelists greeted at the start with a heartier welcome and chorus of "God bless you!" from the

many ministers present. The city that had twice in a few years sat in the ashes of its own desolation, now poured forth audiences daily that were hungry to feed on the Word of God; and the great Northwest felt the throes of a new life. The solemnity was deepened by tidings of the death of Samuel H. Moody in October, and the terrible railroad accident at Ashtabula Bridge on December 20, whereby Mr. P. P. Bliss and his wife were summoned into eternity. These services of above three months gave birth to 4,800 converts in Chicago, besides many unrecorded outside the city.

In Boston, the evangelist set to work on Sunday, January 28, 1877, in response to an invitation given many months before. A brick building on Tremont Street had been specially constructed, with sittings for 6,000 besides the choir, and with side rooms for inquirers. The choir, as organized by the capable Dr. Tourjée, contained 2,000 Christian singers, divided into five distinct sections; and it gave most efficient aid. The city was judged to be the most difficult yet worked in, as the citizens prided themselves on their philosophical culture and critical spirit, while the dominant tone of religious teaching was the Unitarian rather than the Evangelical faith. But the earnest Christians with one heart were united in prayer-meetings to supplicate the gift of the Holy Spirit, for the moving of the hearts of the people. And all the services were crowded, and extra meetings were required. The consecrated gifts of the two chief workers at once won the favor of their hearers, so that the taunts of critics and the bitter declamations of opponents glanced off harmless from their shield of faith. February 8 was observed as a day of fasting and prayer by many of the congregations in Massachusetts, as well as in Chicago, for a blessing on the work in Boston. A Christian Convention, held in that city on the 14th of March, was attended by 700 ministers from all parts of New England, and was full of the spirit of earnest consecration. It gave new strength to the revival work in hand, and led to the whole city being districted for personal visitation.

P. P. BLISS.

PHILIP PAUL BLISS is worthy to be named as making up the trio of the chief evangelists who were used of the Lord in promoting the Great Awakening of this generation. He is the Charles Wesley of the Nineteenth Century. His was the loving genius set afire by the Spirit of God, that wrote and set to music a very large proportion of the hymns that have echoed round the world like a benediction, to the saving of countless thousands of souls. Possessing a remarkable versatility (rather than depth) of talent, he was at once poet, musician, and singer; and in this manifold character he was thoroughly in harmony with the popular heart. He was also a manly, modest, sincere and self-forgetful man; singularly hopeful and joyful in spirit, one who was never cast down. He lived in a present realization of his blessedness as a son of God, and his heirship in the Kingdom. In the words of Mr. Moody, who was deeply attached to him: "His face was always bright and his heart full of Christian love." And his songs abounded in the same spirit of heavenly joy and trust, whether like a bugle blast of encouragement, as in "Hold the Fort;" or an inspiration unto unquestioning faith, as in "There is life for a look at the Crucified One;" or as a voice of pitying entreaty, as in "Almost persuaded now to believe."

P. P. Bliss was born in the village of Rome, Bradford county, Penn., on the 9th of July, 1838. His parents were poor, and he knew as a boy what it was to live by the sweat of the brow. His early life was uneventful, and was spent mainly out of doors, so that his mind was moulded and refined by the picturesque scenery of that mountainous region. He grew up with a sound physique, and in sympathy with the common thoughts of the common people. His musical talent found vent for itself in whistling, and in singing airs by ear. His marriage to Miss Lucy J. Young, of Rome, had the happiest influence on his life. As she was both musician and poet, she taught him how to sing and play, and incited him to study how to wed words to music. And better still, she

was the agent in his conversion and union with the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1864 he removed to Chicago, and there enjoyed the instruction of Mr. George F. Root. He connected himself with the First Congregational Church of Chicago, serving as chorister, and as superintendent of the Sunday-school, where he did much good. His rich baritone voice and facility in composing sweet melodies for Sunday-schools, led to his engagement by the firm of Root & Cady to introduce their works of sacred song, and he was instrumental in organizing many musical conventions in the Northwest.

Mr. Bliss excelled in the gift of embodying the soul-searching and profoundest truths of Holy Scripture in object hymns of transparent clearness, wherein the plainest and youngest of a congregation could not fail to see the Gospel message. "The Charm," his first work, was published in 1871. The "Song Tree," "Sunshine," and "The Joy," followed each other at intervals of a year. Early in 1874, forsaking all else like Mr. Sankey, he cast in his lot with Major D. W. Whittle, and they began a tour through the Northwest as evangelists. At this time he prepared a book of "Gospel Songs," prayerfully choosing only those he had known to be blessed in times of revival. More than fifty of his own compositions were included, and deservedly. Among these were such popular favorites as "Hold the Fort," "Pull for the shore, sailor," "Let the lower lights be burning," and "Roll on, O billow of fire!" all founded on scenes in actual life; "I am so glad that Jesus loves me," "Only an armor-bearer," "More to follow," "Go, bury thy sorrow," "Hallelujah! 'tis done, I believe on the Son," "Whosoever will may come," and "The Light of the World is Jesus." Certainly, he was an inspired Christian, a psalmist providentially raised up to further the vast revival labors of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. He gladly co-operated with the latter in preparing "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs" in 1875, for the services in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, New York, and Chicago, and was also the co-editor of "Gospel Hymns No. 2," issued a year later. Of these, vast editions were sold. Yet, as he labored only for the love of God, he declined any share in the copyright, so that the entire royalty of $60,000 was distributed to worthy charities. Although he owned no dwelling, and had little means, he refused later to retain the $5,000 which Mr. Moody sought to press on him.

Such was the consistent and consecrated disciple whom the

Lord called to his reward in the ripeness of his powers and usefulness. After spending Christmas, 1876, with his aged mother at Towanda, and holding praise meetings from house to house, he set out with his wife for Chicago, and was delayed by a mishap to the engine. So he became a passenger in the ill-fated train that broke through the bridge across the Ashtabula river, fell upon the bank seventy feet below, and then took fire. He would not escape by deserting his noble wife, and they went Home together, in a baptism of fire. This calamity shocked the entire nation, and came on the two evangelists in Chicago as a sorrow almost crushing. A collection for his two little children resulted in the receipt of $10,000 for their benefit, and a share in the copyright of his hymns was assigned them.

HOLDING THE FORT.

FIRST EVENING.

"But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty:

"And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are:

"That no flesh should glory in his presence."—1st CORINTHIANS, 1st chap., 27th, 28th and 29th verses.

I WANT to call your attention to that 27th verse of that chapter I read to you: "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are. That no flesh should glory in His presence." There is just one sentence there I would like to call your attention to: "But God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." Then in the 29th verse he tells us why He has chosen the weak things—"that no flesh may glory in His presence."

Now, if we are to have the Word in this City of New York, we must give God all the glory. I dread coming to a new place; it takes almost a week or a fortnight to come down to solid work. The people are thinking of the choir, and saying "What a large choir!" and "So many ministers! Surely there is going to be great work now, there is such a great choir and congregation and so many ministers." It is not by might and power, but by God's Spirit, and we have got to get our eyes off of all these things, and there will be no work and no blessing until this is done. Now, we have not come with any new Gospel; it is the old Gospel, the old story, and we want

the old power, the power of the Holy Ghost; and, if it is anything less than that, it will all come to nought and be like a morning cloud—soon pass away. Now I can tell you, before the meetings go on any further, who will be disappointed and who in after years will say the meetings were a failure—every man and every woman that don't get quickened themselves. If there is a minister here in New York that doesn't get quickened himself, he will say the work has failed; but I have never known a man who has got quickened, to say the work has failed. Nowhere that we have been has it been the case. What we want is to get down to ourselves, and if there is to be a true revival, there must be first a casting-down of ourselves before a lifting-up. It was only when Abraham was on his face in the dust before God that He would talk to him. And it is then that God lifts us up and the blessing comes. There is no true revival until God's own people are lifted, until they are quickened. It will be superficial until then. It will be a counterfeit. If you attempt to begin work among the ungodly and unconverted before you get quickened yourself, God won't bless you. As the Psalmist says, "When the Lord has restored to us the joy of His salvation, then we will be able to teach transgressors the way of the Kingdom of God," and not until then, and when we are cold and lukewarm and are conformed to the world, and have not the Holy Ghost resting upon us, why God is not going to revive His work. Here and there we will hear of one converted, but it won't be deep and thorough unless the Church of God is quickened.

Now, I have just come here, and I confess I have seen nothing in America like what has pleased me in Princeton. I think they have a revival there, and the President of the college told me he had not seen anything like it, and one of the Faculty told me he didn't think there had ever been anything like it in the history of Princeton. Of course I inquired into it, and I found that they had sent for different ministers to come there and had been disappointed, and they got together—the Christians did—and prayed God to bless them, and one of the Faculty asked them to pray for *him*, and right there the work broke out, and there have been about fifty quickened and brought back who had wandered from Christ, and it looks now as if all Princeton was going to be blessed.

Oh that it may commence here to-night in our hearts; that we may be quickened first, and then how quick the Lord will bless us. If you want to introduce two men to each other you want to be near to them. If you want to introduce sinners to

God you must be near to God and to the sinner, too; and if a man is near God he will have a love for the sinner and his heart will be near that man. But until we are brought near to God ourselves, we cannot introduce men to God. Somebody has said God uses the vessel that is nearest at hand, and if we are near to God He will use us, and if we are not, of course He cannot. Now, what we want is to be in a position that will give God all the glory. There are some things that make me tremble at times as if the work will all come to nought, because there is so much man-worship. Now, we have got to get rid of this man-worship before it will be a deep work. We have got to sink self. If we can only get "I" down in the dust and get outside of our dignity and get self out of the way and say, "Here, Lord, use me if Thou canst, and, if not, use somebody else," or in the spirit of the wilderness preacher who said, "I must decrease but He must increase," then the Lord will take us up and use us.

And right here, before I forget it, I want to urge the people of New York—the Christian people—not to buy anything of these people on the street. I am told that sixty-five men have come on from Philadelphia to sell photographs and medals, and I don't know what not, and they are hawking them in the streets. Why, I would almost think nobody would come into the meeting if, when coming along, they hear these men crying the photographs. I believe that Christian people who patronize these men are doing the cause of Christ a great injury. I don't know that anything is hindering the work more than these men, that are making money out of us. If you want hymn-books, go into some bookstore and buy them. Don't buy these photographs. They are no more photographs of us than they are of you. I have not had one taken for eight years. [Laughter.] Some men complained that they had got counterfeits, and I was glad they had been cheated, because they ought not to buy them so on the street. People are apt to say of us, "Those fellows are speculating. They are just making money. They don't care anything about saving our souls." And the impression has gone abroad just on account of people's patronizing these men. Oh! let me beg of you to do anything you can to keep down this man-worship. Let us look at the Cross, with Christ full in view, and then we will have men coming into the Kingdom of God.

Now, let us get back to the text. It is the weak things that God wants to use. We want the great, the mighty, but God takes the foolish things, the despised things, the things which

are not. What for? That no flesh may glory in His sight. Now, what is that written for unless it is that we shall learn the lesson that God shall have the glory, and that we are not to take any of the glory to ourselves. "That no flesh may glory in His sight." Just the moment we are ready to take our places in the dust and give God His place, and let Him have all the glory, then it is that the Spirit of God will be given to us. If we are lifted up and say we have got such great meetings and such crowds are coming, and get to thinking about crowds and about the people and get our minds off from God, and are not constantly in communion with Him, lifting our hearts in prayer, this work will be a stupendous failure. Now, you will find in all ages God has been trying to teach his children this lesson—that He uses the weak instead of the strong.

What is highly esteemed of man is an abomination to God. When God was about to deluge the earth He wanted an ark built. What did He do—did He call an army? No, He just called one man to build the ark. In the sight of the world it was a very little thing, and yet when the deluge came it was worth more than all the world. The weak things of the world that excite our scorn and contempt are the very things that God uses. When God delivered Egypt He didn't send an army. We would have sent an army or an orator. We would have sent some man who would have gone down before the king, and laid it out before him in grand style, but God didn't do that. He sent this man Moses, who had been back there in the desert forty years, a man with an impediment in his speech—and God said to Moses, "Moses, I want you to go down into Egypt, and bring my people out of bondage." That is not our way. When the king looked at him he ordered him out of his presence. "Who is God, that I should obey Him?" He found out who He was. God used the little fly and the little frog. The world looks upon the frog with scorn and contempt, but Moses said, "Oh, there are a good many of them." We may be very weak in ourselves, but see what a mighty God we have. God likes to take the weak things to confound the mighty. When God wants to move a mountain He does not take the bar of iron, but He takes the little worm. The fact is, we have got too much strength. We are not weak enough. It is not our strength that we want. One drop of God's strength is worth more than all the world. There was that giant whom we are told for forty days came out every morning and every evening. Down into that valley came the

Giant of Gath every morning, and he terrified all the army of Saul; the whole army were trembling; they were afraid. When Joshua was weak in himself and strong in the Lord, then they did not fear the giant. But you see Saul and his army had got their eyes off from God. When we get our eyes off from God, how mighty that giant looks! There came a young stripling up from the country—a sort of a delegate of the Christian Commission. He heard of this giant, and the young boy began to inquire, "What does this mean?" And they told him, and he wanted to go right out at once to meet him. The last man we would have chosen, but God's ways are not our ways. God will have the glory, that is the point. If it had been some great giant, then we would have given the giant all the glory. The young stripling requires no army of Saul; he just takes a few small, smooth, round stones out of the brook and puts them in his sling. He says to the giant: "You have your sword, but I have come in the name of my God." Yes, he leaned upon the strength of God. Now just look at that! We are to pass that little stone into that sling. God directs it, and the work is done. The Giant of Gath falls. David was the last one we would have chosen, though he is chosen of God.

What we want is to learn the lesson that we are weak, and we don't want any strength but God's strength. Look at Jonathan with his small army! "Why," he says, "the Lord can save by few as well as many." It is not these great meetings that are going to do the work. It is not by might and by power, but by the Spirit of God. But let me just impress this upon you that it is weakness that God wants. There was weeping once in Heaven. John wept when the book of seals was brought out and there wasn't any one who could open the book. He might have looked upon Abel, but Abel wasn't worthy to open the book. He might have looked upon Enoch, but Enoch wasn't worthy. He might have looked upon Abraham, and yet the father of the faithful wasn't worthy to open that book. There was Daniel and Elijah, and the holy men of the Old Testament, and not one of them worthy to open the book. Some of the saints of the New Testament had entered upon their reward. There was Stephen who was martyred. Stephen wasn't able to open the book. And John said he began to cry as he looked down, and there wasn't one worthy to open the book. But pretty soon a voice said, "Don't weep; the Lion of the Tribe of Judah is able to open the seals;" and John began to look

around to see the Lion, and lo, it was a Lamb. Instead of having strength we want weakness. It is the Lion—the Lamb of Calvary. He sealed the Lion of Hell, He overcame the Lion, He conquered him. What we want to-night is to ask God to give us weakness, not strength, then these obstacles, why how small they look! When we are walking with God, all these obstacles how they flee away. Go up in a balloon and look down upon some giant and how small he looks. Go up into some mountain and look down upon some giant and how small he looks! But get on a level, and how large he looks! God takes the weak things to confound the mighty. When He wanted twelve men to introduce His gospel, whom did He take? Did He call the wise and mighty? No; He called a few ignorant Galilean fishermen. It was those men the power of God rushed in upon. They were weak in themselves, but strong in God. So to-night, if there is a band weak in themselves but strong in God, what a work they can do! No other strength is worth having but the strength of God. When God wanted Germany to be blessed He gave power to one man. The Spirit came upon Martin Luther, and all Germany was blessed. When darkness and superstition was settling over Scotland, the Spirit of God came upon John Knox, and he moved all Scotland. You can go where you will in Scotland to-day, and everywhere you will hear the name and feel the influence of John Knox in that country. You can go into England to-day and you will feel the influence of Wesley and Whitefield, grand men and mighty. They relied not upon their own strength, for the Spirit of the Living God was upon them. They were mighty in God. Look at that man Gideon. He marshalled his army of 30,000 men to give battle to the Philistines. God said: "Gideon, your army is too great. My people would be lifted up, and they would take the glory upon themselves." God said to Gideon, "You just say to the men who are fearful and afraid, 'Go home.'" And the Lord reduced the army 20,000, leaving only 10,000 men. But God said: "Gideon, you have got too many; if those 10,000 men get victory, they will say, 'Look what we have done.' Just take them down to the water, and we will try them again. Those that drink it up one way and those that lap it up another, they shall be separated." Then God took away all but three hundred. God said that was enough. "If I get a victory with those three hundred, I will get the glory." I would rather have three hundred men in New York whose

hearts are right with God than a host who take upon themselves the glory which belongs to the Lord.

I have no doubt but that some here will say, "There are so many obstacles in the way I don't believe we are going to succeed. You won't succeed in New York; it is a very hard place, New York is." If God is with us we are going to succeed. If we take God out of our plans we are going to fail, and we ought to fail. Is not the God of our fathers strong enough to take this city and shake it as a little child? There is not a skeptic in the city of New York but what the power of God can reach.

When we were in Philadelphia we almost failed for a few weeks. The crowds were so great that many of those who attended the meetings spent most of their time in watching the people. We could not get their eyes toward the Cross for a long time. By-and-by when the holidays came on the numbers began to fall off, and it was the best thing for us. It was what we wanted, so that men could think of God.

Now, my friends, do not think that anything is small that God handles. Look at that little cloud up there, not bigger than a man's hand; but that cloud was large enough to water all Palestine, and the land that had thirsted for three years and six months got all the water out of that cloud that it wanted. Plenty large enough if God is in it. Let me say before we close that what we want is to get hold of God. Now, there a great many people that lend their ears to other people. They never hear for themselves. They want you people to use their ears for them. Let us each go up for ourselves, and pray to God that we may get a blessing for ourselves. If the Spirit of the Lord God comes upon us, it will take all eternity to tell the result. If the Spirit of God comes upon us afresh, I have no more doubt about the success of the meetings than I have that we exist. If we are cold and indifferent, then the work will be superficial. It will not be lasting, and will not be such as many of you are praying for. Let us ask God that we may receive the blessing of the Holy Spirit. Let the prayer be, "O! God, quicken me. O! God, give me a fresh baptism. Instil in me the blessing of Thy salvation." God said to Elijah just before he went away, "Go call Elisha to take thy place." If God calls us to do a work, he can qualify us to do it. When the time drew near for Elijah to be taken from Elisha, Elijah said to Elisha, "I will go down and see the prophet." It had been revealed to Elijah that Elisha was going to be taken out. Elisha wanted to be anointed

near the place he was called to fill. They travelled together until they reached Bethel, and then Elijah said, "You stay here, and I will go down to Jericho and see how the prophets are getting along down there." But Elisha kept close to him, and they walked arm-in-arm to Jericho. When they reached Jericho, Elisha said, "You just stay here and I will go over to Jordan." They were on a tour of inspection of the theological seminaries. But Elisha still kept close to his companion, and as they were talking together, Elijah asked, "What can I do for you, Elisha? What is your petition?" "Well," says Elisha, "I want a double portion of your spirit." Well, that was a pretty bold petition. He was asking great things. That is what God wants us to do—ask great things. They came to the waters of the Jordan, and Elisha takes off his mantle, the waters spread, and they pass through safely, dry shod. While they were talking, there suddenly comes a chariot from heaven to bear Elijah away to glory. And Elisha takes up the mantle of Elijah, and Elisha goes back to Jordan; and when they saw the mantle of Elijah they cried out, "The spirit of Elijah rests upon Elisha." The mighty spirit of Elijah rests upon us to-night. Let us go to our closets, let us go to our homes, and let us cry to the God of Elijah—"Here I am, God, use me"—that we may be ready for all his services. Oh, that we may be weak in ourselves, that we may give all the honor and glory to Jesus, and if we do this we will see how quick He will use it.

SECOND EVENING.

"When he saw their faith."—ST. LUKE, 5th chap., part of the 20th verse.

IN beginning his sermon Mr. Moody called attention to a clause of the 20th verse of the 5th chapter of St. Luke: "When he saw their faith." A little while before this, said he, Christ had been driven out of Nazareth, in his native town, and had come down to Capernaum to live, and He had begun His ministry, and some mighty miracles had already been wrought in Capernaum. A little while before this one of the officers in King Herod's army had a son who had been restored. Peter's wife's mother, that lay sick with the fever, had been healed, and Mark tells us that the whole city was moved, that they had come to the door of the house where He was sitting, the whole city bringing their sick. In fact, there was a great revival in Capernaum. That is what it was, and it is all it was. The news was spreading far and near. Everybody coming out of Capernaum was taking out tidings of what this mighty preacher was doing, and His mighty miracles, and the sayings that were constantly falling from His lips. And we read in a few verses before this 20th verse that a man full of leprosy had come to Him and said: "Lord, if Thou canst, make me clean," and I want to call your attention to the difference between a man that had the palsy and the man that had the leprosy. The man with the palsy had friends who had faith. The man who had the leprosy had no friends who believed he could be cleansed. There had been no leper cleansed for eight hundred years, and we read back in the days of Elisha that there was a leper that was cleansed, but none since that time until now. Here is a leper that has faith and goes right straight to the Son of God Himself; and I want to say if there is a poor sinner here to-night that has not got any friends that would pray for him, you can go right straight to Jesus Himself. You don't need any bishop or priest or potentate to intercede. Right away to Christ came this poor leper. He said, "If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean."

There is faith for you. He did not say, like the man in the 9th chapter of Mark, "If Thou canst do anything for us, have compassion." He put the "if" in the wrong place; but this leper said, "If Thou wilt, Thou canst do it." It pleased the Lord, and He said, "I will. Be thou clean," and away went the leprosy. He was made well in a minute, and of course this news had gone out of Capernaum, and not only the city was stirred, but the country also, and now we read that they were coming up from all parts of Judea, from Galilee and all the villages, and even from Jerusalem. The news had reached Jerusalem, and the Pharisees and philosophers and wise men were coming up to this northern town to see what this great revival meant. They didn't come up to get a blessing. Like a great many who come to these meetings, they came out of curiosity. They came to see how it was that this man was performing such mighty miracles, and they were told that He was in the house. There they were sitting around the Master, and we are told the power of the Lord was present to heal them. But it don't say that they were healed. They didn't think that they were sick and needed a Saviour. Like hundreds now that are drawing around them their filthy rags of self-righteousness, they think they are good enough without salvation, and they just come here to reason out the philosophy of the meeting and how it is so many people come together night after night to hear this old Gospel, which has been preached eighteen hundred years. "And the power of the Lord was present to heal them." I have thought a number of times what a glorious thing it would have been if they had all been healed. What a glorious thing if those men coming out of Judea had been converted and gone back to publish the glad tidings in their homes and villages. What a revival it would have been. But they didn't come for that purpose, but only to reason out the thing.

But while these things were being done, suddenly a noise was heard overhead. The people heard a noise on the roof and looked up to see what was the matter. Now, there were four men in Capernaum—I have an idea they were young converts—who found a man who had the palsy, and they could not get him to Jesus. Matthew, Mark, and Luke, all three, give an account, but don't one of them say that the man himself had any faith. I can imagine these four men said to the man with the palsy, "If we can get you to Jesus all He has to do is to speak and the palsy is gone." And I see these four men making arrangements to take this man with the palsy

away to Christ. They prepared a couch something like the stretcher we had in the war, and I see these four men, each one taking his place to carry that couch through the streets of Capernaum. They go with a firm step and steady tread. They are moving toward that house where Christ is. These men have confidence. They know that the Son of God has power to heal this man, and they say, "If we can only get him to Jesus, the work will be done;" and while these philosophers and scribes and wise men were there, trying to reason out the philosophy of the thing, these men arrived at the door, and for the crowd could not get in. They undoubtedly asked some of the men to come out and let this man with the palsy in; but they could not get them out, and there they are. But faith looks over obstacles. Faith is not going to surrender. Now these men felt they must get in in some way, and I can imagine they went to one of the neighbors and asked them, "Just allow us to use your stairway. Here is a man that has the leprosy and we want to get him in," and I see the men taking this man up, and at last they got him upon the roof of the house where Christ is preaching; and now you can hear them ripping up the roof, and everybody looks up to see what the noise is; and at last they see that while Christ is preaching these four men are making a hole large enough to let a man down through.

He must have been a good man or he would have complained to see his roof torn up in that way. But these men wanted to get the leper cleansed. That was worth more than the roof. They wanted to get the man blessed. They let the man right down into the presence of these Pharisees and scribes. It would have been like letting him down into an ice-house if Christ had not been there. Those scribes and Pharisees—they didn't have any compassion; they didn't have any sympathy for the fallen; they didn't have any sympathy for the erring. There was One who had sympathy for the man who was suffering. They laid him right down at the feet of Jesus. My friends, you can't take palsied souls to a better place than to the feet of Jesus. They called upon the crowd to stand aside and make room, and they just placed him at the feet of Jesus. Christ looks up, and when he saw their faith—not the man's faith; it don't say that he had any—He saw their faith—that's the point. I believe that that whole miracle is to teach us, that that whole lesson is to teach us Christians that God will honor our faith. I see the Son of God looking up at those four men who laid this leper down. He looked up

yonder and saw their faith. There is nothing on this earth that pleases Him so much as faith. Wherever He finds faith it pleases Him. Twice Christ marvelled. I believe Christ marvelled only twice. Once He marvelled at the faith of the Centurion, and He marvelled at the unbelief of the Jews.

When He saw their faith He said to the man looking down at Him, "Be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven." Why, he didn't come for that; he only expected to get rid of his palsy; he didn't expect to have his sins forgiven. These men begun to look around with amazement. "That is a very grievous charge; He forgives sin. What right has He to do that? It is God and God alone who does that." I tell you the Jews to a man didn't believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. They began to reason among themselves, but Christ knew what they were thinking about. He could read their thoughts. Christ said to them, "Is it easier for Me to say to the man, 'His sins be forgiven,' or for Me to say, 'Rise up and walk?' Now that you may know that the Son of Man hath power to forgive sins, I say, 'Rise up and walk.'" Now the man was a leper. He hadn't the power to rise, but he leaps up in a minute. He packs up that old bed that he had lain on for years, and away he goes. The man walks out with his bed on his back, and away he goes home. The men began to look at one another with amazement, and one and another said, "We have seen strange things to-day." How long did it take the Lord Jesus Christ to heal that man? Some men say, "O, we don't believe in instantaneous conversions." How long did it take the Lord to heal the man of the leprosy? One word, and away went the leprosy. One word, and the man stood up, and he rolled his bed up, and away he went on his way home. I should like to have seen his wife. I can imagine she was about as surprised as any woman you ever saw.

But now the word I want to call your attention to is this: "When He saw their faith." Now, there are a great many men in New York that don't have any faith in the Gospel at all. They don't believe in that Bible. There are a great many men in New York who are infidels. There are a great many skeptics. There is one thing that encourages me very much. The Lord can honor our faith, and raise those men. "When He saw their faith." Suppose a man should go to the house of his neighbor, and say, "Come, let us take neighbor Levi to neighbor Peter's house; Christ is there, and we can get him healed," and the two found they weren't able to carry the man, so they got three, and the three weren't able; so they got the

fourth. Now I don't know of anything that would make a man get up quicker than to have four people combining to try to bring him to Christ. Suppose one man calls upon him after breakfast; he doesn't think much about it; he has had some one invite him to Christ before. Suppose before dinner the second man comes and says, "I want to lead you to Christ. I want to introduce you to the Son of God." The man has got quite aroused now; perhaps he has never had the subject presented to him by two different men in one day. But the third man has come, and the man has got thoroughly aroused by this time, and he says to himself, "Why, I never thought so much about my soul as I have to-day." But before the man gets to bed at night, the fourth man has come, and I will guarantee that he won't sleep much that night—four men trying to bring him to Christ. If we can't bring our friends to Christ, let us get others to help us. If four men won't do it, let us add the fifth, and the Lord will see our faith, and the Lord will honor our faith, and we will see them brought to the Son of God.

When I was at Nashville during our late war, I was closing the noon prayer meeting one day, and a great strong man came up to me, trembling from head to foot. He took a letter out of his pocket and wanted to have me read it. It was a letter from his sister. The sister stated in that letter, that every night, as the sun went down, she went down on her knees to pray for him. The sister was 600 miles away, and said the soldier, "I never thought of my soul until last night. I have stood before the cannon's mouth and it never made me tremble, but, sir, I haven't slept a wink since I got that letter." I think there is many a Christian here who understands what that letter meant. The Lord had seen her faith. It was God honoring faith, and it was God answering prayer. And so, my friends, if God sees our faith, these friends that we are anxious for will be brought to Christ. When we were in Edinburgh, a man came to me and said, "Over yonder is one of our most prominent infidels in Edinburgh. I wish you would go over and see him." I took my seat beside him, and I asked him if he was a Christian. He laughed at me and said he didn't believe in the Bible. "Well," said I, after talking for some time, "will you let me pray with you? Will you let me pray for you?" "Yes," said he, "just pray, and see if God will answer your prayer. Now let the question be decided." "Will you kneel?" "No, I won't kneel. Who be I going to kneel before?" He said it with considerable

sarcasm. I got down and prayed beside the infidel. He sat very straight, so that the people should understand that he was not in sympathy at all with my prayer. After I got through, I said, "Well, my friend, I believe that God will answer my prayer, and I want you to let me know when you are saved." "Yes, I will let you know when I am saved," all with considerable sarcasm. At last up at Wick, at a meeting in the open air, one night, on the outskirts of the crowd, I saw the Edinburgh infidel. He said, "Didn't I tell you God wouldn't answer your prayer?" I said, "The Lord will answer my prayer yet." I had a few minutes' conversation with him and left him, and just a year ago this month, when we were preaching in Liverpool, I got a letter from one of the leading pastors of Edinburgh, stating that the Edinburgh infidel had found his way to Christ, and found the Lord. He wrote an interesting letter, saying how God had saved him. And there may be many in the city of New York who will laugh at this idea, and they will cavil, and perhaps they will say to-night that God don't answer prayer; but he does, if Christians will only have faith. God can save the greatest infidel, the greatest skeptic, the greatest drunkard. What we want is to have faith. Oh, let that word sink down deep into the heart of every Christian here to-night, and let us show our faith by our works.

Let us go out and bring all our friends here, and if there is poor preaching, we can bring down from Heaven the necessary blessings without good preaching. In Philadelphia a skeptic came in just out of curiosity. He wanted to see the crowd, and he hadn't more than crossed the threshold of the door before the Spirit of God met him, and I asked him if there was anything in the sermon that influenced him, in hopes that I was going to get something to encourage me; but he could not tell what the text was. I asked him if it was the singing, but he didn't know what Mr. Sankey had sung. It was the power of God alone that converted him, and that is what we want in these meetings. If we have this power, when we invite our friends here, the Lord will meet them and will answer prayer and save them. Let us go and bring our unconverted friends here. All through the services let us be lifting up our hearts in prayer. God save our friend! O God, convert him! And in answer to our prayer the Lord will save them.

While in London, there was a man away off in India—a godly father—who had a son in London, and he got a fur-

lough and came clear from India to London to see after his boy's spiritual welfare. Do you think God let that man come thus far without honoring that faith? No. He converted that son, and that is the kind we want—where faith and works go together; and if we have faith, God will honor it and answer our prayer. Only a few years ago in the city of Philadelphia there was a mother that had two sons. They were just going as fast as they could to ruin. They were breaking her heart, and she went into a little prayer-meeting and got up and presented them for prayer. They had been on a drunken spree, or had just got started in that way, and she knew that their end would be a drunkard's grave, and she went among these Christians and said, "Won't you just cry to God for my two boys?" The next morning those two boys had made an appointment to meet each other on the corner of Market and Thirteenth streets.,—though not that they knew anything about our meeting—and while one of them was there at the corner, waiting for his brother to come, he followed the people who were flooding into the depot building, and the Spirit of the Lord met him, and he was wounded and found his way to Christ. After his brother came he found the place too crowded to enter, so he too went curiously into another meeting and found Christ, and went home happy; and when he got home he told his mother what the Lord had done for him, and the second son came in with the same tidings. I heard one get up afterward to tell his experience in the young converts' meeting, and he had no sooner told the story than the other got up and said: "I am that brother, and there is not a happier home in Philadelphia than we have got;" and they went out, bringing their friends to Christ.

Let us now show our faith by our works. Let us away to our friends, to our neighbors, and to those we have an influence over, and let us talk about Christ, and let us plead with God that they may be converted, and instead of there being a few thousands converted in New York, tens of thousands can be converted; and let our prayers go up to God in our homes, and around our family altars. Let the prayers go up, "O, God, save my unconverted husband." "O, God, save my unconverted wife." "O, God, save my unconverted children," and God will hear that cry. As I was coming out of a daily prayer-meeting in one of our western cities, a mother came up to me and said, "I want to have you see my husband, and ask him to come to Christ." I took out my memorandum book, and I put down his name. She says, "I want to have you go

and see him." I knew the name, and that it was a learned judge, and so said to her, "I can't agree with him. He is a good deal older than I am, and it would be out of place. Then I am not much for infidel argument." "Well, Mr. Moody," she says, "that ain't what he wants. He's got enough of that. Just ask him to come to the Saviour." She urged me so hard, and so strong, that I consented to go. I went up to the office where the judge was doing business, and tell him what I had come for. He laughed at me. "You are very foolish," he said, and began to argue with me. I said, "I don't think it will be profitable for me to hold an argument with you. I have just one favor I want to ask of you, and that is, that when you are converted you will let me know." "Yes," said he, "I will do that. When I am converted I will let you know,"—with a good deal of sarcasm. I thought the prayers of that wife would be answered if mine were not. A year and a half after, I was in that city, and a servant came to my door and said: "There is a man in the drawing-room." I found the judge there. He said: "I promised I would let you know when I was converted." I had heard it from other lips; but I wanted to hear it from his own. He said his wife had gone out to a meeting one night, and he was home alone, and while he was sitting there by the fire he thought, "Supposing my wife is right, and my children are right; suppose there is a heaven and hell, and I shall be separated from them." His first thought was, "I don't believe a word of it." The second thought came, "You believe in the God that created you, and that the God that created you is able to teach you. You believe that God can give you life." "Yes, the God that created me can give me life." I was too proud to get down on my knees by the fire, and I said, 'O, God, teach me.' And as I prayed, I don't understand it, but it began to get very dark, and my heart got very heavy. I was afraid to tell my wife, and I pretended to be asleep. She kneeled down beside that bed, and I knew she was praying for me. I kept crying, 'O, God, teach me.' I had to change my prayer, 'O, God, save me; O, God, take away this burden.' But it grew darker and darker, and the load grew heavier and heavier. All the way to my office I kept crying, 'O, God, take away this load.' I gave my clerks a holiday, and just closed my office and locked the door. I fell down on my face: I cried in agony to my Lord, 'O, Lord, for Christ's sake, take away this guilt.' I don't know how it was, but it began to grow very light. I said, 'I

CHRIST IN THE CORN FIELD.

wonder if this isn't what they call conversion. I think I will go and ask the minister if I am not converted." The old judge said to me: "Mr. Moody, I have enjoyed life in the last three months more than all put together." The judge did not believe. The wife did, and God honored her faith and saved that man. And he went up to Springfield, Ill., and the old judge stood up there and told those politicians what God, for Christ's sake, had done for him. And now let this text sink down deep into your hearts: "When He saw their faith." Let us lift up our hearts to God in prayer, that He may give us faith.

THIRD EVENING.

COURAGE AND ENTHUSIASM.

I SHALL take for my subject to-night only two words, courage and enthusiasm—necessary qualifications for successful work in the Lord's service. In this chapter I read to-night four different times God tells Joshua to be of good courage, and He says that if he was of good courage no man should be able to stand before him all the days of his life. And we read that in the evening of his life he was successful, and that no man was able to stand before him all his days. God fulfilled His promise. God kept his word. But see how careful God is to instruct him on this one point. Four times in one chapter he says to him, "Be of good courage, and then you shall prosper, then you shall have good success." And I have yet to find that God ever uses a man that is all the time looking on the dark side, and is all the time talking about the obstacles and looking at them, and is discouraged and cast down. It is not these Christians that go around with their head down like a bulrush, looking at the obstacles and talking about the darkness all the time, that God uses. They kill everything they touch. There is no life in them. Now if we are going to succeed we have got to be of good courage, and the moment we get our eyes on God and remember who He is, and that He has all power in Heaven and earth, that it is God that commands us to work in His vineyard, then it is that we will have courage given us.

Now if you just take your Bibles and look carefully through them you will see the men that have left their mark behind them; the men that have been successful in winning souls to Christ have all been men of that stamp. You will notice that when Moses commenced, after he had been among the Egyptians forty years, he thought the time had come for him to commence his work of delivering the captives, and he went out, and the first thing we hear is that he was looking this way and that way to see if somebody called him. He was not fit for

God's work. God had to take him on the back side of the desert for forty years, and then God was ready to send him, and Moses then looked but one way. And He sent him down into Egypt. He had boldness now, and he goes right before the king of Egypt, and he had courage and God could use him. But it took him forty years to learn that lesson, that he must have courage and boldness to be a fit vessel for the Master's use.

Again we find Elijah on Mount Carmel, full of boldness. How the Lord used him! How the Lord stood by him! How the Lord blessed him! But when he got his eyes off the way, and Jezebel sent a message to him that she would have his life, he got afraid. He was not afraid of Ahab and the whole royalty, and he was not afraid of the whole nation. He stood on Mount Carmel alone, and see what courage he had! But what came over him I don't know, unless it was that he got his eyes off the Lord, and when one woman gave him that message he got frightened, and God had to go to him and ask him what he was doing; and he was not fit for God's communion.

That, I think, is the trouble with a good many of God's people. We get frightened, and are afraid to speak to men about their souls. We lack moral courage, and if we hear the voice of God speaking to us and saying, "Run and speak to that young man," we will go to him meaning to do it, and will really talk to him about everything else, and dare not about his soul. When we begin to invite them to Christ is when the work begins, and it won't begin until we have the courage given us and are ready to go and speak with them about their souls. We read that when the apostles were brought before the council they perceived their boldness, and it made an impression on the council. The Lord could use them then, because they were fearless and bold. Look at Peter on Pentecost, when he charged the murder of the Son of God upon the Jews. A little while before he had got out of communion, and one little maid had scared him nearly out of his life, so that he swore he didn't know Christ. Ah! he had his eyes off the Master, and the moment we get our eyes off Christ we get disheartened, and then God cannot use us.

I remember a few years ago I got discouraged and could not see much fruit of my work; and one morning, as I was in my study, cast down, one of my Sabbath-school teachers came in and wanted to know what I was discouraged about, and I told him, because I could see no result from my work; and

speaking about Noah he said: "By the way, did you ever study up the character of Noah?" I felt that I knew all about that, and told him that I was familiar with it, and he said, "Now, if you never studied that carefully, you ought to do it, for I cannot tell you what a blessing it has been to me." When he went out I took down my Bible and commenced to read about Noah, and the thought came stealing over me, "Here is a man that toiled and worked a hundred years and didn't get discouraged; if he did, the Holy Ghost didn't put it on record," and the clouds lifted, and I got up and said if the Lord wants me to work without any fruit I will work on. I went down to the noon prayer-meeting, and when I saw the people coming to pray I said to myself, "Noah worked a hundred years, and he never saw a prayer-meeting outside of his own family." Pretty soon a man got up right across the aisle where I was sitting, and said he had come from a little town where there had been a hundred uniting with the church of God the year before. And I thought to myself, "What if Noah had heard that! He preached so many, many years and didn't get a convert, yet he was not discouraged." Then a man got up right behind me, and he trembled as he said, "I am lost. I want you to pray for my soul." And I said, "What if Noah had heard that! He worked a hundred and twenty years, and never had a man come to him and say that; and yet he didn't get discouraged." And I made up my mind then, that, God helping me, I would never get discouraged. I would do the best I could, and leave the results with God, and it has been a wonderful help to me. And so let me say to the Christians of New York that we must expect good results; and never get discouraged; but if we don't get good results, let us not look on the dark side, but keep on praying, and in the fullness of time the blessing of God will come. What we want is to have the Christians come out and take their stand. I find a great many professed Christians for a long time ashamed to acknowledge that they have been quickened. Some have said they did not like the idea of asking Christians to rise, as I did last evening; that it was putting them in a false position. Now, if we are going to be successful, we have got to take our stand for God, and let the world and every one know we are on the Lord's side. I have great respect for the woman that started out during the war with a poker. She heard the enemy were coming and went to resist them. When some one asked her what she could do with a poker, she said she would at least let them know what side she was on. And that is what we want,

and the time is coming when the line must be drawn in this city, and those on Christ's side must take their stand, and the moment we come out boldly and acknowledge Christ then it is that men will begin to inquire what they must do to be saved.

Then there is a class of people that are not warm enough. I don't think a little enthusiasm would hurt the church at the present time. I think we need it. I know the world will cry out against it. Business men will cry out against religious enthusiasm. Let railroad stocks go up fifteen or twenty per cent. and see what a revival there would be in business. If there should be a sudden advance in stocks, see if there wouldn't be enthusiasm on Change to-morrow. Let there be a sudden change in business, and see if there isn't a good deal of enthusiasm on the street. We can have enthusiasm in business, we can have enthusiasm in politics, and no one complains of that. A man can have enthusiasm in everything else, but the moment that a little fire gets into the church they raise the cry, "Ah, enthusiasm—false excitement—I am afraid of it." I do not want false excitement, but I do think we want a little fire, a little holy enthusiasm. But these men will raise the cry, "Zeal without knowledge." I had a good deal rather have zeal without knowledge than knowledge without zeal, and it won't hurt us to have a little more of this enthusiasm and zeal in the Lord's work. I saw more zeal when I was in Princeton last Sunday than I have in many a year. I was talking to the students there about their souls, and after I had been talking for some time, quite a group of young men gathered around me, and the moment that one of them made a surrender and said, "Well, I will accept Christ," it seems as if there were twenty-five hands pressed right down to shake hands with him. That is what we want—men that will rejoice to hear of the conversion of men. Although I don't admire his ideas I do admire the enthusiasm of that man Garibaldi. It is reported that when he marched toward Rome in 1867, they took him up and threw him into prison and he sat right down and wrote to his comrades, "If fifty Garibaldis are thrown into prison, let Rome be free." That is the spirit. Who is Garibaldi? That is nothing. "If fifty Garibaldis are thrown into prison, let Rome be free." That is what we want in the cause of Christ. We have got to work, and not be loitering at our ease. And then the question of dignity comes up. We have got to lay all that aside and we have got to be helpers. What difference does it make whether we are

hewers of wood or carriers of water while the Temple of God is being erected. Yes, let us have an enthusiasm in the Church of God. If we had it in a few of the churches in New York, I believe it would be like a resurrection. The people would say, "What has come over this man, he ain't like the same man he was two months ago." We want to have them say, "The Son of God is dearer to us than our money. The Son of God is dearer to us than our families. The Son of God is dearer to us than our position in society." Let us do anything that the work of God may go on, and when we get there God will bless us. Why, it says in the Bible, "One shall chase a thousand." We have not got many of that kind in our churches. I wish we had more of them. It says, "Two shall put ten thousand to flight." Now, if a few should lay hold of God in this way, see what a great army ere long will be saved in this city! But then we have got to be men after God's own heart. They cannot be lukewarm; they have got to be on fire with the cause of Christ. We have got to have more of this enthusiasm that will carry us into the Lord's work. If there is going to be a great revival in New York, it ain't going to be in this hall. It has got to be done by one and by another going around and talking to their neighbors. There isn't a skeptic, there isn't a drunkard but what can be reclaimed if we come with desire in our hearts. We mustn't go around professionally if we want to see any result. There is a story told in history in the ninth century, I believe, of a young man that came up with a little handful of men to attack a king who had a great army of 3,000 men. The young man had only 500, and the king sent a messenger to the young man, saying that he need not fear to surrender, for he would treat him mercifully. The young man called up one of his soldiers and said: "Take this dagger and drive it to your heart;" and the soldier took the dagger and drove it to his heart. And calling up another, he said to him, "Leap into yonder chasm," and the man leaped into the chasm. The young man then said to the messenger, "Go back and tell your king I have got 500 men like these. We will die, but we will never surrender. And tell your king another thing, that I will have him chained with my dog inside of half an hour." And when the king heard that, he did not dare to meet them, and his army fled before them like chaff before the wind, and within twenty-four hours he had that king chained with his dog.

That is the kind of zeal we want. "We will die, but we will never surrender." We will work until Jesus comes, and

then we will rise with him. O, if men are willing to die for patriotism, why can they not have the same zeal for Christ? All that Abraham Lincoln had to do was to call for men, and how speedily they came. When he called for 600,000 men, how quick they sprung up all over the nation. Isn't souls worth more than this republic? Isn't souls worth more than this government? Don't we want 600,000 men? If 600 men should come forward, whose hearts were right red-hot for the Son of God, we would be able to see what mighty results would follow. "One man shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight." During our war, the generals that were all the time on the defensive never succeeded. The generals that were successful were the generals that were on the aggressive. Some of our churches think they are doing remarkably well if they hold their membership, and they think if they have 30 or 40 conversions in that church during the year, that that is remarkable work. They think it is enough to supply the places of those who have died, and those who have wandered away during the past. It seems to me we ought to bring thousands and thousands to Christ. I say the time has come for us to have a war on the side of aggression. There may be barriers in our path, but God can remove them. There may be a mountain in our way, but God can take us over the mountain. There may be difficulties in the way, but He can overcome them. Our God is above them all, and if the Church of God is ready to advance, all obstacles will be removed. No man ever sent by God ever failed, but self must be lost sight of. We must be willing to lay down our lives for the cause of Christ.

When I was going to Europe in 1867, my friend, Mr. Stuart, of Philadelphia, said, "Be sure to be at the General Assembly in Edinburgh, in June. I was there last year," said he, "and it did me a world of good." He said that a returned missionary from India was invited to speak to the General Assembly on the wants of India. This old missionary, after a brief address, told the pastors who were present to go home and stir up their churches, and send young men to India to preach the gospel. He spoke with such earnestness that after a while he fainted, and they carried him from the hall. When he recovered he asked where he was, and they told him the circumstances under which he had been brought there. "Yes," he said, "I was making a plea for India, and I didn't quite finish my speech, did I?" After being told that he did not, he said, "Well, take me back and let me

finish it." But they said no, "You will die in the attempt." "Well," said he, "I will die if I don't," and the old man asked again that they would allow him to finish his plea. When he was taken back the whole congregation stood as one man, and as they brought him on the platform, with a trembling voice he said: "Fathers and mothers of Scotland, is it true that you will not let your sons go to India? I spent 25 years of my life there. I lost my health, and I have come back with sickness and shattered health. If it is true that we have no strong grandsons to go to India, I will pack up what I have and be off to-morrow, and I will let those heathen know that if I cannot live for them, I will die for them."

The world will say that that old man was enthusiastic. Well, that is just what we want. No doubt that is what they said of the Son of God when He was down here. O, that God may baptize us to-night with the spirit of enthusiasm! That He may anoint us to-night with the Holy Ghost! Let me say to some of you men—I see some gray locks here, who, I have no doubt, are saying, "I wish I was young again; I would like to help in this work. I would like to work for the Lord." When we went to London there was an old woman 85 years old, who came to the meetings and said she wanted a hand in that work. She was appointed to a district, and called on all classes of people. She went to places where we would probably have been put out, and told the people of Christ. There were none that could resist her. When the old woman of 85 years old came to them and offered to pray for them, they all received her kindly—Catholics, Jews, Gentiles, all. That is enthusiasm. That is what we want in New York. If you cannot give a day to this work, give an hour, or if not an hour, five minutes. If you have not strength to do anything personally, you can pray for this work. Now, it is a good deal better to do that than it is to stand off criticising. Some will say, "O, I heard my grandfather say how such things should be done. This is not managed right to be successful." And they stand off and criticise and find fault, and we will never succeed as long as they do this. All should work and ask God's guidance.

Once, when a great fire broke out at midnight, and people thought that all the inmates had been taken out, away up there in the fifth story was seen a little child crying for help. Up went a ladder, and soon a fireman was seen ascending to the spot. As he neared the second story, the flames burst in fury from the windows, and the multitude almost despaired of

the rescue of the child. The brave man faltered, and a comrade at the bottom cried out, "Cheer!" and cheer upon cheer arose from the crowd. Up the ladder he went, and saved the child because they cheered him. If you cannot go into the heat of the battle yourself, if you cannot go into the harvest field and work day after day, you can cheer those that are working for the Master. I see many old people in their old days get crusty and sour, and they discourage every one they meet by their fault-finding. That is not what we want. If we make a mistake, come and tell us of it, and we will thank you. You don't know how much you may do by just speaking kindly to those that are willing to work. I remember when I was a boy, I went several miles from home with an older brother. That seemed to me the longest visit of my life. It seemed that I was then further away from home than I had ever been before, or have ever been since. While we were walking down the street, we saw an old man coming toward us, and my brother said, "There is a man that will give you a cent. He gives every new boy that comes into this town a cent." That was my first visit to the town, and when the old man got opposite to us he looked around, and my brother not wishing me to lose the cent, and to remind the old man that I had not received it, told him that I was a new boy in the town. The old man, taking off my hat, placed his trembling hand on my head, and told me I had a Father in heaven. It was a kind, simple act, but I feel the pressure of the old man's hand upon my head to-day.

Now you can all do something in this work of saving souls. That is what we have come to this city for. There is not a mother, father, nor wife, there is not a young man in all the city, but what ought to be in sympathy with this work. We have come here to try to save souls. I never heard of one that was brought to Christ that it injured them. Oh, let us pray for the Spirit of God; let us pray that this spirit of criticism and of fault-finding may be all laid aside, and that we may be of one spirit as they were on the day of Pentecost.

FOURTH EVENING.

"To every man his work."—ST. MARK, 13th chap., part of the 34th verse.

I WANT to call your attention to a verse you will find in the 13th chapter of Mark, part of the 34th verse—"To every man his work." "For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch." Now, by reading that verse carefully it don't read, "to every man some work," or "to every man a work," but "to every man his work." And I believe if the truth was known that every man and woman in this assembly has a work laid out for them to do; that every man's life is a plan of the Almighty, and way back in the councils of eternity God laid out a work for each one of us. There is no man living that can do the work that God has got for me to do. No one can do it but myself. And if the work ain't done, we will have to answer for it when we stand before God's bar. For it says: "Every man shall be brought unto judgment, and every one shall give an account of the deeds done in the body." And it seems to me that every one of us ought to take this question home to-night: "Well, am I doing the work that God has for me to do?" God has got a work for every one of us to do. Now in the parable the man who had two talents had the same reward as the man who had five talents. He heard the same words as the man who had five talents. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The men that take good care of the talents that God has loaned them, He always gives them more. But if we take the talent that God has given us and lay it away carefully in a napkin and bury it away, God will take even that from us. God don't want a man that has got one talent to do the work of a man that has got ten. All a man has got to answer for is the one that God has given each man. If we were all of us doing the work that God has got for us to do, don't you see how the work of the Lord would advance? I

believe in what John Wesley used to say, "All at it, and always at it," and that is what the Church wants to say.

But men say, "I don't believe in these revivals; it's only temporary, it only lasts a few minutes." Yes, if I thought it was only to last a few minutes, I would say "Amen" to everything they say. My prayer has been for years that God will let me die when the spirit of revival dies out in my heart, and I don't want to live any longer if I can't be used to some purpose. What are we all down in this world of sickness and sorrow unless it is to work for the Son of God, and improve the talents He has given us. But some men are not satisfied with the talents they have, but are always wishing for some one else's talent. Now, that is all wrong. It is contrary to the spirit of Christ. Instead of wishing for some one else's talent, let us make the best use of the talents God has given us. Now, there ain't a father or a mother here but would think it a great misfortune if their children shouldn't grow any for the next ten or fifteen years. That little boy there, if he shouldn't grow any for ten or fifteen years, his mother would say, "It is a great calamity." I know some men of my acquaintance who make the same prayers they made fifteen or twenty years ago. They are like a horse in a tread-mill—it is always the same old story of their experiences when they were converted, and going round and round. If you had a child that was deaf and dumb you would think it a great misfortune. Do you ever think how many dumb children God has got? You speak about political matters, and they can talk. You ask them what do they think about General Grant's third term, and hear them talk. You ask them about stocks and bonds, and hear them talk. You talk to them about the hard times in New York, and see if they can't talk. But you ask them to speak about the Son of God and they say: "O no, I can't speak about that. Please excuse me!" Either they don't believe or they have gone like the third man and buried their talent, and they say, "The Lord is a hard master." I remember once a party of gentlemen speaking of this parable that I read, and asking a deaf man, "What do you think of this man's hiding his talent and about the justice of his reward?" The deaf man replied, "I don't know anything about the justice of his reward, but I know he is a liar. The Lord isn't a hard master. He told lies when he said that." And so these men who bury their talents they think the Lord is a hard master, but the men who are using their talents they don't think the Lord is a hard master.

Let us do all the business we can. If we can't be a lighthouse, let us be a tallow candle. There used to be a period when the people came up to meeting bringing their candles with them. The first one perhaps wouldn't make a great illumination, but when two or three got there there would be more light. If the people of this city should do that now, if each one should come here with your candle don't you think there would be a little light? Let all the gas be put out in this hall and one solitary candle would give a good deal of light here. If we can't be a lighthouse let us be a tallow candle. Some one said "I can't be anything more than a farthing rushlight." Well, if you can't be more be that, that is well enough. Be all you can.

What makes the Dead Sea dead? Because it is all the time receiving, never giving out anything. Why is it that many Christians are cold? Because they are all the time receiving, never giving out anything. You go every Sunday and hear good sermons, and think that is enough. You are all the time receiving these grand truths but never give them out. When you hear it, go and scatter the sacred truth abroad. Instead of having one minister to preach to a thousand people, this thousand ought to take a sermon and spread it till it reaches those that never go to church or chapel. Instead of having a few, we ought to have thousands using the precious talents that God has given them.

Now, Andrew got the reputation of bringing people to Christ. He went about it in the right way; he began right. I imagine that when Christ wanted these mighty deeds done, he went out and hunted up Andrew. Andrew inquired of the people, "Have you seen anything of Peter?" And when he found him he brought him to Christ. Little did Andrew know of the importance of the day when he brought Peter to Christ. Little did he think that on that day he did the greatest act of his life. What joy must have filled his heart when he saw 3000 brought under the influence of the Spirit by that holy man. Oh, you cannot tell what results will follow if you just improve the talent God has given you by bringing one Simon Peter to Christ. Then we read that when the Greeks came and wanted to see Jesus, Andrew met them and brought them all to Christ. Andrew had a reputation of bringing sinners to God. That is a good reputation. I would rather have that reputation than any other. Oh, the joy there is in bringing people to Christ! This is what we all can do if we will. If God has not given us but half a

talent, let us make good use of that. When God told the people to take their seats by fifties, he told Philip to get food for them. "What," says Philip, "feed them with this little loaf? Why, there is not more than enough for the first man." "Yes, go and feed them with that." Philip thought that was a very small amount for such a multitude of hungry men. He broke off a piece for the first man, and didn't miss it; a piece for the second man, and didn't miss it; a piece for the third man, and didn't miss it. He was making good use of the loaf, and God kept increasing it. That is what the Lord wants to do with us. He will give us just as many talents as we can take care of.

There are many of us that are willing to do great things for the Lord, but few of us willing to do little things. The mighty sermon on regeneration was preached to one man. There are many who are willing to preach to thousands, but are not willing to take their seat beside one soul, and lead that soul to the blessed Jesus. We must get down to personal effort—this bringing one by one to the Son of God. We can find no better example of this than in the life of Christ himself. Look at that wonderful sermon that he preached to that lone woman at the well of Samaria. He was tired and weary, but he had time and the heart to preach to her. This is but one of many instances in the life of the Master from which we may learn a precious lesson. If the Son of God had time to preach to one soul, cannot every one of us go and do the same? If people, instead of coming to these meetings, folding up their arms and enjoying themselves, without personal effort, would wake up to the fact that they have a work to do, what a wonderful work could be done! It is not enough to come to these meetings; we want ten thousand workers in New York city. We want ten thousand men and women that are willing to say, "Lord, here am I, use me." Ten thousand of such people would revolutionize this city in a little while. Look at the work of the mighty Wesley. The world never saw a hundred such men living at the same time. The trouble is, we are afraid to speak to men about their souls. Let us ask God to give us grace to overcome this man-fearing spirit. There is a wife, but she dare not speak to her husband about his soul. There is a father that dare not speak to a son about his soul. What we want to do is to speak to our neighbors about these things. We call it a little work, but let me say to you it is a great deal. If we would do this we might turn ten thousand to the Son of God.

I remember hearing of a person that was always trying to do some great thing for the Lord, and because he could not do a great thing, he never did anything. There are a great many who would be willing to do great things if they could come up and have their names heralded through the press. I remember hearing of a man's dream, in which he imagined that when he died he was taken by the angels to a beautiful temple. After admiring it for a time, he discovered that one stone was missing. All finished but just one little stone; that was left out. He said to the angel, "What is this stone left out for?" The angel replied, "That was left out for you, but you wanted to do great things, and so there was no room left for you." He was startled, and awoke, and resolved that he would become a worker for God, and that man always worked faithfully after that.

Now, my friends, we must not expect to do great things. We must take anything that comes to us. We must let the Lord use us as he sees fit. I remember once, while preaching at a meeting, of noticing in the congregation a lady who had a class in a mission school. I knew that it was the time for them to meet, and I wondered what she was there for. When I got home, I said, "How did you happen to be at the meeting this afternoon? What did you do with all those little lambs? Haven't you a class that meets to-day?" "Yes," she said, "but I only have five little boys, and I didn't think it would matter if I didn't teach them to-day." "Have you five little boys?" "Yes." "How do you know but among those little boys there may be a Knox, there may be a Wesley, or a Whitefield, or a Bunyan? There may be a man there who will go out and revolutionize the world." My friends, in that little boy with his tattered clothes and uncombed hair, there may be a Martin Luther, if you could but lead him to Christ. If you have five little children come to you, thank God for that, and start with your work. I heard, some time ago, of a young lady that went out to a boarding-school. Her parents were very wealthy, and sent her to the best school they could find. They were very anxious that their daughter should shine in the highest circle of society, that she should become refined and educated. Among her associates at school was a lady who loved and worked for Christ. By constant labor she won this young girl's heart, and pleaded with her to become a Christian. She succeeded, and the young lady became a worker in the vineyard of the Lord. She taught her the luxury of working for Christ. She

labored with her schoolmates, and God used her in winning quite a number of young ladies in that school to Christ. I have known a great many ministers who wanted to know how they could keep their congregation out of the world. Give them so much to do that they wont have time to attend to cherish worldly influences. This young lady of whom I was speaking, came home, and her father and mother wanted her to shine in the fashionable society. No, she said she had got something better than that. She went to the Sabbath-school superintendent, and said to him, "Can you give me a class in the Sunday-school?" He was surprised that this young lady should want that. He told her that he had no class that he could give her then. She went away with a resolve to do what she could outside of the school. One day, as she was walking up the street, she saw a little boy running out of a shoemaker's shop, and behind him was the old shoemaker, chasing him, with a wooden last in his hand. He had not run far until the last was thrown at him, and he was struck in the back. The boy stopped and began to cry. The Spirit of the Lord touched that young lady's heart, and she went to where he was. She stepped up to him and asked him if he was hurt. He told her it was none of her business. She went to work then to win that boy's confidence. She asked him if he went to school. He said, "No." "Well, why don't you go to school?" "Don't want to." She asked him if he would not like to go to Sunday-school. "If you will come," she said, "I will tell you beautiful stories, and read nice books." She coaxed and pleaded with him, and at last said that if he would consent to go she would meet him on the corner of a street which they should agree upon. He at last consented, and the next Sunday, true to his promise, he waited for her at the place designated. She took him by the hand and led him into the Sabbath-school. "Can you give me a place to teach this little boy?" she asked of the superintendent. He looked at the boy, but they didn't have any such looking little ones in the school. A place was found, however, and she sat down in the corner and tried to win that soul for Christ. Many would look upon that with contempt, but she had got something to do for the Master. The little boy had never heard anybody sing so sweetly before. When he went home he was asked where he had been. "Been among the angels," he told his mother. He said he had been to the Protestant Sabbath-school; but his father and mother told him he must not go there any more or he would

get a flogging. The next Sunday he went, and when he came home he got the promised flogging. He went the second time and got a flogging, and also a third time with the same result. At last he said to his father, "I wish you would flog me before I go, and then I won't have to think of it when I am there." The father said, "If you go to that Sabbath-school again I will kill you." It was the father's custom to send his son out on the street to sell articles to the passers-by, and he told the boy that he might have the profits of what he sold on Saturday. The little fellow hastened to the young lady's house and said to her, "Father said that he would give me every Saturday to myself, and if you will just teach me then, I will come to your house every Saturday afternoon." I wonder how many young ladies there are that would give up their Saturday afternoons just to teach one boy the way into the kingdom of God? Every Saturday afternoon that little boy was there at her house, and she tried to tell him the way to Christ. She labored with him, and at last the light of God's Spirit broke upon his heart. One day while he was selling his wares at the railroad station, a train of cars approached unnoticed, and passed over both his legs. A physician was summoned, and the first thing after he arrived, the little sufferer looked up into his face, and said, "Doctor, will I live to get home?" "No," said the doctor, "you are dying." "Will you tell my mother and father that I died a Christian?' They bore home the boy's corpse, and with it the last message that he died a Christian. O, what a noble work was that young lady's in saving that little wanderer! How precious the remembrance to her! When she goes to heaven she will not be a stranger there. He will take her by the hand and lead her to the throne of Christ. She did the work cheerfully. Oh, may God teach us what our work is, that we may do it for His glory.

It is the greatest pleasure of living to win souls to Christ, and it is a pleasure that angels can't enjoy. It is sometimes a wonder to me that God doesn't take the work out of the church and give it to the angels. If the redeemed saints could come by the bar, I sometimes think they would rejoice in coming back here to have the privilege of leading one more soul to Christ. Isn't it high time that the church got awake from its midnight slumber? It is time the work was commenced, and when the Spirit of God revives it, shan't we go and do it? Are there not 5,000 Christians in this hall, and ain't there some one among them that can lead a soul to

Christ within the next week? If we work, what a great army can be brought in, if we are only faithful! I want to say to the Christians here that there is one rule I have followed that has helped me wonderfully. I made it a rule that I wouldn't let a day pass without speaking to some one about their soul's salvation, and if they didn't hear the Gospel from the lips of others, there will be 365 in a year that shall hear the Gospel from my lips. There are 5000 Christians here to-night; can't they say, "We won't let a day pass without speaking a word to some one about the cause of Christ."

At a place where we were holding meetings, in the gas-works, there was a man who came to our very first meeting. He was very much interested, and said, "I will try and see if I can't lead some of the men in my shop to Christ." He began to talk with them. There were 175 men on the night-watch, and when I left they said 25 out of the 175 had been converted; and every night, at midnight—that is the hour they have what might be called their midnight dinner—and every night, at midnight, they have a prayer-meeting. When you and I sleep to-night all these young converts speak and pray, and it looks now as if every man in the gas-works was going to be brought to Christ.

When we were in Belfast, there was a man who heard about leading souls to Christ. He began by talking to his wife, and to his servant, and to his children; and just as we were leaving Belfast they were very much interested, but not converted. He came down to Dublin—broke up his home, left his business, and came to Dublin. One night he came to me very joyous, and he says, "My wife has been converted." A little while after, he came and said, "My younger son has been converted;" and a little while after, he said, "My oldest son has been converted." And now the whole family is in the ark. And he came over to Manchester, and he came up to London; and now perhaps in all Belfast there is not one that works harder than that whole family. Look at this man's success. He found his work was right there in his own household; and if the fathers, and mothers, and sisters, and wives, and brothers, will try to bring the members of their families to Christ, and cry, "O, God, teach me what my work is"—the Spirit of God will surely tell them what their work is, and then if they are ready to go and do it, there will be thousands converted in this city in a few days. O, may the Spirit of the Lord come upon us to-night, and may every one of us be taught by the Holy Ghost what our work is, and may we be ready to do it.

FIFTH EVENING.

PRAY AND WORK.

I WANT to follow up the subject we have had during the past week in the noon prayer-meeting. We have had for our subject "Prayer," and in these meetings, a good many of you will remember, we have had the subject "Work." Now we want to put the two together, "Pray and Work." That is really about all there is to it. It is to pray and to work. I am in hopes we will be ready next Sabbath to go to work with individuals. I am in hopes there will be thousands of Christians that will just be trying to lead some soul to Christ. Now there are two qualifications which we need in order to be successful fishermen of men, in order to be successful in winning souls to Christ. Some of you will remember I have taken the subjects, "Courage and Enthusiasm." I want to take two others, "Love and Sympathy." I want to call your attention to the 13th chapter of Corinthians, where it says that "if I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal;" and if we even give our bodies to be burned and yet if we haven't real love in our hearts, our work will go for naught. I want to call your attention to a passage in Titus, in the 2d chapter of Titus, two verses: "But speak thou the things which become sound doctrine; that the aged men may be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in charity and in patience."

If love don't prompt all work, all work is for naught. If a man in the church ain't sound in his faith, we draw our ecclesiastical sword and cut his head right off; but he may not be sound in love, yet we do nothing in his case. The great want in our churches is the want of love in them. If we had more love we would do better, for love begets love, and then, too, hate begets hate. You often hear a man say that such and such a man is the meanest man in town. Now the other man may have had no ill-feeling towards the speaker, but if he hears of the remark he begins to think badly of the one who

abused him, and soon learns to hate him. Now, if a man should hear that another man loves him and has spoken well of him, his love will grow too. Christ tells all men, "by this shall all men know—have love one to another." This love will be the badge of the Christian, the badge by which to tell who they are, like the badges the ushers wear here. Without love we are not really converted to the Church of God. When we are truly converted we love all things and all men better than ever before. The morning I was converted I went out doors and I fell in love with the bright sun shining over the earth; I never loved the sun before. And when I heard the birds singing their sweet songs, I fell in love with the birds, like the Scotch lassie who stood on the hills of her native land, breathing the sweet air, and when asked why she did it, said: "I love the Scotch air." If the church was filled with love, it could do so much more.

I am tired of the word duty; tired of hearing duty, duty, duty. Men go to church because it is their duty. They go to prayer-meeting because it is their duty. You can never reach a man's heart if you talk to him because it is your duty Suppose I told my wife I loved her because it was my duty—what would she say? Once every year I go up to Connecticut to visit my aged mother. Suppose, when I go next time, I tell her that I knew she was old and that she was living on borrowed time; that I knew she had always done a great deal for me, and that I came to see her every year because it was my duty. Don't you think she would say, "Well, then, my son, you needn't take the trouble to come again?" Let us strike for a higher plane. God loved the world when it was full of sinners and those who broke his law. If he did so, can't we do it, and love our fellow-men? If the Saviour could die for the world, can't we work for it? The churches would soon be filled if outsiders could find that people in them loved them when they came, if the elders and deacons were glad to see them and were ready to take them by the hand and welcome them. Such things would draw sinners. Actions like these speak louder than words. We do not want to talk of love and not show it in our deeds; we want something more than tongue love.

If our heart goes out towards them and we love them, they will be drawn towards us and we will win them to Christ. We must win them to us first and then we can win them to Christ. The last time I heard Dr. Arnold speak—he died soon afterward—he used a homely illustration. Said he, "Those of you

who were brought up on a farm will understand it. When you have to wean a calf you have to teach it how to drink. You take a bucket of milk and then you put your fingers in the calf's mouth, and when he has got a good hold you pull his nose right down into the milk. Then you slip your fingers out, and then the calf is drinking before he knows anything about it. So," said he, "you must get the people to love you, and then turn them over to Christ." We must be more lovely ourselves, and show the people that we love them. In our city a few years ago there was a little boy who went to one of the mission Sunday-schools. His father moved to another part of the city about five miles away, and every Sunday that boy came past thirty or forty Sunday-schools to the one he attended. And one Sunday a lady who was out collecting scholars for a Sunday-school met him and asked him why he went so far, past so many schools. "There are plenty of others," said she, "just as good." He said, "They may be as good, but they are not so good for me." "Why not?" she asked. "Because they love a fellow over there," he answered. Ah! love won him. "Because they love a fellow over there!" How easy it is to reach people through love! Sunday-school teachers should win the affections of their scholars if they wish to lead them to Christ. Those who are successful in winning the affections of men are successful in leading them to Christ.

In London, in 1872, one Sunday morning a minister said to me, "I want you to notice that family there in one of the front seats, and when we go home I want to tell you their story." When we got home I asked him for the story, and he said, "All that family were won by a smile." "Why," said I, "how's that?" "Well," said he, "as I was walking down a street one day I saw a child at a window; it smiled, and I smiled, and we bowed. So it was the second time; I bowed, she bowed. It was not long before there was another child, and I had got in a habit of looking and bowing, and pretty soon the group grew, and at last, as I went by, a lady was with them. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to bow to her, but I knew the children expected it, and so I bowed to them all. And the mother saw I was a minister, because I carried a Bible every Sunday morning. So the children followed me the next Sunday and found I was a minister. And they thought I was the greatest preacher, and their parents must hear me. A minister who is kind to a child and gives him a pat on the head, why the children will think he is the greatest preacher in the world. Kindness goes a great way. And to

make a long story short, the father and mother and five children were converted, and they are going to join our church next Sunday." Won to Christ by a smile. We must get the wrinkles out of our brows, and we must have smiling faces. The world is after the best thing, and we must show them that we have got something better than they have got. I thought last night how I wished I knew the young men better. I have got something better than infidelity. We must convince them of this, or those that live out of Christ will stumble over us into the last world. Men are after the best thing everywhere, and we must show the world that we have got the best thing before we win the world. If a man is after a horse, he wants to get the best horse he can for the money. If a lady goes shopping, she wants to get the best ribbon she can for the money. If a man wants a coat, he wants to get the best coat he can for the money. This is the law the world around. If we show men that religion is better than anything else, we shall win the world, but we cannot do it if we are cold and lukewarm, and under the lashings of conscience all the time.

We won't win the world to Christ if we are cold and lukewarm; but if the love of God beats in warm pulsations in our hearts, and we show them we are full of love and sympathy for them, how easy it will be to win souls to Christ! I like to see in a Christian's face the light that comes down from the celestial hills of glory. To love those that abuse them; that is what the Master did; and if we have His Spirit, we will certainly love those that don't love us. I don't think there is a man in New York whose heart is so hard but that love will break it. A friend of mine who had a large Sabbath-school, had a theory never to turn a boy out of Sabbath-school on account of bad conduct. "I considered," said he, "that those boys who behaved badly in Sunday-school, had not had the advantages of a good bringing up, and for that very reason ought not to be turned out. I found out," said he, "that it was one thing to have a theory and another thing to put it in practice." For he had a boy come into his Sunday-school that nearly upset all his practice. He put him under one teacher and nothing could be done with him; he put him under another teacher, and nothing could be done with him; he put him under another teacher, and nothing could be done with him, and he made up his mind to expel him from the school, and do it publicly, and let all the school know that the boy was expelled. But there came a lady

teacher to him, who said, "I wish you would let me have that boy." "But," said he, "he is such a bad boy; he uses such vulgar language. All those men can't do anything with him, and I think, I am sure you can't." The lady said, "I am not doing much for Christ, and it may be that I can win him." But she was a lady of refined society, and he thought, "Surely, she won't be willing to have patience with that boy." He gave her the boy, and, he said, for a few Sundays he behaved very well, but one Sunday he behaved badly, and she corrected him, and he up and spat in her face. She quietly took her handkerchief and wiped her face. I don't know what his name was, but we will call him Johnny. "Johnny," she says, "I wish you would go home with me. I want to talk with you." "Well, I won't," he said, "I won't be seen on the street with you, and what's more, I ain't never coming to this Sunday-school any more." "Well," she says, "if you won't walk home with me, let me walk home with you." No, he said he wouldn't be seen on the street with her, and he was not coming to that dirty old Sunday-school any more. She knew if she was going to reach that boy, she must do it then, and she thought she would try. She thought she would just bear on that curiosity chord. Sometimes, when you can't reach people in any other way, you can do it by exciting their curiosity. She said to him, "If you will come to my house, next Tuesday morning, I shan't be there; but if you will go there and ring the front door bell, and tell the servant there is a little bundle on the bureau for you, she will give it to you." The little fellow said he wouldn't come. She thought he might change his mind. He thought it over, and he thought he would just like to know what there was in that bundle. And he went up to the house Tuesday morning, and the bundle was handed to him; and there was a little vest in it, and a little necktie that she had made with her own hands, and a kind note stating that ever since he had been in her class she had been praying for him every morning and every evening, and she told him how she loved him and cared for him. The next morning he was there, bright and early, before she was up. The servant came up and told her that that boy was in the drawing-room, and wanted to see her. She went down, and found the little fellow sitting on the sofa, weeping. She spoke to him kindly, and said, "What is the trouble?" And he says, "O, teacher, I have had no peace since I got that note from you." And she got down and

prayed with him; "And," said the superintendent, "there is not a better boy in the school." Love conquered him.

The greatest infidel can be reached by love. The greatest drunkard can be reached by love. Infidelity don't know anything about love. The religion of Jesus Christ is a religion of love. If we would be successful workers in His vineyard it is the love of Christ that must bind us together. A few years ago I was in a town down in our State, the guest of a family that had a little boy about thirteen years old, who did not bear the family name, yet was treated like the rest. Every night, when he retired, the lady of the house kissed him and treated him in every respect like all the other children. I said to the lady of the house, "I don't understand it." I think he was the finest-looking boy I have ever seen. I said to her, "I don't understand it." She says, "I want to tell you about that boy. That boy is the son of a missionary. His father and mother were missionaries in India, but they found they had got to bring their children back to this country to educate them. So they gave up their mission field and came back to educate their children and to find some missionary work to do in this country. But they were not prospered here as they had been in India, and the father said, "I will go back to India;" and the mother said, "If God has called you to go I am sure it will be my duty to go, and my privilege to go, and I will go with you." The father said, "You have never been separated from the children, and it will be hard for you to be separated from them; perhaps you had better stay and take care of them." But after prayer they decided to leave their children to be educated, and they left for India. This lady heard of it and sent a letter to the parents, in which she stated if they left one child at her house she would treat it like one of her own children. She said the mother came and spent a few days at her house, and being satisfied that her boy would receive proper care, consented to leave him, and the night before she was to leave him, the missionary said to the Western lady: "I want to leave my boy to-morrow morning without a tear;" said she, "I may never see him again." But she didn't want him to think she was weeping for anything she was doing for the Master. The lady said to herself, "she won't leave that boy without a tear." But the next day, when the carriage drove up to the door, the lady went up-stairs and said she heard the mother in prayer, crying, "O God, give me strength for this hour. Help me to go away from my boy without a tear." When she came down there was a smile upon her face.

She hugged him and she kissed him, but she smiled as she did it. She gave up all her five or six children without shedding a tear, went back to India, and in about a year there came a voice, "Come up hither." Do you think she would be a stranger in the Lord's world? Don't you think she won't be known there, a mother that loved her God more than her children? When I think of that it seems as if I didn't know much about making a sacrifice for my Master. O, that we might know more about the love of Christ.

The next thing I want to speak of is sympathy. We have got to get into sympathy with people if we are going to do them good. This world wants sympathy about as much as anything. There are so many we could reach if we could sympathize with them. If we stand upon a higher plane, we won't succeed. The Son of God passed by the mansions and went down in a manger that he might sympathize with the lowly. If we want to reach people, we have got to put ourselves in the places of those people, if we are going to succeed. People say, "How are the masses going to be reached?" Why, get into sympathy with them. If a man knows you are in sympathy with him, his heart, however hard it may be, will be broken. A gentleman one day came to my office for the purpose of getting me interested in a young man who had just got out of the penitentiary. "He says," said the gentleman, "he don't want to go to the office, but I want your permission to bring him in and introduce him." I said, "Bring him in." The gentleman brought him in and introduced him, and I took him by the hand and told him I was glad to see him. I invited him up to my house, and when I took him into my family I introduced him as my friend. When my little daughter came into the room I said, "Emma, this is papa's friend." And she went up and kissed him, and the man sobbed aloud. After the child left the room I said, "What is the matter?" "O sir," he said, "I have not had a kiss for years. The last kiss I had was from my mother, and she was dying. I thought I would never love another one again." His heart was broken. Just that little kindness showed I was in sympathy with him. Another young man, just out of the penitentiary, came to me and after I had talked with him for some time, he didn't seem to think I was in sympathy with him. I offered him a little money. "No," he said, "I don't want your money." "What do you want?" "I want some one to have confidence in me." I got down and prayed with him, and in my prayer I called him a brother and he shed tears the moment I called him a brother. So if we are

going to reach men we must make them believe we are their brothers. I will tell you how to get there. You must put yourself in their places. I tell you, if we only put ourselves in their places we can succeed in bringing souls to Christ. O! when we see a poor drunkard, let us bear in mind that we might have been in the same place under the same circumstances. O! may God give us love and sympathy so that we can reach the masses, and that many may be reached in this way, and we will see men coming to Christ by thousands. I believe in my soul we are going to see the greatest work in New York we have ever seen in this world. Let every one of us that love the Lord Jesus Christ make up our minds that by the grace of God we will try to help some soul to Christ, and the Lord will make us wise in leading souls to Him if that is our prayer.

SIXTH EVENING.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor."—ST. LUKE, 4th chap., part of the 18th verse.

I WANT to call your attention to a verse in the 4th chapter of the Gospel of Luke—the 18th verse: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor." I have spoken a great many times in New York city, but I believe I never preached the gospel here but once. That was twelve or fifteen years ago down in the Tombs. I have spoken a great many times in different parts of the city, but I have never preached the gospel but once. I have tried to arouse Christians up to work. People are in the habit of thinking that anything that is in the way of a religious meeting is the gospel, but they are mistaken. I have had quite a number of letters from Christians complaining because I don't preach the gospel to the people. I want to tell you if I can what the Gospel of the Son of God is. I want to ask all those who are Christians here, to be silently lifting up their hearts in prayer that God may help me to make the way of life plain, and that every one may know what the Gospel of God is. I believe I was converted years before I knew what the gospel meant. Now the word gospel means "good spell," or in other words, "God's spell."

When Christ commenced His ministry, about His first words were, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor." That don't mean those who are poor in this world's goods, but that means the poor in spirit. Christ says, "the Lord has anointed me" for that purpose. He had been out of Nazareth for a few weeks, and had gone down to Jordan, where He had met the great wilderness preacher. Christ had left Nazareth, and went to meet John, that man from the desert that was more like Elijah than any man since Elijah went up to heaven, in a chariot of fire. There He met a great many people, ten

thousands of people probably, and He was crying that the kingdom of God was at hand. Down there into the audience came a man, who passed down into the water, and He requested John to baptize him. John said that he needed to be baptized of him. But after the baptism there came a voice—God confessed his Son: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." These thousands took the tidings all over the country, and the voice had reached Nazareth, that Christ had been baptized by John, in Jordan, and that there came down a voice from heaven saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear him." When He arrived in Nazareth there was no small assemblage ready to meet Him. He went into the synagogue, as was His custom, and He stood up and read the prophecy of the prophet Esaias, and He opened the book to read—they did not have books like what we have, they used to have parchment—He might have turned to the first chapter, "But Israel doth not know Me." He might have read not that, but "from the sole of the foot, even unto the head, there is no soundness in it." He passed by the 35th chapter—"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped." He might have read that, but Calvary had got to have a victory before that could be said. He passed over the 9th chapter, He passed over the 40th chapter. He might have told them—He might have turned to the 55th chapter. He had not been wounded, He had not yet gone through Gethsemane. But we read that He found the place where it is written, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor." And that was the commencement of His ministry, and that was on His going back to Nazareth. And in that 61st chapter of Isaiah He stopped right in the middle of a sentence. There were seven things He had come to do. He read that part which was that He had come to preach the gospel to the poor. The next was, "He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted." Wasn't that good tidings? You would think that was good tidings, wouldn't you? The next was He had come to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the next was the recovery of sight to the blind, and to set at liberty them that are bruised, and to open the doors to the captive, and to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and He closed the book. And the eyes of the whole congregation were upon Him. The next sentence which He omitted was, "The day of vengeance is at hand." I have an idea when the prophet Isaiah wrote those words he did not fully see the first and second coming of Christ, that has already

passed, and the day of vengeance has not come. So it seems as if the prophet Isaiah did not see the first and second coming of our Lord.

Christ shut up the book: He will come back by-and-by and He will open the book, and he will commence to read where he left off. You can cry for mercy then, but the door will be shut. But Christ did not come to condemn sinners. He came to save them. I have not come to New York to preach "The day of vengeance is at hand." I have come to proclaim the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

I have come to tell you the good tidings. Christ did not come into the world to condemn the world, but that through Him the world might be saved. In the 9th chapter of Luke, you will read that he called his twelve disciples together, and gave them power and authority over devils, and to heal the sick; that is what he came for—to preach the Gospel of God, and to heal the sick. Then in the next chapter He calls around Him the seventy—He had appointed other seventy, also, and He sent them, two and two, before his face, into every city and place whither He Himself would come. Now, we find that he had come into the world just to bring glad tidings. Did you ever see or hear of any one that didn't like to receive glad tidings? Now, one proof that people don't believe the Bible, is, when they wear long faces, as if they had accepted an invitation to an execution. That ain't the Gospel. The Gospel is good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, "for unto us is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour." I don't believe that better news ever fell upon the ears of mortal man, than the news of the Gospel. I don't believe any man ever heard better tidings, and it is glad tidings of heaven. God never had but one Son, and He called Him to send that good news: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor." We find that Moses was anointed. He went down into Egypt, and death followed. When he was opposed, look at the plagues that fell upon the Egyptians. We find that the Spirit of God was upon Elijah. When he wanted to protect himself, men lost their lives. The fifty came to get Elisha, and he called fire down from Heaven, and he was taken up to Heaven. The Spirit came down upon Gideon, and when men came out to meet him he slew them by thousands. The Spirit of God came upon Samson, and he slew men by thousands. The Spirit came upon the holy men of old; but when Christ comes, He says, "the Spirit of the Lord

is upon me"—not to take men's lives—the only man that lost anything was the man that lost his ear. Peter's faith got lukewarm, and he cut off a servant's ear, but the Lord gave it back to him. I don't suppose he lost it more than five minutes, and it was just as good as ever when he got it back. I don't suppose you could find a scar there.

Christ says, "I did not come to destroy men's lives. I came to save them." And it seems to me to be the greatest madness that the world don't receive Christ. That we should have to coax and to entreat men to receive Christ, isn't it a mystery? Suppose, while I am preaching, suppose a messenger should come in and bring a letter that brought good tidings to that mother? Don't you suppose she would be glad to receive it? Suppose it told her that her boy that has been gone for ten years has returned? He ran away ten years ago, and the messenger comes in and states that he that ran away has got home. Don't you think that mother's face would light up? I could see it in her countenance; and so when I preach the Gospel, I can't help but see those that believe. It lights up their faces. Look at our churches, how the people throng to them to hear the Gospel. Let a man preach about something else than the Gospel, and see if the people would throng to them. There is a void in every one's heart that will never be filled until they receive the Gospel of Christ.

Now, I want to tell you why I like the Gospel, for I don't believe God calls on us to believe the Gospel without giving us good reason; and I don't believe he would call it good news unless he gave us a reason. Now, it has taken out of my path four of the most bitter enemies I had. The 15th chapter of Corinthians tells us that the last enemy that shall be destroyed shall be death. I see by the badges of mourning among you that many of you have lost loved ones. Many of you know what it is to have death come to your door when some loved child has been taken from your bosom. Now, I don't know but some of you will say, "If a person is afraid of death, he is a coward." I don't believe there is a man or woman that ever lived, who is not afraid of death, unless they knew that Jesus Christ would overcome death. Before I knew the Son of God as my Saviour, death was a terrible enemy to me. Now, up in that little New England village where I came from, in that little village it was the custom to toll out the bell whenever any one died, and to toll one stroke for every year. Sometimes they would toll out 70 strokes for a man of 70, or 40 strokes for a man of 40. I used to think

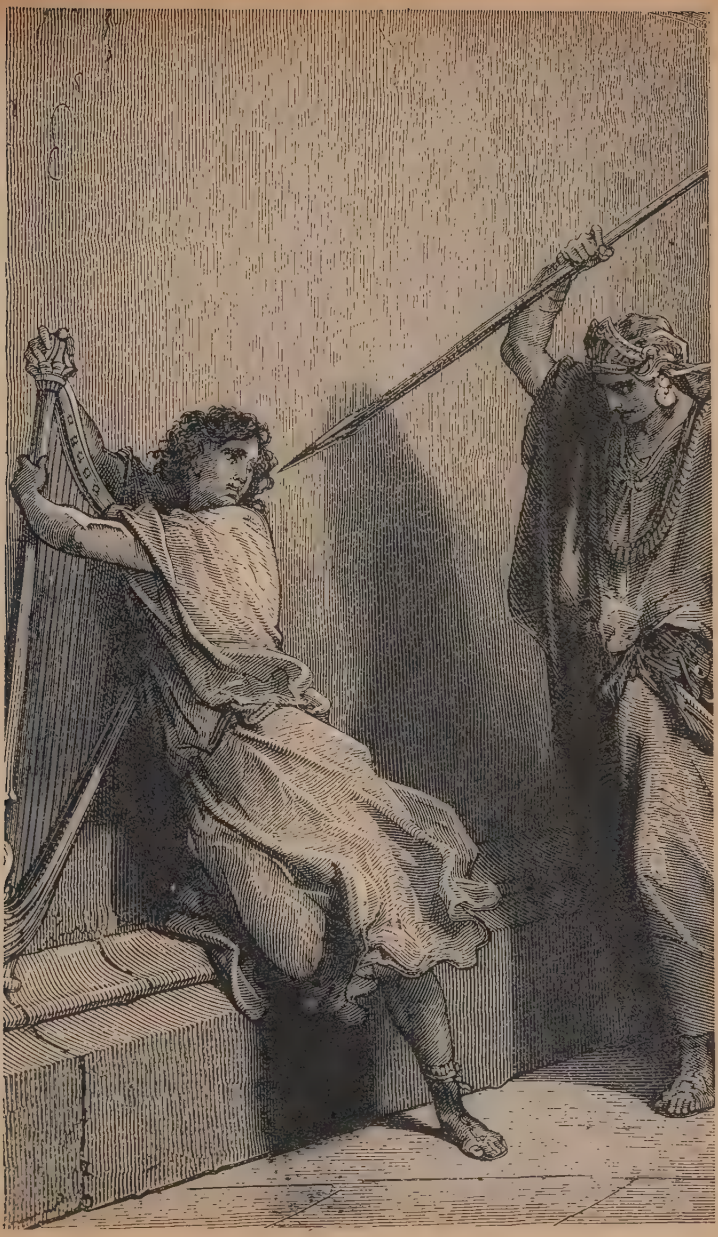
when they died at 70, and sometimes at 80, well, that is a good ways off. But sometimes it would be a child at my age, and then it used to be very solemn. Sometimes I could not bear to sleep in a room alone. Death used to trouble me, but, thanks to God, it don't trouble me now. If He should send his messenger, and the messenger should come up here on this platform and say to me, "Mr. Moody, your hour is come, I have got to take you away," it would be joyful news for me; for though I should be absent from the body, I should be present with the Lord. Through the world I can shout, "O, death, where is thy sting?" And I hear the voice, I hear the voice—buried in the bosom of the Son of God. That is what Calvary means. The wages of sin is death; but He took the wages himself. That is the Gospel of the Son of God, and there is no fear for them who believe in Christ Jesus. There was Paul; he had got virtually over death. Let death come—"O, death, where is thy sting?" Sometimes I used to go into a graveyard when some one was about to lie down in that narrow house, and when the sexton would shovel and throw dirt in on the coffin, it would be like a death-knell to my soul. I would hear him say, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes." Now I can measure its depths. I can shout as Paul did; I can say, "O, death, where is thy sting?" But this soul of man shall go into the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. O, the grave is lost in victory. It is lost in Christ.

O, the blessed Gospel of the Son of God, what can we do without it? When we lay our little children away in death, they shall rise again. I was going into a cemetery, once, and over the entrance I saw these words: "They shall rise again." Infidelity didn't teach that; we got that from this book. O, the blessed Gospel of the Son of God! How every one of you ought to believe it! Young lady, if you have been careless up to this afternoon, O, may you get awake. May you this hour not hesitate to turn from your sins unto God, and believe the Gospel of His Son. I used to be a good deal troubled with my sins, and I thought of the day of judgment, when all the sins that I had committed in secret should blaze out before the assembled universe. But when a man comes to Christ, the Gospel tells him they are all gone, and in Jesus Christ he is a new creature. All I know is that out of the love which my Lord has for me He has taken all my sins and cast them behind His back. That is, behind God's back. How is Satan to get at it? If God has forgiven our sins, they won't be mentioned. In Ezekiel we are told not one of them

shall be mentioned. Isn't it a glorious thing to have all our sins blotted out? And there is another thought, and that is the judgment. You know if a man has committed some great crime, when he is to be brought into judgment how he dreads it? How he dreads that day when he is to be brought into court, when he is put into a box and witnesses are to come up and testify against him, and he is there to be judged! But, my friends, the Gospel tells us that if we come to Christ, we shall never come into judgment. Why? Because Christ was judged for us. He was wounded for our transgressions. If he has been wounded for us, we haven't got to be wounded. "Verily, verily,"—which means truly, truly—"I say unto you"—now just put your name in there—"He that heareth my words, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath"—h-a-t-h, hath. It don't say you shall have when you die. It says, hath—"He that heareth my words and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation." That means into judgment. He shan't come into judgment, but is passed "from death into life." There is judgment out of the way. He shall never come into judgment. Why? Because God has forgiven us and given us eternal life. That is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Ought people to be gloomy and put on long faces when that is the news?

Away out on the frontier of our country, out on the prairies, where men sometimes go to hunt, or for other purposes, the grass in the dry season sometimes catches fire, and you will see the flames uprise twenty or thirty feet high, and you will see those flames rolling over the western desert faster than any fleet horse can run. Now what do the men do? They know it is sure death unless they can make some escape. They would try to run away perhaps if they had fleet horses. But they can't, that fire goes faster than the fleetest horse can run. What do they do? Why, they just take a match and they light the grass from it, and away it burns, and then they get into that burnt district. The fire comes on, and there they stand perfectly secure. There they stand perfectly secure—nothing to fear. Why? Because the fire has burned all there is to burn. Take your stand there on Mount Calvary. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is to whosoever will come. I thank God that I can come to this city of New York with a Gospel that is free to all. It is free to the most abandoned. Still, it may be there are some wives that have got discouraged and disheartened. I can tell you the joyful news that your husband and your sons have not gone so far but that the grace of God can save them.

The Son of God came to raise up the most abandoned. I noticed, on my way down this morning, not less than four or five tramps. They looked weary and tired. I suppose they had slept on the sidewalk last night. I thought I would like to have time just to stop and tell them about the Son of God, and how Christ loved them. The Gospel of the Son of God is to tell us how He loves us. He takes our feet out of the pit, and he puts our feet on to the Rock of Ages. And that, my dear friends, is what Christ wants to do; and don't think that there isn't some one in your homes but that He wants to save. Tell them there is none too abandoned, none so young, none so fallen, but that God can save them. There was William Dorset, and the power of the Lord was upon him, and in closing his meeting one night, he said there wasn't a man in London so far gone but that the Lord could save him. There was Whitefield, and the Spirit of the Lord was upon him, and he said, "God is so anxious to save souls that he will take the devil's castaway." Whitefield said that the Lord would take the devil's castaway. Dorset said there was no man in London so far gone but that the Lord would save him. There was a lady missionary whom I knew, who found a man who said there was no hope for him; he had sent away his day of grace. She went to Mr. Dorset, and said to him, "Mr. Dorset, will you go down and see him, and tell him what you said?" Mr. Dorset said he would be glad to go and see him. He went up into a five-story house, and away up in the garret he found a young man lying upon some straw. He bent over him, and whispered into his ear, and called him his friend. The young man looked startled. He says, "You are mistaken in the person when you say, 'my friend.' I have got no friends. No one cares for me." Mr. Dorset told him that Christ was as much his friend as of any man in London. Poor prodigal! And after he had talked with him for some time, he prayed with him, and then he read to him out of the Bible, and at last the light of the Gospel began to break in upon that darkened heart. This young man said to Mr. Dorset he thought he could die happy if he knew his father was willing to forgive him. Mr. Dorset said to him, "Where does your father live?" The young man said he lived in the West End of London. Mr. Dorset said, "I will go and see him, and see if he won't forgive you." But the young man said, "No, I don't want to have you do that. My father would abuse you if you should speak to him about me. He don't recognize me as his boy any more." Mr. Dorset said, "I will go and see him." He went up to the West End of



SAUL ATTACKING DAVID.

London, where he found a very fine mansion, and a servant dressed in livery came to the door, and he was ushered into the drawing-room, and presently the father, a bright, majestic-looking man, came into the room. Mr. Dorset held out his hand to shake hands with him, and said, "You have a son by the name of Joseph, have you not?" And when the father heard that, he refused to shake hands with him, and was going out of the room. The father said, "If you have come up here to talk about that worthless vagabond, I want you to leave the house. He is no son of mine." Mr. Dorset said, "He is yours now, but he won't be long; but he is yours now." "Is Joseph sick?" said the man. "Yes," said Mr. Dorset, "he is dying. I haven't come for money. I will see that he has a decent burial. I have only come to ask you to forgive him." "Forgive him! forgive him!" said the father, "I would have forgiven him long ago if I thought he wanted me to. Do you know where he is?" "Yes, sir, he is in the East End of London." "Can you take me to him?" "Yes, sir, I will take you to him." And the father ordered out his carriage, and he was on his way. When we got there, he said, "Did you find my boy here? Oh, if I had known he wanted me to, I would have taken him home long ago." When the father went into that room he could hardly recognize his long lost boy. The father went over and kissed the boy, and the father says to him, "I would have forgiven you long, long ago, if I had known you wanted me to. Let my servant order the carriage and take you home." But the boy said, "No, father, I am dying; but I can die now happy in this garret, that I know you are willing to forgive me." And he told his father how Jesus had received him, and in a little while he breathed his last, and out of that dark garret he rose up into the kingdom of God. Oh, my friends, there may be some one in New York who would rejoice to hear such words. Oh, here is a Christian, shall he not publish it? And you that are not Christians, won't you come into the kingdom? Oh, that to-day you may receive Christ, is the prayer I believe of the hundreds that are gathered here.

SEVENTH EVENING.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor."—ST. LUKE, 4th chap., part of the 18th verse.

YOU that were here last night remember I was speaking on the text—the 4th of Luke, 18th verse: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel." I want to continue the subject we had last night. We don't want to get over that word "Gospel," too soon. It is too precious. And I don't know but it would be well to preach the same thing over and over again here, until you believe it. I heard of a minister who preached the same sermon three times, and some of the brethren went to him and told him he had better preach another sermon, and he said when his congregation believed that, he would preach another sermon, but he didn't propose to do so until they did.

"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel." Now, the question is, who shall the Gospel be preached to? There is a certain class of people who seem to think the Gospel is very good for drunkards, and thieves, and vagabonds; but there are so many of these self-righteous Pharisees to-day, who are drawing their filthy rags of self-righteousness around them, and thinking the Bible is for a certain class. If I understand the Bible correctly, the Gospel is for all. We read in the last chapter of Mark—almost the last words the Son of God uttered on this earth, were to his disciples—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." When we come to the Gospel there is no distinction; rich and poor must be served alike; learned and unlearned; all have to come into the Kingdom of God one way, and that is by believing the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Now, these words were uttered after Christ had tasted death for every man. Gethsemane now was behind Him; Calvary, with all its horrors, was past; He was just ready to go home to take his seat at the right hand of the Father; He was just giving the disciples His parting

message. In other words, He was giving them His commission to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. "And he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned."

I can just imagine all that little band of disciples who stood around Him, those unlearned men of Galilee, those fishermen who had been associated with Him for three years—I can imagine the tears trickling down their cheeks as He talked of leaving them, and one of them thinking that the Lord didn't really mean that, that He didn't mean they should preach the Gospel to every creature—for he had hard work to make them believe that the Gospel should be preached to the Gentiles. It seemed as if the Jews wanted to keep the Gospel in Palestine; but by the grace of God it would flow out; it would go to the world because He had given orders that the Gospel should be preached to every creature. And now we find the messengers going to the four corners of the earth to proclaim the glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ. But I can imagine that Peter says: "Lord, you don't really mean that we shall preach the Gospel to those men that murdered you, to those men that took your life?" "Yes," says the Lord, "go and preach the Gospel to those Jerusalem sinners." I can imagine Him saying: "Go and hunt up that man that put the cruel crown of thorns upon my brow, and preach the Gospel to him. Tell him he shall have a crown in my Kingdom without a thorn in it. He may sit upon my throne if he will accept of salvation as a gift. Go hunt up that man that spat in my face, and preach the Gospel to him, and offer him salvation, and tell him he can be saved if he is only cleansed by the blood I have shed at Calvary. Go to the man that thrust the spear into my side and tell him there is a way. Tell him there is nothing but love in my heart for him. Go preach the Gospel to every creature." And after He had gone upon high, we find the Holy Ghost came down upon the tenth day, and then they began to preach, and now see Peter, standing there upon the day of Pentecost, and preaching the Gospel of God to sinners; and John Bunyan says, "If a Jerusalem sinner can be saved, there is hope for us all." Do you think God is mocking? Do you think God is preaching to you and then not giving you the power to take it? The Gospel is preached to every creature, and do you think He is not willing that every creature shall be saved on the face of the earth?

Now, I like to proclaim the Gospel, because it is to be proclaimed to all. When I see a poor drunkard, when I see a

thief, when I see a prisoner in yonder prison, it is a grand, glorious thing, to go and proclaim to him the glad tidings, because I know he can be saved. There is not one that has gone so far or fallen so low but that he can be saved; because every one of God's proclamations are headed "whosoever." That takes in all; nobody is left out. Somebody said he had rather have "whosoever," than his name, because he would be afraid it was some other man who might have had his name. This was well brought out in a prison the other day, when the chaplain said to me, "I want to tell you a scene that occurred here some time ago. Our commissioners went to the Governor of the State and got him to give his consent to pardon out five men for good behavior. The Governor said the record was to be kept in secret; the men were to know nothing about it, and at the end of six months the men were brought out, the roll was called, and the president of the commission came up and spoke to them; then putting his hands in his pocket he drew out the papers, and said to those 1100 convicts, 'I hold in my hand pardons for five men.' I never witnessed anything like it. Every man held his breath, and it was as silent as death. Then the commissioners went on to tell how they got these pardons; how it was the Governor had given them," and the chaplain said the suspense was so great that he spoke up to the commissioner and told him to first read the names of those pardoned, before he spoke further, and the first name read out was, "Reuben Johnson will come out and get his pardon." He held out the paper, but no one came. He looked all around, expecting to see a man spring to his feet at once; still no one arose, and he turned to the officer of the prison, and said: "Are all the convicts here?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then, Reuben Johnson will come and get his pardon." The real Reuben Johnson was all this time looking around to see where Reuben was; and the chaplain beckoned to him, and he turned and looked around and behind him, thinking some other man must be meant. A second time he beckoned to Reuben, and called to him, and a second time the man looked around to see where Reuben was, until at last the chaplain said to him, "You are the man, Reuben;" and he got up out of his seat and sank back again, thinking it could not be true. He had been there for nineteen years, having been placed there for life, and when he came up and took his pardon, he could hardly believe his eyes, and he went back to his seat and wept like a child; and then, when the convicts were marched back to their cells, Reuben had

been so long in the habit of falling into line, and taking the lock-step with the rest, that he fell into his place, and the chaplain had to say, "Reuben, come out, you are a free man."

That is the way men make out their pardon—for good behavior; but the Gospel of Jesus Christ is offered to those that have not behaved well. It is offered to all that have sinned and are not worthy. All a man has got to prove now is that he is not worthy, and I will show him that Christ died for him. Christ died for us while we were yet in sin. While we were in London, Mr. Spurgeon one day took Mr. Sankey and myself to his orphan asylum, and he was telling about them—that some of them had aunts, and some cousins, and that every boy had some friend that took an interest in him, and came to see him and gave him a little pocket money, and one day, he said, while he stood there, a little boy came up to him and said, "Mr. Spurgeon, let me speak to you," and the boy sat down between Mr. Spurgeon and the elder who was with the clergyman, and said, "Mr. Spurgeon, suppose your father and mother were dead, and you didn't have any cousins, or aunts, or uncles, or friends to come to give you pocket money, and give you presents, don't you think you would feel bad—because that's me!" Said Mr. Spurgeon, "the minute he asked that I put my hand right down into my pocket and took out the money." Because that's me! And so with the gospel; we must say to those who have sinned, the gospel is offered to them.

As I was talking last night in the inquiry-room a man tried to tell me that he had made many mistakes, but had committed no sins. They were all mistakes instead of sins. Better call things by their right names. We have all sinned. There is no righteousness, and there is no man that has walked the streets that has not broken the law of God. Therefore all need a Saviour, and there is no chance of our being saved, no hope of man being saved, unless he will admit first that he has sinned and is lost. Of course if a man has not sinned he won't need a Saviour, but it is just because we have sinned that we need the gospel. Now, as I stated last night, the gospel is the very best tidings that could come to us. Christ comes to bless us. In Glasgow they were telling me of a scene that occurred when Dr. Arnott was preaching there. A woman was in great distress about her rent. She could not pay it, and so he took some way, and went around to the house, went to the door and knocked. He listened, and thought he heard the footsteps of some one inside, and so he knocked louder. No one came, and he knocked still louder, but after waiting some time he went

away disappointed. A few days afterward he met this lady on the street at Glasgow and told her that he heard she had been in great distress and he went around to help her, and the woman threw up both hands and said, "Why, doctor, that was not you, was it? I was in the house all the time, and I thought it was the landlord coming around to get the rent, and I kept the door bolted." Now, Christ comes to bless. He don't come to demand. He don't come to ask you to do something that you cannot do. He comes to bless you. When He commenced His Sermon on the Mount, what did He say? "Blessed! blessed! blessed!" When He got ready to go back to heaven, He raised His hands over that little company and breathed upon them blessings. And so, my friends, He comes into this building to-night to bless you; to help you; He offers to be your salvation; He offers to pay all the debt you owe. You owe God a debt you cannot pay. Can you forget this? You have broken the law of God. What are you going to do with the sins you have committed?

What is your hope? Why there is no hope unless the Lord Jesus Christ blots out your sins with His own body, unless Christ pays the penalty. If Christ settles the claim, why the claim is settled for all time. And that is the doctrine of the Bible, the glorious doctrine of substitution. Christ paid the penalty, Christ died in our stead. There was a man converted in Europe several years ago, and he liked the gospel so well, he thought he would like to go and publish it. Well, he started out to publish it, and great crowds came to hear him out of curiosity, just as a great many came here out of curiosity, to hear the singing, or something of that kind. Well, they came to hear him. The man wasn't much of a speaker, so the next night there wasn't many there, and the third night the man didn't get a hearer. But he was anxious to publish the gospel, and so he got some great placards and posted them all over the town, that if there was any man in that town that was in debt, to come to his office between certain hours on a certain day with the proof of their indebtedness, and he would pay the debt. Well, of course it went all over the town, but the people didn't believe him. One man said to his neighbor, "John, do you believe this man will pay our debts?" "Oh, of course not; that is a great sell; that is a hoax." The day came, and instead of there being a great rush, there didn't anybody come.

Now, it is a great wonder that there isn't a great rush of

men into the kingdom of God to have their debts paid when a man can be saved for nothing. About ten o'clock there was a man walking in front of the office; he looked this way and that to see if there was anybody looking, and by and by he was satisfied there wasn't anybody looking, and he slipped in, and he said, "I saw a notice around town if any one would call here at a certain hour you would pay their debt. Is there any truth in it?" "Yes," says the man, "it is quite true. Did you bring around the necessary papers?" "Yes." And after the man had paid the debt he said, "Sit down, I want to talk to you." And he kept him there until twelve o'clock. And before twelve o'clock had passed there were two more came and had their debts paid. At twelve o'clock he let them all out, when they found some other men standing around the door, and they said, "Well, you found he was willing to pay your debts, didn't you?" Yes, they said, it was quite true that he had paid their debts. "O, if this is so, we are going in to get our debts paid." And they went in, but it was too late. The man said if they had called within a certain hour he would have paid their debts.

To every one of you that is a bankrupt sinner—and you never saw a sinner in the world but that he was a bankrupt sinner—Christ comes and He says, "I will pay the debt." And that is just what He wants to do to-night. Bear in mind that the Son of God came into the world to save sinners, and He has got the power to forgive sin. And He has not only got the power, but He is willing to save, and He is anxious to save; and so, my friends, if you will accept Christ's offer you can get out of this hall to-night cleansed of all sin.

Now the question comes, "Who will accept of Him?" But I can imagine there is a man down in the audience who will say, "Well, I don't think a man can be saved so easy. I don't believe in these sudden conversions. I don't believe a man can come in here and be saved at once." What is it God has got? Is it a gift? Now we read in the 6th chapter of Romans, it is a gift: "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Now if a man is saved, there must be one minute when he has not got the gift, and there must be another minute when he has it. And that is what it is represented in the Bible. It is a gift. "Well," some one says, "haven't I got to feel something before I can be saved? How much have I got to give up?" "Give up

your sins!" No, you have never to give them up, for if you just take Christ they will go of themselves. They will all flee away in the dim past. But you can't do it of yourself. I tried for a long time to give up my sins of myself, and I couldn't do it. But the moment I took Christ He snapped the cords, and I have been rejoicing these twenty years. And the way to be saved is not to delay, but to come and take—t-a-k-e, take.

When I was in Glasgow a lady said to me, "You use that word 'take' very frequently. Is there anything of that kind in the Bible? I can't find it. I think you must have manufactured that word." Why, in the Bible it says: "The Spirit and the bride say come. Let him that heareth say come; let him that is athirst, come; and whosoever will, let him *take* the water of life freely." And if God says let him take, He will supply him. If that boy will take Christ, who can stop him? All hell and all earth cannot stop him. If need be, God would send ten thousand legions of angels to help him on his way up. I tell you, if you are not saved it is because you won't. You will not come unto Him that you might have life. The door hangs on that hinge. If a man says "I will rise and come to him," 'twon't wait. When the prodigal came home it wasn't when he got home that the change took place. It was away, away off in that foreign country when he said, "I will arise and go to my father." I think with men the turning point will be when they say, "I will come, for I want to." If you want to go to heaven, the first thing is to make up your mind to go. If I want to go to Chicago, the first thing I do is to make up my mind to go. And if you are willing to go to Christ there is no power on earth can keep you away. Now, these men who say they can't come, just be honest and put in the right word and say you won't come. At one time my sister had trouble with her little boy, and the father said, "Why, Sammy, you must go now and ask your mother's forgiveness." The little fellow said he wouldn't. The father says, "You must. If you don't go and ask your mother's forgiveness I shall have to undress you and put you to bed." He was a bright, nervous little fellow, never still a moment, and the father thought he will have such a dread of being undressed and put to bed. But the little fellow wouldn't, so they undressed him and put him to bed. The father went to his business, and when he came home at noon he said to his wife: "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No," she said, "he hasn't." So the father went to him and said, "Why, Sammy, why don't you ask your mother's forgiveness?" The little

fellow shook his head, "Won't do it." "But, Sammy, you have got to." "Couldn't." The father went down to his office, and stayed all the afternoon, and when he came home he asked his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No, I took something up to him and tried to have him eat, but he wouldn't." So the father went up to see him, and said: "Now, Sammy, just ask your mother's forgiveness, and you may be dressed and come down to supper with us." "Couldn't do it." The father coaxed, but the little fellow "couldn't do it." That was all they could get out of him. You know very well he could, but he didn't want to. Now the hardest thing a man has to do is to become a Christian, and it is the easiest. That may seem a contradiction, but it isn't. The hard point is because he don't want to. The hardest thing for a man to do is to give up his will. That night they retired, and they thought surely early in the morning he will be up ready to ask his mother's forgiveness. The father went to him—that was Friday morning—to see if he was ready to ask his mother's forgiveness, but he "couldn't." The father and mother felt so bad about it, they couldn't eat; they thought it was to darken their whole life. Perhaps that boy thought that father and mother didn't love him. Just what many sinners think because God won't let them have their own way. The father went to his business, and when he came home he said to his wife, "Has Sammy asked your forgiveness?" "No." So he went to the little fellow and said, "Now, Sammy, are you not going to ask your mother's forgiveness?" "Can't." And that was all they could get out of him. The father couldn't eat any dinner. It was like death in the house. It seemed as if the boy was going to conquer his father and mother. Instead of his little will being broken, it looked very much as if he was going to break theirs. Late Friday afternoon, "Mother, mother, forgive," says Sammy,—"me." And the little fellow said "me," and he sprang to his feet, and said: "I have said it, I have said it. Now dress me, and take me down to see father. He will be so glad to know I have said it." And she took him down, and when the little fellow came in he said, "I've said it, I've said it." Oh, my friends, it is so easy to say "I will arise and go to my God." It is the most reasonable thing you can do. Isn't it an unreasonable thing to hold out? Come right to God just this very hour. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." And now this night believe, and thou shalt be saved

EIGHTH EVENING.

"For there is no difference."—ROMANS, 3d chap., part of the 22d verse.

I WANT now to call your attention to a clause in that chapter I have just read, a part of the 22d verse: "For there is no difference." Now that is one of the verses, one of the portions of Scripture, that the natural man don't like. I have had many a quarrel with men on this verse, because we are just apt to think we are a little better than our friends and our neighbors, and men don't like to believe there is no difference. It is one of the greatest lessons a man has to learn—that he is a sinner. If you don't believe that you are sick you won't call in a physician. It is just because the natural man don't like this text I have taken it to-night. I have found out long ago that the lessons we don't like are the best medicine for us. I can imagine there is some one here who says, "I don't believe that statement, that there is no difference." I can imagine there is some one here who says, "Isn't it better for a man to be a sober man than it is to be a drunkard? Isn't it better for a man to be honest than it is for a man to be dishonest?" Yes, we will admit all that; but that don't apply when it comes to the great question of salvation. If a man has not been saved from his sin, he must perish like the rest of the world. Now, if a man wants to find out what he is, let him turn to the 3d chapter of Romans. He can read his life there. If you want to read your own biography, you need not write it yourself. Turn to the 3d chapter of Romans, and it is all there, written by a man who knows a good deal more about us than we do about ourselves. Christ was the only one that ever trod this earth that saw everything in the heart of man. We read that he didn't commit himself, because He knew their hearts. The heart is deceitful. Who can know it? It is deceitful above all things, and it is desperately wicked. Now, Satan either tries to make men believe that they are good enough without salvation, or if he can't make them believe that, he tries to tell

them that they are so bad God won't have anything to do with them.

The law isn't to save men, but the law is brought in just to show man that he is lost and ruined under the law. These people that are trying to save themselves by the law are making the worst mistakes of their lives. Some people say if they try to do right, they think that is all that is required of them. They say, "I try to keep the law." Well, did you ever know a man keep the law except the Son of God himself? The law was never given to save men by. "And what was the law then given for?" It was given to show man his lost and ruined condition. It was given to measure men by their fruits. Before God saves a man he first stops his mouth. I meet some people in the inquiry room who talk a good deal. When I meet those people, I say to myself, "They are very far from the Kingdom of God." A perfect God couldn't give an imperfect standard; a perfect God sees that the law is pure and good; but we are not good if we don't come up to the standard. Now, if a man should come into New York city and advertise that he could take a photograph of people's hearts, and give a perfect likeness, do you think he would get a customer in New York? If we go to have a photograph taken, we brush ourselves up and we have it taken sitting, and standing, and sitting in this position, and sitting in that position, and standing in this position, and standing in that position, and if the artist flatters us and makes us look better than we do, we send it around to our friends, and we say, "Yes, that is a good likeness." Suppose the artist could get a photograph of the heart of the true man, do you think he would get many customers? A good many of you would say: "I wouldn't like to have the wife of my bosom see my heart. I wouldn't like to have her read my secret thoughts." The heart of man is a fountain of corruption, vileness and pollution, and there is no hope for a man being saved until he finds out he is bad.

And so the law is a looking-glass just to show a man how foul he is in the sight of God. A little while before the Chicago fire, I went home one afternoon to my family, and I thought I would take them out riding. My little boy, about two years old, clapped his hands, wanted to know if I wouldn't take him up to Lincoln Park to see the bears. I said that I would, and I went out. I hadn't been gone a great while, when the little fellow wanted his mother to wash him up, and then he wanted to go out and play. Well, he

got playing in the dirt, and he got all covered with dirt, and when I drove up he wanted to get into the carriage. I said, "No, Willie, you are not ready, I must take you in and get you washed." The little fellow said, "O, papa, I'se ready." I told him he wasn't ready, he was all over dirt. "But, papa, mamma washed me, I'se clean." I could not make him believe that his face was all dirt. He could not believe it; his mamma washed him, and he was clean. So I took him up and let the little fellow see himself in the looking-glass in the carriage. He saw the dirt and it stopped his mouth. I held him up to the looking-glass so that he saw the dirt, but I did not take the looking-glass to wash his face with. That is what people do. The law was not given to save man. It was given to show him his lost and ruined condition. It wasn't given to save men—the Son of God came to do that work—but the law is the schoolmaster that came to show us what to do when we are saved. Stop all this idle doing, and just come to the fountain that has just been opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanliness. I can imagine some of you may say, "I am sure I am not as bad as some people. I am not a publican. I never got drunk in my life. I don't like to have Mr. Moody say I am as bad as other people." I don't know but pharisaism is as bad as drunkenness, and I find you can just sum up the whole human race into about two heads—the publican and the pharisee. Yonder is an orchard, and in that orchard there are two apple trees—miserable, sour, bitter. Stop, one of them is bare; they are worthless. Why are they good for nothing? Well, one tree has got 500 apples, and the other has got five. There is no difference. The fact is the tree is bad. One man may have more fruit than another, but the fruit is bad—from the old Adam stock. God didn't look for good fruit from Adam's stock. Make the fountain good, and the stream will be good. Make men's hearts good, and their lives will be good. You might as well tell a man to jump over the moon as to be moral, if he hasn't got God in his heart. The way to improve the soul of a man is to strike at the root of the tree, and if the heart is right, and in sympathy with God, there will be no trouble about the life. You need not be cultivating a crab-apple tree. That is what some people do.

Now, in the law it is written that a man that breaks the least of the law is guilty of all. Some people say, "I have not broken the ten commandments." They seem to think that the ten commandments are ten different laws. But a

man who breaks the least of the commandments has broken all, and if you have broken one of the commandments, you have broken the law of God. Some people think that if they only fail in one commandment they are not so bad; but if a man is guilty of breaking one, he breaks all. And where can we find one man who does not break more than one commandment? How many people here in New York worship idols? Measure your heart by the law of God, my friends, and you'll find yourself guilty. The reason why people sin so much is because they don't believe they do sin. Unbelief is the root of all evil. Adam sinned through unbelief, and we must get out of the pit at the same place he fell in. He fell by unbelief, and we must believe to be saved. You go to a prison and you will find there a good many criminals; one is there for one offence and one for another, but they are all criminals. So here to-night, some of us are guilty of one offence and some of another, but we are all sinners.

A few years ago we had a law in our city requiring all the policemen to be of a certain height, five feet and ten inches, I think it was, and of good moral character, and to be well recommended. One day as I was going down the street with a friend, I saw a crowd of men standing in front of the Commissioners' office, waiting to be examined. Now, suppose my friend had gone with me into the Commissioners' office, and we had presented certificates of good moral character, coming from persons high in place. When I came to present my recommendations, the Commissioner would have said, "Well, Mr. Moody, before we look at your papers, we will proceed to measure you;" and lo, I am found to be but about five feet high! So I am rejected. And my friend might say, "O, well, I am taller than you are, so I need have no fear on that score;" but when they come to measure him, he is found to be just one-tenth of an inch too short, and they throw him out too. My father once told me that in England the archers used to shoot at a ring, and if any archer failed to shoot all his arrows through the ring, he was called a sinner. Now, suppose I should take ten arrows and try to send them through a ring at the other side of the building, and should only get one through, I should be called a sinner. And suppose brother Taylor should take as many arrows and send nine through, one after the other, and just miss the ring with the last one, why he would be a sinner too, just like me.

My friends, have any of you missed the mark? I see a man down there in the audience bow his head. There is hope

of your being saved if you feel you have sinned. And who of us have not failed in many ways? We are all failures, and every man since Adam has been a failure. Many persons wish they could have been created perfect, like Adam; but there is no man who would not have fallen like Adam, if he had been put in Adam's place. Put 1000 children into this building, and give them all sorts of playthings, but tell them that there is one thing in the room that they must not look at, leave them alone for half an hour, and they would all be looking at that one thing.

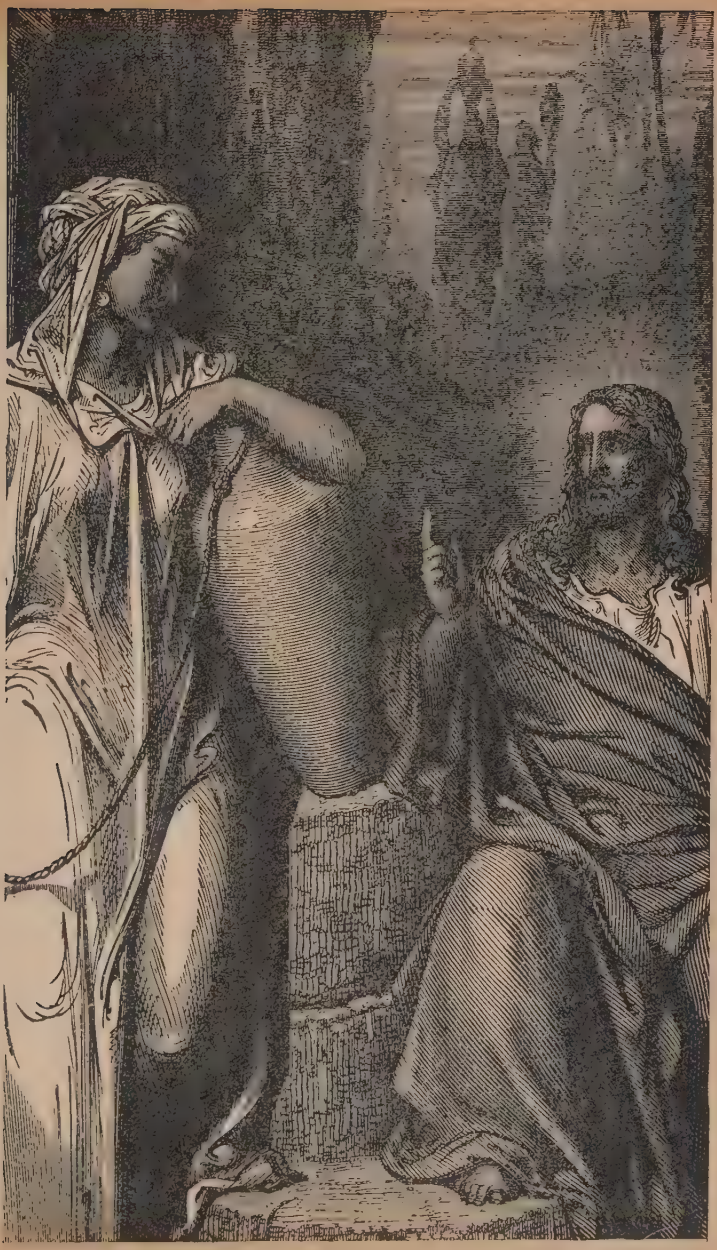
Man is a stupendous failure. God on Mount Horeb shouted the law to man, and man said, "Oh, yes, Lord, we'll keep the law; we'll not break this Thy command." And the very first commandment was, "Thou shalt not have other gods." Then Moses and Joshua go to have an interview with God, and the people whom they had left behind at once began to say, "Make us a god." And the golden calf was made and they worshipped it. When Moses and Joshua returned from Horeb they heard a great shout. Ha! do you hear that shout? Is it the shout of victory, of those who are rejoicing in conquest? No, it is the shout of the idolater. They all worshipped the golden calf. It was an idolatrous shout that the prophets heard. The worship of the golden calf! You'll find it in New York. One man says, Give me more money; another, Give me a seat in Congress; another, Give me a bottle of rum. Ah, it's easy to condemn the Israelites—it is easy to smile, but beware that you are not guilty of the same sin. Man was a failure under the judges, failure under the prophets, and now for 2000 years under grace he has been a most stupendous failure. Walk the streets and see how quickly he goes to ruin. How many are hastening down to the dark caves of sin! Man in his best day, under the most favorable circumstances, is nothing but a failure.

Imagine Noah stopping work on the Ark, and going on a preaching tour. He tells the people of the flood. He warns them of their danger. He exhorts them to repent. All are to perish, the wise, the rich, the great—all, all are to perish when God comes to judge. They mock at him. They tell him, "You'd better go back to your old ark; do you think we will believe that the rich, the priests, the great, the powerful, are going to perish as you say?" They would mock, and would not believe. I can hear over the waves, that proved the warning true, this one text, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Take the people of Sodom. Do you believe

they would believe the warning voice. "No," they would say, "Sodom to be destroyed? Nonsense; it was never more prosperous." They would not believe, and didn't they all perish alike? I tell you there is no difference when God comes. It was my sad lot to be in Chicago when that great fire swept through the city, and I have often thought it was almost a glimpse of the judgment day. All were on a level then. There was the house of the millionnaire, and near it the house of the poor man. The rich man turned his back on his gilded palace, and the poor man went with him. There was no difference. We are all on one platform; let no mocking words escape! Flee for your lives! Flee! Flee! There is a mountain we can all escape to—it's Calvary. You can escape thus, any night. Some may say I paint too dark a picture. For two nights I have tried to tell you of the gospel; perhaps I have made a mistake. Christ kept the law. He was the lamb, pure and spotless. He never broke the law, therefore he can die for the sins of man. The law cuts all down as a scythe cuts down the grass. All go down before its sweep. Right here comes in the gospel—the Son of God came to seek and to save that which was lost. The grace of God brings grace down to men Substitution! If you take that out of the Bible, you can take the Bible along with you if you wish to. The same story runs all through the book. The scarlet thread is unbroken from Genesis to Revelation. Christ died for us, that's the end of the law. I always loved that hymn sometimes sung by brother Sankey, "Free from the law. O! happy condition." He was bruised for us, and through Him are we saved. Napoleon Bonaparte once sent out a draft. A man was drafted who didn't want to go. A friend volunteered to go in his place. He went into the army and was killed. A second draft was made, and by some accident the same man was drafted again, but he said to the officer, "You can't take me, I'm dead. I died on such a battle-field." "Why, man, you are crazy," said the officer. "You are not dead, here you are alive and well before me." "No, sir," said the man, "I am dead. The law has no claim on me; look at the roll." They looked and found another name written against his. They insisted; he carried his case before the emperor, who said that he was right, his friend had died for him. Christ died for me. The wages of sin is death. Christ has received this payment. It is the height of folly to bear this burden, when we can so easily step out from under it.

In Brooklyn, I saw a young man go by without any arms

My friend pointed him out, and told me his story. When the war broke out he felt it to be his duty to go to the front. He was engaged to be married, and while in the army letters passed frequently between him and his intended wife. After the battle of the Wilderness the young lady looked anxiously for the accustomed letter. At last one came in a strange hand. She opened it with trembling fingers, and read these words: "We have fought a terrible battle. I have been wounded so awfully that I shall never be able to support you more. A friend writes this for me. I love you more tenderly than ever, but I release you from your promise. I will not ask you to join your life with the maimed life of mine." That letter was never answered. The next train that left the young lady was on it. She went to his hospital. She found out the number of his cot and she went down the aisle, between the long rows of wounded men. At last she saw the number; she threw her arms around his neck and said: "I'll not desert you. I'll take care of you." He did not resist her love. They were married, and there is no happier couple than this one. You're dependent on another. Christ says: "I'll take care of you. I'll take you to this bosom of mine." That young man could have spurned her love; he could, but didn't. Surely you can be served if you will accept salvation of Him. Oh, that the grace of God may reach your heart to-night, by which you may be brought out from under the curse of the law.



9 JESUS AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

NINTH EVENING.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—ST. JOHN, 3d chap., part of the 3d verse.

I WILL direct your attention to the 3d chapter of John and the 3d verse: "Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." You will see by the 3d chapter of Romans that it is absolutely necessary that a man be born again. You see in the 3d chapter of Romans what man is by nature. If you want to find out what God is, turn to the 3d chapter of John: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believes on Him shall have everlasting life." Yes, read the 3d chapter of Romans if you want to find out how man lost life. Then read the 3d chapter of John, and read it prayerfully and with God's Spirit in you, and you will see how man is going to get everlasting life back again. I don't know a chapter that ought to be read more in a Christian spirit and read more deeply than that chapter. It is so plain and reasonable. If there are a thousand people here to-night who want to know what love God has for them, let them read the 3d chapter of John and they will find it there, and find eternal life. They need not go out of this hall to-night to find eternal life. They will find it here in this chapter, and find eternal life before these services close. They hear to-night how the way for salvation of their souls is open to them. Yes, I do not know anything more important than this subject of regeneration. I don't know of anything in the Bible more important and more plain than that, and yet it is a question that neither the church nor the world is sound upon. There is no question upon which the church and the world are more confounded than upon this very question of regeneration. If a man is sound on every other subject, you will find that he is unsound on this plain subject of regeneration. It is the very foundation of our hope, and the very foundation of our religion. It is a great deal better, with God's help, to under-

stand this question perfectly first, than to go on further in the word of God. It is a solemn question—"Am I born of the Spirit? Have I been born again?" For you know that "except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Now, let me say what regeneration is not. It is not going to church. Very often I see people and ask them if they are Christians. "Yes, of course I am, at least I think I am; I go to church every Sunday." Why, I could say to them, the very devil goes to church every Sunday, and no one goes more regularly to church than he does. If you go down in the dark alleys and by-ways of the city, and do all the good you can, preach God's word and show God's love to these abandoned beings—I tell you that is not regeneration. No! no! It is a false idea that you get regenerated by scattering the seed of God by the wayside. Why, if going to church was regeneration—being born again—there is hope even for Satan himself. But there never was a church erected but that the devil was the first to enter and the last to leave. There is no one, I tell you, who is a more regular attendant. But still there is another class of Christians, or who think they are Christians. They say, "I am trying to do what is right—am I not a Christian? Is not that a new birth?" No; I tell you, no. What has that to do with being born again? There is yet another class—those who have turned over a new leaf and think they are regenerated. No; forming a new resolution is not being born again. That will not do you any good.

Nor will being baptized do you any good. Yet you hear people say, "Why, I have been baptized, and I was born again when I was baptized." They believe that because they are baptized into the church, they are baptized into the kingdom of God. I tell you that is utterly impossible. You may be baptized into the visible church, and yet not be baptized into the Son of God. Baptism is all right in its place. God forbid that I should say anything against it. But if you put that in the place of regeneration—in the place of a new birth—it is a terrible mistake. You cannot be baptized into the kingdom of God. If I thought I could baptize men into the kingdom of God, it would be a good deal better for me to do that than to preach. I should get a bucket of water, and go up and down the streets, and save men that way. If they would not let me do it while they were awake, I would do it while they were asleep. I would do it anyhow. For "except a man be born again he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." If any

one here to-night rests his hopes on anything else—any other foundation—I pray to God that he may sweep it away from him. You may be baptized into the church and not be disciples of Jesus Christ. I say to you, do not rest your hopes on that foundation. Another class says, "I go to the Lord's Supper; I partake uniformly of the sacrament." Blessed ordinance! Jesus hath said that as often as ye do it ye commemorate His death. Yet, that is not being born again; that is not passing from death unto life. It says plainly—and so plainly that there need not be any mistake about it. Except you are born of the Spirit, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God. What has a sacrament to do with that? What has baptism to do with being born again? What has going to church to do with being born again? But another man comes and says, "I say my prayers regular." Still, I say, that that is not being born again. That is not being born of the Spirit.

It is a very solemn question, then, that comes up before us, and would that every one should ask himself earnestly and faithfully: "have I been born again? Have I been born of the Spirit? Have I passed from death unto life?" Now there is another class of men who say that these meetings are very good for a certain class of people. That they would be very good if you could get the drunkard here, or get the gambler here, or get other vicious people here—that would do a great deal of good. There are certain men that need to be converted, who say: "Who did Christ say this to? Who was Nicodemus? Was he a drunkard, a gambler, or a thief?" He was one of the very best men of Jerusalem; no doubt about that. He was an honorable councillor; he belonged to the Sanhedrim; he held a very high position; he was one of the best men in the state; he was an orthodox man; he was one of the very soundest men. Why, if he were here to-day, he would be made a president of one of our colleges; he would be put at once into one of our seminaries, and have the "Reverend" put before his name—"Reverend Nicodemus, D. D.," or even "LL. D." And yet, what did Christ say to him? "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." So said He to the woman in the fourth chapter of St. John. In the eighth chapter, you see an example of self-righteousness, when the Pharisees were talking to Him. Well, there are Pharisees at the present day who rely upon their own merits and their own greatness. They say to you, "Oh, yes, these meetings are very good for the abandoned

and the outcasts, and the unfortunate; they are very good for immoral men; but we are moral. Tell these things to men who are not moral. They seem to think that when Jesus said, "Ye must be born again," he meant some one else that must be born again—didn't mean them at all. You see John the Beloved, when walking through the streets, and you say to him, "I met your Master last night—I went around to see Him." John would say, "How did you like Him?" His friend would reply, "I never met such a person in my life; never heard a man talk as he did. What He told me has been ringing in my ears ever since. He told me that God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believed on Him should not perish but have everlasting life." "John, does your Master talk that way all the time?" "Yes, he always talks in that way." That man will never forget that interview. He was found in the dark by Christ; he was directed into the right way; in that way he will ever continue, and there is not a thing he would not do for Jesus. See Nicodemus. He, with Joseph of Arimathea, took down the body of Jesus and brought it away, and stayed by Jesus to the last. I never knew a man that had a personal interview with Jesus that did not stay by Him. Oh, make up your mind that you will seek Him and follow Him until you have an interview with Him; for never man spake as that man spake. He is just the man that every one wants.

But I can imagine some one say, "If that is to have a new birth, what am I to do? I can't create life. I certainly can't save myself." You certainly can't, and we don't preach that you can. We tell you it is utterly impossible to make a man better without Christ, and that is what men are trying to do. They are trying to patch up this old Adam's nature. There must be a new creation. Regeneration is a new creation, and if it is a new creation it must be the work of God. In the 1st chapter of Genesis man don't appear. There is no one there but God. Man is not there to help or take part. When God created the earth, He was alone. When God redeemed the world He was alone. "That which was born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit." The Ethiopian cannot change his skin and the leopard cannot change his spots. When I was in England my little girl said, "Papa, why don't those colored people wash themselves white?" You might as well try to make yourselves pure and holy without the help of God. It would

be just as easy for you to do that as for that black man to wash himself white. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, neither can the leopard change his spots. A man might just as well try to leap over the moon as to serve God in the flesh. Therefore that which is born of the flesh is flesh and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit. Now God tells us in this chapter how we are to get into His kingdom. We are not to work our way in, not but that salvation is worth working for. We admit all that. If there were rivers and mountains in the way, it would be worth swimming those rivers and climbing those mountains. There is no doubt that salvation is worth all that, but we don't get it by our works. It is to him that worketh not, but believeth. We work because we are saved; we don't work to be saved. We work from the cross but not towards it. Now it is written, "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling." Why you must have your salvation before you can work it out. Suppose I say to my little boy, "Go and work out that garden," I must furnish him the garden before he can work it out. Suppose I say to him, "I want you to spend that $100 carefully." "Well," he says, "let me have the $100 and I will be careful how I spend it." I remember when I first left home and went to Boston, I had spent all my money, and I went to the post-office three times a day. I knew there was only one mail a day from home, but I thought by some possibility there might be a letter for me. At last I got a letter from my little sister, and I was awful glad to get it. She had heard that there were a great many pickpockets in Boston, and a large part of that letter was to have me be very careful not to let anybody pick my pocket. Now I had got to have something in my pocket in order to have it picked. So you have got to have salvation before you can work it out.

"It is to him that worketh not but believeth." When Christ shouted on Calvary, "It is finished," He meant what he said. All that men have to do now is just to accept of the work of Jesus Christ. There is no hope for a man or a woman as long as they are trying to work out their salvation. I can imagine there are some people here who will say, as Nicodemus did, "This is a very mysterious thing." I see the scowl on that Pharisee's brow as he says, "How can these things be?" It sounds very strange to his ear. "Born again; born of the Spirit? How can these things be?" A great many people say, "You must reason it out, but if you don't reason it out,

don't ask us to believe it." Now, I can imagine a great many people in this hall saying that. When you ask me to reason it out, I tell you frankly I can't do it. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and you hear the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." I can't understand all about the wind. You ask me to reason it out. I can't. It may blow due north here, and up to Boston it may blow due south. I may go up a few hundred feet and find it blowing in an entirely opposite direction from what it is down here. You ask me to explain these currents of wind, but because I can't explain it, and because I don't understand it, suppose I stand here and assert, "O humph! there is no such thing as wind." I can imagine that little girl down there saying, "I know more about it than that man does, often have I heard the wind and felt the wind blowing against my face," and she says, "Didn't the wind blow my umbrella out of my hands the other day, and didn't I see it blow a man's hat off in the street? Haven't I seen it blow the trees in the forests and the grain in the country?" My friends, you might just as well tell me to-night that there is no wind as to tell me there is no such thing as a man born of the Spirit. I have felt the Spirit of God working in my heart just as much as I have felt the wind blowing in my face. I can't reason it out. There are a great many things I can't reason out that I believe. I never could reason out the Creation. I can see the world, but I can't tell how God made it out of nothing. All your Tyndalls and your philosophers of the present day can't create one grain of sand out of nothing. But even these men will admit there is a creating power. There are a great many things that I can't explain and that I can't reason out, that I believe. I heard a commercial traveller say that he had heard that the ministry and religion of Jesus Christ was a matter of revelation and not investigation. "When it pleases God to reveal His Son to me," says Paul. There were a party of young men together, and these men went back to the country, and on their journey they made up their minds not to believe anything they could not reason out. An old man heard them, and presently he said, "I heard you say you would not believe anything you could not reason out." "Yes," they said, "that was so." "Well," he said, "coming down on the train to-day, I noticed some geese, some sheep, some swine, and some cattle, all eating grass. Can you tell me by what process that same grass was turned into hair, feathers, bristles, and wool? Do you believe it is a fact?"

"Oh yes," they said, "we can't help believing that, though we fail to see it." "Well," said the old man, "I can't help believing in Jesus Christ." I can't help believing in the regeneration of man when I see men that have been reclaimed. I see men that have been reformed. Haven't some of the very worst men in the city been regenerated—picked up out of the pit and their feet put upon the rock and a new song put in their mouth? It was cursing and blaspheming, and now it is praising God. Old things have passed away and all things have become new; not reformed only, but regenerated—a new man in Christ Jesus.

Look you, down there in the dark alleys of New York is a poor drunkard. I think if you want to get near hell, go to a poor drunkard's home. Go to the house of that poor miserable drunkard. Is there anything nearer like hell on earth? See the want and distress that reigns there. But hark! A footstep is heard at the door, and the children run and hide themselves. The patient wife waits to meet him. The man has been her torment. Many a time she has borne about for weeks the marks of blows. Many a time that strong right hand has been brought down on her defenceless head. And now she waits expecting to hear his oaths and suffer his brutal treatment. He comes in and says to her: "I have been to the meeting, and I heard there that if I will I can be converted. I believe that God is able to save me." Go down to that house again in a few weeks and what a change! As you approach you hear some one singing. It is not the song of a reveller, but they are singing the "Rock of Ages." The children are no longer afraid of him, but cluster around his knee. His wife is near him, her face lit up with a happy glow. Is not that a picture of regeneration? I can take you to thousands of such homes, made happy by the regenerating power of the religion of Christ. What men want is the power to overcome temptation, the power to lead a right life.

The only way to get into the kingdom of God is to be born into it. If the archangel Gabriel was to wing his way here to-night, and we could have a chance to tell him all our wishes, we couldn't ask him for a better way of getting into the kingdom of God. Christ has made salvation ready for us, and all we must do is just to take it. Oh, may we not hesitate to take it! There is a law in this country requiring that the president must be born in the country. When foreigners come to our shores they have no right to complain against such a law which forbids them from ever becoming presidents.

Now, hasn't God a right to make a law that all those who become heirs of eternal life must be born into His kingdom? An unregenerated man would rather be in hell than in heaven. Take a man whose heart is full of corruption and wickedness, and place him in heaven among the pure, the holy, and the redeemed, and he wouldn't want to stay there. My friends, if we are to be happy in heaven we must begin to make a heaven here on earth. Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people. If a gambler or blasphemer were taken out of the streets of New York and placed on the crystal pavement of heaven and under the shadow of the tree of life he would say, "I don't want to stay here." If men were taken to heaven just as they are by nature, without having their hearts regenerated, there would be another rebellion in heaven. Heaven is filled with a company of those that are twice born. When I was born in 1837 I received my old Adam nature, and when I was born again in 1856 I had another nature given to me.

It is impossible to serve God aright unless you first make up your mind to be born again. If a house is built upon the sand it falls; but if it is founded upon a rock it stands firm against the wind and wave. Our faith can never endure unless it is founded on Christ. We may travel through the earth and see many countries; but there is one country—the land of Beulah, which John Bunyan saw in vision—that country we shall never see unless we are born again—regenerated by Christ. We look abroad and see many beautiful trees, but the tree of life we shall never see until our eyes are made clear by faith in the Saviour. You may see the beautiful rivers of the earth—the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Hudson—you may ride upon their bosoms, but bear in mind that your eye will never rest upon the river which bursts out from the throne of God and flows through the upper kingdom. God has said it, and not man. You will never see the kingdom of God except you are born again. You may see the kings and lords of the earth, but the King of Kings and Lord of Lords you will never see except you are born again. When you are in London you may go to the tower and see the crown of England, which is worth millions, and is guarded there by soldiers; but bear in mind that your eye will never rest upon the crown of life except you are born again. You may come to these meetings and hear the songs of Zion which are sung here, but one song —that of Moses and the Lamb—the uncircumcised ear shall never hear that song unless you are born again. We may see the beautiful mansions of New York and the Hudson, but

bear in mind that the mansions which Christ has gone to prepare you shall never see unless you are born again. It is God who says it. You may see ten thousand beautiful things in this world, but the city that Abraham caught sight of—and from that time he became a pilgrim and a sojourner—you shall never see unless you are born again. Many of you may be invited to marriage feasts here, but you will never attend the marriage supper of the Lamb except you are born again. It is God who says it, dear friend. You may be looking on the face of your sainted mother to-night, and feel that she is praying for you, but the time will come when you shall never see her again except you are born again. I may be speaking to a young man or a young lady who has recently stood by the bedside of a dying mother, and she said to you, "Be sure and meet me in heaven," and you made the promise. Ah! you shall never see her again except you are born again. I believe Jesus of Nazareth sooner than those infidels who say you do not have to be born again. If you see your children who have gone before, you must be born of the Spirit. I may be speaking to-night to a father and mother who have recently borne a loved one to the grave, and how dark your home seems! You will never see her again except you are born again. If you wish to meet your loved ones you must be born again.

I may be speaking to a father and mother who have a loved one up yonder, and if you could hear her speak, she would say, "Come this way." Haven't you got a sainted friend? Young man or young lady, haven't you got a mother in the world of light, and if you could hear her speak, wouldn't she say, "Come this way, my son"—"Come this way, my daughter?" If ever you see her again you must be born again. Yes, we all have an elder Brother there. Nearly 1900 years ago He crossed over, and from the heavenly shores He is calling you to heaven. Let us turn our back upon the world. Let us give a deaf ear to the world. Let us get our heart in the kingdom of God, and cry, "Life! Life! Eternal life!" Let us pray that God may keep every soul now here from going out of this building to-night without being born again!

TENTH EVENING.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—ST. JOHN, 3d chap., part of the 3d verse.

YOU who were here last night remember that I was speaking upon the text in the 3d chapter of John, "Ye must be born again." Now, I want to call your attention to-night to the little word "must" in the same chapter. The Son of Man must be lifted up. I now come to the remedy, for when it was time to close last evening, I had not an opportunity to take up the subject. I want, on the present occasion, to take up the matter where I left off; I don't know but some went away disappointed by hearing the statement that they must be born again. They must have said, "I do wish he had not left off so soon; I wish he had gone on and told me how I must be born again." God helping me, I will try to tell it to you to-night, and I would ask, while I try to do this, that Christians would lift up to God their hearts in prayer, that the way be made so plain that every one may come into the kingdom of God.

Let us see how God is able to save unto the utmost. I want you to read the 14th and 15th verses of that chapter: "That as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have eternal life." "That whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have eternal life." Let me tell those who are unsaved within these walls to-night what God has done for you. He has done everything that He could do towards your salvation. You need not wait for God to do anything more. In one place He asks the question what more could He do. He sent His prophets and they killed them, and then He sent His beloved Son and they murdered Him. And at last He has sent the Holy Ghost to convince us of sin and how we are to be saved. We are all sinners, and every man and woman knows in their hearts that they are sinners. Now we come here to-night to tell you the remedy for sin, and to

tell you how you are to be saved from sin. Jesus came into the world to save that which was lost, for thou knowest there is no name given unto men whereby they can be saved but through the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. And again, "He shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." No sinner need die if he but put his trust in Christ. There is no salvation in anything else or in any other name. The apostles preached no other doctrine or any other name. All their word was that Christ died for our sake. Take the 2d chapter of Acts, and you may read from there on through all the chapters, and there is hardly one but speaks of Christ's death and Christ crucified; of Christ dying for thee, of rising again for thee, of ascending into Heaven for thee, and of coming again for thee. That is the Gospel of St. Paul and of St. Peter; that is the gospel that Stephen preached when they condemned him to death. Paul preached that at Antioch, Corinth and Ephesus. Yes, Christ crucified—that is the remedy for sin. We hear a great many men murmur because God permitted sin to come into the world. They say it is a great mystery. Well, I say, too, it is a great mystery. You may recollect how it also was a mystery to Horatius Bonar. He said that although it was a great mystery how sin came into the world, it was a greater mystery how God came here to bear the blunt of it himself. We could speak all the time about the origin of sin; how it came into the world, but that is not going to help us. If I see a man tumble into the river and going to drown, it would do no good for me to sit down and bow my head and indulge in deep thought and reasoning how he came to get in there. The great question would then be how he was to be got out. Just look over your own life. You can prove that you are a sinner and have need of repentance; or if you cannot do it to your own satisfaction, there are some of your neighbors, no doubt, who can do it for you.

And right here comes in the remedy for sin. In the 3rd chapter of John we are told how men are to be saved—namely, by Him who was lifted up on the cross. Just as Moses lifted up the brazen serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever that believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. And here some men complain and say that it is very unreasonable that they should be held responsible for the sin of a man six thousand years ago. It was not long ago that a man was talking to me about the injustice of being condemned on account of a man having

sinned six thousand years ago. If there is a man here to-night who is going to answer in that way, I tell him it is not going to do him any good. If you are lost it will not be on account of Adam's sin. "Well," some say, "that is a strange statement for you to make, Mr. Moody." Well, I dare say you do think it strange. I wonder what some of the theologians think of it who are present here to-night. What do some of the ministers on this platform say to it? I would like to know. Yet, let me say it again: It will not be on the account of Adam's sin that you will be lost, if you are lost. "Why, Mr. Moody, that is a paradox; how do you explain that?"

Well, let me illustrate it, then, and perhaps you will be able to understand it. Suppose I am dying with consumption which I inherited from my father or mother. I did not get it by any fault of my own, by any neglect of my health; I inherited it, let us suppose. Well, I go to my physician, and to the best physicians, and they all give me up. They say I am incurable; I must die; I have not thirty days to live. Well, a friend happens to come along, and looks at me and says, "Moody, you have got the consumption." "I know it very well; I don't want any one to tell me that." "But," he says, "there is a remedy—a remedy, I tell you. Let me have your attention. I want to call your attention to it. I tell you there is a remedy." "But, sir, I don't believe it; I have tried the leading physicians in this country and in Europe, and they tell me there is no hope." "But you know me, Moody; you have known me for years." "Yes, sir." "Do you think, then, I would tell you a falsehood?" "No." "Well, ten years ago I was as far gone. I was given up by the physicians to die, but I took this medicine and it cured me. I am perfectly well. Look at me." "I say that it is a very strange case." "Yes, it may be strange, but it is a fact. That medicine cured me. Take this medicine and it will cure you. Although it has cost me a great deal, it shall not cost you anything. Although the salvation of Jesus Christ is as free as the air, it cost God the richest jewel of heaven. He had to give His only son; give all He had. He had only one Son, and He gave Him. Do not make light of it, then, I beg of you." "Well," I say, "I would like to believe you, but this is contrary to my reason." Hearing this, my friend goes away and brings another friend to me, and he testifies to the same thing. He again goes away when I do not yet believe, and brings in another friend, and another, and another, and an-

other, and they all testify to the same thing. They say they were as bad as myself; that they took the same medicine that has been offered to me, and it cured them. He then hands me the medicine. I dash it to the ground; I do not believe in its saving power; I die. The reason is, then, that I spurned the remedy. So it will not be because Adam fell, but that you spurn the remedy offered to you to save you. You will have darkness rather than light. How, then, shall ye escape if ye neglect so great salvation? There is no hope for you if you neglect the remedy. It does no good to look at the wound. If we are in the camp and are bitten by the fiery serpents, it will do no good to look at the wound. Looking at a wound will never save any one. What we must do is to look at the remedy, to look away to Him who hath power to save you from your sin.

Behold the camp of the Israelites; look at the scene that is pictured to your eyes. Look at New York city to-day. Both there in that past age, and right here in the present age, all, all are dying because they neglect the remedy that is offered. Fathers and mothers are bearing away their children. In that arid desert is many a short and little grave; many a child has been bitten by the fiery serpents. Over yonder they are just burying a mother; a loved mother is about to be laid away. All the family, weeping, gather round the beloved form. You hear the mournful cries, you see the bitter tears. The father is being borne away to his last resting-place. There is wailing going up all over the camp. Tears are being shed for thousands who have passed away, and thousands more are dying, and the plague is raging from one end of the camp to the other. I see in one tent an Israelitish mother bending over the form of a beloved boy just coming into the bloom of life, just budding into manhood. She is wiping away the sweat of death that is gathering upon his brow. Yet a little while, and his eyes are glazed, and life is ebbing fast away. Now a little while and the boy is gone. His eyes are cast in death and her heart-strings are crushed and bleeding. All at once she hears a shout in the camp. It is a great shout about them. What does it mean? She goes to the door of the tent. "What is the excitement in the camp?" she asks those passing by, and some one says, "Why, my good woman, haven't you heard the good news that has come into the camp?" "No," says the woman. "Good news? what is it?" "Why, haven't you heard about it? God has provided a remedy." "What, for the bitten Israelites? Why, tell me

what is the remedy?" "Why, God has instructed Moses to make a brazen serpent and put it on a pole in the middle of the camp, that all who look upon it shall not die, and the shout that you hear is the shout of the people when they see the serpent lifted up." But the mother goes back into the tent, and she says: "My boy, I have got good news to tell you. You have not got to die. My boy, my boy, I have come with good tidings: you can live." He is already getting stupefied; he is so weak he cannot walk to the door of the tent. She puts her strong arms under him and lifts him up "Look yonder; it is right there under the hill." But the boy don't see it; he says: "I don't see it. Where is it, mother?" And she says: "Keep looking and you will see it." At last he catches a glimpse of the glistening serpent and he is well. That is a young convert. Some men say, "Oh, we don't believe in sudden conversions." How long did it take to cure that boy? How long did it take to cure those serpent-bitten Israelites? It was just a look, and they were well. That is a young convert. I see him now calling on all those that were with him to praise God.

He sees another young man bitten as he was, and he runs up to him and tells him, "You have not got to die." "Oh, no," the young man says, "that is not possible. There is not a physician in Israel can cure me." He doesn't know that he has not got to die. "Why, haven't you heard the news? God has provided a remedy." "What remedy?" "Why, God has told Moses to lift up a brazen serpent, and all that look to that serpent shall not die." I can just see the young man. He is what you call an intellectual young man. He says to the young convert: "You don't think I am going to believe anything like that? If the physicians in Israel can't cure me, you don't think that an old brass serpent on a pole is going to cure me?" "Why, sir; I was as bad as yourself." "You don't say so?" "Yes, I do." "That is the most astonishing thing I ever heard," says the young man; "I wish you would explain the philosophy of it." "I can't. I only know that I looked at that serpent, and I was cured; that did it. I just looked; that is all. My mother told me the reports that were being heard through the camp, and I just believed what my mother said, and I am perfectly well." "Well, I don't believe you were bitten as badly as I have been." The young man pulls up his sleeve. "Look there! There is where I was bitten, and I tell you I was worse than you are." "Well, if I understood the philosophy of it I would look and get well."

"Let your philosophy go; look and live." "But, sir, you ask me to do an unreasonable thing. If God said just take the brass and rub it in the bite, there might be something in the brass that would cure the bite. Young man, explain the philosophy of it." I see some people just before me that have talked that way since I have been here. But the young man calls in another and takes him into the tent and says: "Just tell him how the Lord saved you;" and he tells just the same story, and he calls in others, and they all say the same thing. And so it is with the religion of Jesus Christ. One and another tells the same story, and by and by all God's people tell in one way how they are saved—by Jesus of Nazareth; no other name; no other way. If all nations could talk one language, they would only tell one story—only name one name, one remedy. The young man says it is a very strange thing. "If the Lord had told Moses to go and get some herbs and some plants and roots and boil them and take the medicine, there is something in that. It is so contrary to my nature to do such a thing as to look at the serpent that I can't do it." "You can do it." At last the mother has been off out in the camp, and she says, "My boy, I have got just the best news in the world for you. I went out in the camp, and I saw hundreds very far gone, and they are all perfectly well now." The young man says, "I would like to get well; it is a very painful thought to die. I want to go into the promised land, and it is terrible to die here in this wilderness, but the fact is I don't understand it. It don't appeal to my reason. I can't believe that I can get well in a moment;" and the young man dies in his own unbelief.

Whose fault? Whose fault is it, the unbelief here? Whose fault is it? God provided a remedy for this bitten Israelite—"look and live." And there is eternal life for every poor bitten Israelite here. Look, and you can be saved, my friends, this very night. God has provided a remedy, and it is offered to all. The trouble is a great many people are looking at the pole. Don't look at the pole; that don't do any good; that is the church. You need not look at the church. The church is all right, but the church can't save you. Look beyond the pole. Look at the crucified One; look at Calvary. Bear in mind, sinner, that He died for all. Look in time, sinner, and be you saved if there is none else. If Christ opened the way, it is the way. What other name is there given whereby we can be saved? We don't want to look at Moses. Moses is all right in his place, but Moses can't save

you. You need not look to these ministers. They are just God's chosen instruments to hold up the serpent, to hold the remedy, to hold up Christ. And so, my friends, take your eyes off from men. Take your eyes off from the church, but lift them up to Jesus, who took away the sins of the world, and there will be life from this hour. Thank God, we don't need an education to know how to look. That little girl who can't read, that little boy four years old who can't read, can look. That little boy, when the father is coming home, the mother says, "Look! look! look!" and the little child learns to look long before he is a year old, and that is he way to be saved. It is look at the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world; and there is life to-night and this moment for every man that is willing to look. Not look at the church, not look at yourselves, but look at Christ. Some people say, "There is a man; what faith he has got; I wish I had his faith." You might as well say, "I wish I had his eyes." You don't need his faith. What you need is his Christ. You need not be wishing for his eyes; you have got eyes of your own.

Some men say, "I wish I knew just how to be saved." Just take God at His word, and trust His Son this very night and this very hour and this very moment. He will save you if you will trust Him. I imagine I hear some one saying, "I don't feel the bite as much as I wish I could. I know I'm a sinner and all that, but I don't feel the bite enough." How much do you want to feel it? How much does God want you to feel it? When I was in Belfast I knew a doctor who had a friend, a leading surgeon there, and he told me that the surgeon's custom was, before performing an operation, to say to the patient, "Take a good look at the wound, and then fix your eyes on me and don't take them off till I get through." I thought at the time that was a good illustration. Sinner, take a good look at the wound to-night, and then fix your eye on Christ and don't take it off. It is better to look at the remedy than at the wound. See what a poor wretched sinner you are, and then look at the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. He died for the ungodly and the sinner. Say "I'll take him;" and may God help you to lift your eye to the man on Calvary, and as the Israelites looked upon the serpent and were healed, so may you look and live to-night.

After the battle of Pittsburgh Landing and Murfreesboro I was in a hospital at Murfreesboro. And one night, after midnight, I was woke up and told that there was a man in one of

the wards who wanted to see me. I went to him, and he called me "chaplain"—I wasn't a chaplain,—and he said he wanted me to help him die. And I said, "I'd take you right up in my arms and carry you into the kingdom of God if I could, but I can't do it; I can't help you to die." And he said, "Who can?" I said, "The Lord Jesus Christ can. He came for that purpose." He shook his head and said, "He can't save me; I have sinned all my life." And I said, "But he came to save sinners." I thought of his mother in the North, and I knew that she was anxious that he should die right, and I thought I'd stay with him. I prayed two or three times, and repeated all the promises I could, and I knew that in a few hours he would be gone. I said I wanted to read him a conversation that Christ had with a man who was anxious about his soul. I turned to the 3d chapter of John. His eyes were riveted on me; and when I came to the 14th and 15th verses, my text to-night, he caught up the words, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life." He stopped me and said, "Is that there?" I said "Yes," and he asked me to read it again, and I did so. He leaned his elbows on the cot and clasped his hands together and said, "That's good; won't you read it again?" I read it the third time, and then went on with the rest of the chapter. When I finished his eyes were closed, his hands were folded, and there was a smile on his face. Oh, how it was lit up! What a change had come over it! I saw his lips quivering, and I leaned over him and heard, in a faint whisper, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life." He opened his eyes and said, "That's enough; don't read any more." He lingered a few hours, and then pillowed his head on those two verses, and then went up in one of Christ's chariots and took his seat in the kingdom of God. You may spurn God's remedy and perish, but I tell you God don't want you to perish. He says, "As I live I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" May God help you all to look unto him and be saved.

ELEVENTH EVENING.

WHAT IS CHRIST TO US?

I WANT to take for our subject to-night what Christ is to us, and when I get through, and any one of our friends says he is not convinced, it will not be because you don't want to be convinced, and will not have Him. He will be all that I make Him out to be, and a thousand times more. No man living could tell about His great love and great necessity to us in an hour; nay, he could not tell it in twenty-four hours. It is beyond time and beyond expression to tell what Christ is to us—that is, if he has believed on Him and been redeemed by Him. I remember speaking upon this subject some time ago in Europe, and when I got through and was going home, I said to a Scotch friend of mine who was in my company that I was very much disappointed; that I did not get through with the subject. He looked at me in astonishment and said, "My friend, what! did ye expect to tell what Christ is in half an hour? Ye need never expect to tell it in all eternity; ye would never get through with it." I have thought of it often since. Take eternity! Yes, I know it would.

Well, right here I want to ask you whether Christ is worth having? I imagine some of you will say that that is a strange question—a man to get up and ask that. Well, perhaps it is, but it does seem to me that a great many men do think that Christ is not worth having. If they did really want Him, let them take Him. He was God's greatest gift to the world. He is there for you and for me to partake of. Just let me ask that question again, Do you think that the Son of God is worth having? Oh, that God may open the eyes of every lost soul here to-night to see Christ here right in the midst of them. Oh, that you may worship Him in spirit and in truth, view Him as the chief among thousands, the One altogether lovely. Christ wants to be a Saviour to every one of us. In the 2d chapter of Luke and the 10th verse we read that a Saviour has been given us: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great

joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." And if we know He is our Lord and truth and wisdom and life, we must first know Him as our Saviour. You must first meet Him at Calvary—first see Him on the cross. There is no life in us except we come to Calvary—no life until we come to that mountain. Now, I don't want you to think I mean to ask you to trust in the form. Many, yea thousands, make that great mistake. We are not taking Him as a personal Saviour; we don't try to know Him as our own. That is a great mistake, and it is a common mistake. During the last few years I was not occupied with the person of Christ; it was more about the doctrine and about the form. But lately Christ is more to me personally. And it would be a great help to you to cultivate His acquaintance personally, and come to Him as the personal Saviour, and be able to take Him and look up to Him and say, "He is my Saviour." I don't know how many times I have heard men say during the past few weeks, "I would come to Him and love Him, but I don't think I could hold out." But I tell you, He is not only a Saviour but a deliverer. He can deliver us from the power of sin. He can deliver us from Satan. There is not a guilt, crime, trouble or trial but that if we go to the Son of God He is able to deliver us from it.

Bear in mind that we are the lawful captives of sin. If a man has committed a sin, Satan has a power over him and a claim upon him and holds him as his lawful prey. But saith the Lord, "Even the captives of the mighty shall be taken away." And He saith further that He will contend for thee and take thee from those that hold thee captive. Thanks be to God, we can go to Him with confidence, and have Him deliver us from the power of our besetting sin. If there be a man here who is the slave of strong drink, I bring him good news! God is able to deliver you from that which has gained the mastery over you. If there be a man here who is the slave of any passion, or any lust, I say unto him that the Son of God came into the world to destroy the works of the devil and deliver you from the power of Satan; and he wants to deliver not only you, but to deliver every soul, and you can, if you will, be saved this very minute. When He led the children of Israel out from Egypt and through the Red Sea, He saved them at once. So can every one be saved, no matter what church he belongs to, whether he belongs to the true Apostolic church or to any other church. The Son of God

can save in any church or in any denomination. Here is Dr. Tyng sitting here, and Dr. Armitage and Dr. Hall, and I ask them whether they do not believe that Dr. Tyng will say that his is the true Apostolic church, and Dr. Armitage will say his is, and Dr. Hall will say his is, and the Methodists say that John Wesley is the greatest man since Christ. But you can be saved in any church if you follow Him. "I am the way, the truth, and the life." The Son of God will be in the right church; he makes no mistake. He never leads his people into a wrong path. Christ is the way. He said unto Peter "follow me," and Peter did follow Him and found everlasting life. Who can lead people through the wilderness but the Lord Almighty? He created the wilderness, and he knows it better than any one else. He will take care that none of His children are lost. He will put before them the pillar of fire, and the cloud to shield them from the sun.

No man that follows in the footsteps of Christ can be in the wrong way. Christ says, "I am the way." Yes, but some people say that is the old way: I want something new. But I say unto you that the old way is the best and only way. The way, young man, that your sainted mother trod, is the right way. Don't you go in any other way. When men who don't believe in Christ come and say they have found a new way, don't believe them. Don't believe these infidels. They want to take the Bible from you. But what do they intend to give you in its place? They call to you to give up your Bible, but what can they do for you without that? They might offer you "Paine's Age of Reason!" What a book to put in the place of our beloved Bible! Why, even the infidels would not have it themselves. What consolation, what comfort, what joy, could be got from such a book as they would give to you? What pain would it assuage, what comfort would it bring to you? They say "We have grown wiser than the Bible, now; it is an old worn-out book. Why on the same principle they might complain of the sun, and yet what would they put in the place of its warmth, its genial influence, its life-giving power? Let them give up the sun, then, and try to supply the void with gas-light. The sun is thousands of years old, but gas is new; use gas then in place of the sun. Strike out all the windows of your houses, and have nothing to do with it. You might as well do that as to give up the Bible. Outgrown it! Why, there is no book to be compared with it. No other book will lift up the world. Try and bring up your children without the Bible and see what they will come to. Go into a

town and try to live without that good book. You would flee from it as they who left Sodom and Gomorrah. Have the infidels ever produced a Knox, Bunyan, or Milton? When a man goes into the wilderness to hunt, he takes a hatchet with him and cuts the bark off the trees—they call it "blazing"—and thus he can find his way out. So God has blazed the way along; He has gone up on high, and He says, "Follow me." Just come now and follow the Son of God, for there is life there.

But this means something more than that. He is the light upon our way. Now, I hear so many people complaining about the darkness, but there is no darkness in following Christ. I have seen a picture lately that I don't enjoy a great deal. It represents Christ knocking at the door with a lantern. What does the Son of God want of a lantern? Christ says, "I am the light of the world;" He doesn't need any lantern. Did you ever find a man or woman anywhere in Christendom that was following the Son of God that was in darkness? Did you ever, Dr. Armitage? Did you, Dr. Hall? Not only that—you never will. A man who is following Christ can't help but be in light, because He is the light of the world. Yes, and it carries us beyond the grave and beyond the judgment. We don't fear death. It can't be very dark, because Christ is there, and He will be in the way. Haven't you been at the bedside of a dying saint, and haven't you seen the light that streamed in there, and you thought you was just at the very portals of heaven? Do you know why it was light there? Why the curtain was lifted, and like Stephen they could look into the celestial city?

A great many people are looking for peace and are looking for joy, and they hear this minister and that minister and this person and that person speak about peace and joy. You just follow Christ and it will come of itself. When I was a little boy I used to try to catch my shadow, but I always failed. Many a time I might try to see if I could jump over my head; many a time I tried to see if I could not outrun it, but it always kept ahead of me. But I turned around and faced the sun, and, lo and behold, my shadow was coming after me. And so we want to look towards Christ, and peace and joy and happiness will come in turn. We don't want to turn our backs to the light, but keep our eyes upon Christ. Look unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; not look to see what neighbor Jones is doing, to see if we ain't better than he is. We will never get much peace in that way. What is the standard? Look up. Look up to night because there is dark

ness around us. We are not to look around us, but we are to keep looking up. Christ is the light of the world, and you know the world refused to have the light; they put it out. They took Him to Calvary and they put Him to death. Just before they put Him out He says, "Ye are the light of the world." What Christ has left us down here for is to shine. We are not put here to make money, but that we may shine out like Daniel in Babylon, and if man will let his light shine —it don't say make it shine—the light will shine out of our countenances, and the world will see there is a living reality in the religion of Jesus Christ.

I remember in the darkest hours in the history of our country, when it looked as if everything was going to pieces, I remember attending a prayer-meeting on Sunday night, and every one that spoke spoke on the dark side, and an old man, the light shining out of his eyes, and his beautiful white hair falling over his shoulders, said, "You don't talk like true sons of the King. It is all light up around the throne. If an unconverted man should come in here and listen to you he certainly wouldn't want to become a Christian." He said he had just come from the East, and he had heard one of his friends talk about a beautiful sunrise, and he made arrangements with the landlord to take him up on the summit to see the sunrise. So in the morning the guide aroused him and they started out. The guide went ahead and he followed. He said they had not been gone a great while when there came up a terrible thunder storm, and the old man said to the guide, "It will be no use to go up; we can't see the sunrise; the storm is fearful." "O, sir," said the guide, "I think we will get above the storm." They could see the lightning playing about them, and the great old mountain shook with the thunder, and it was very dark; but when they got up above the clouds all was light and clear. So if it is dark here, rise higher; it is light enough up around the throne. If I may rise up to the light, I have no business to be in darkness. Rise higher, higher, higher. It is the privilege of the child of God to walk on unclouded. Sinner, look up from this night and this hour. Now I don't know but there may be some infidel, some skeptic here. I heard of an infidel once who said, "Look at your convert; it is all moonshine." The young convert replied to him, "I thank you for the compliment. We are perfectly willing to be called that. The moon borrows the light from the sun, and so we borrow ours from Christ." And so bear in your minds, my friends, that we borrow our light from Christ.

In the 121st Psalm it is written, "Behold He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper." If he is our keeper, can anything hurt us? Keep this in your hearts, that Christ is able to save you; He is not only able to light you upon the way, but he is able to keep you from this night and from this hour, until He presents you before the throne without spot and without blemish. Don't tell me He doesn't have the power to keep you. He has. That is what Christ came into the world for, to keep sinners. Some men have an idea when they get converted that they have got to keep Christ and themselves too. It is all wrong. I remember one time my little girl was teasing her mother to get her a muff, and so one day her mother brought a muff home, and, although it was storming, she very naturally wanted to go out in order to try her new muff. So she tried to get me to go out with her. I went out with her, and I said, "Emma, better let me take your hand." She wanted to keep her hands in her muff, and so she refused to take my hand. Well, by and by she came to an icy place, her little feet slipped, and down she went. When I helped her up she said, "Papa, you may give me your little finger." "No, my daughter, just take my hand." "No, no, papa, give me your little finger." Well, I gave my finger to her, and for a little way she got along nicely, but pretty soon we came to another icy place, and again she fell. This time she hurt herself a little, and she said: "Papa, give me your hand," and I gave her my hand, and closed my fingers about her wrist, and held her up so that she could not fall. Just so God is our keeper. He is wiser than we. Run to your Elder Brother for aid. Is there a man here to whom a saloon is a temptation? Who can't go by a saloon without wanting to go in? Just let him throw himself upon the Lord. Say, "Lord Jesus, keep me."

There are thousands and millions around the throne of God to-night. Yes, God gave them grace, and overcame all things for them. Thank God, oh! thank God for that. When I was in England I had a great curiosity to visit the Zoological Gardens, because of a story I heard concerning them. There was a man who had a little dog which he had trained to run. So one day he made a bet about his dog's running, but when the time came for the race the little dog wouldn't run at all and the man lost all his money. This so enraged the man that he beat the dog terribly, and at last he tucked him into the lion's cage. He thought the lion would make quick work of him, but the lion lapped the dog and made a pet of him, so at last

the man wanted to get his dog back, and he called to him, and tried by every means to make the little dog come out of the cage, but he wouldn't come. So the man went and told a man about it, and the man told the keeper, and when the keeper came, the man said to him, "That's my dog in the cage there, and I want you to get him out for me." Then the keeper said, "How came the dog there?" And the man had to tell, and the keeper said, "If you want your dog you can take him out of the cage." He could not take him out, and there he stayed for twenty years. The only safety is to keep close to Christ. The Lion of the tribe of Judah conquered the lion of hell. Keep close to Christ. None shall pluck you out of His hand. It's no delusion! It has kept me for twenty years. If it's a delusion, it's a precious delusion.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Ah! what a Shepherd! The shepherd takes care of the sheep. Did you ever hear of the sheep taking care of the shepherd? Strive to get into the fold. The Lord is my Shepherd. Oh! what a good Shepherd! But I want to speak of another thing that the Lord is. He is a burden-bearer. I will not speak of His wisdom, righteousness, strength, power. It would take all eternity to tell all about God, but I will speak of Him as a bearer of burdens. There is not a poor, sin-weary mortal that may not at once cast his burden upon Christ. Cast all your burden upon the Lord. People sometimes pray to have their burdens taken from them, and then they will rise up and take their burdens on their shoulders and go away unrelieved. I like to think of Christ as the burden-bearer. A minister was moving his library up-stairs. His little boy wanted to help him, so he gave him the biggest book he could find, and the little fellow tugged at it till he got it about half way up, and then he sat down and cried. His father found him, and just took him in his arms, big book and all, and carried him up-stairs. So Christ will carry you and all your burdens.

TWELFTH EVENING.

"Where art thou?"—GEN., 3d chapter, part of the 9th verse.

I WANT to call your attention this evening to a verse in the 3d chapter of Genesis, a part of the 9th verse, "Where art thou?" the first question that God put to man after his fall. God, in respect to Adam, takes the position of the first seeker. Adam, after his fall, ought to have gone up and down throughout the earth crying, "Oh, my God, where art Thou?" But instead of that God takes the place of the first seeker, and for six thousand years this text has been rolling down through the ages. It is a question in my mind if Adam ever had a son or daughter that has not, at some period of his life, asked himself that question, "Where am I, who am I, and where am I going to?" And it seems to me one of the most solemn questions in the word of God. And now, before we go on with the sermon, won't you just ask yourselves that question, for to-night we want to get home to ourselves. We who belong to some church, and who at least maintain an outward profession while our hearts are far from God, like people who draw near to God with their lips whose hearts are afar off, let us ask ourselves honestly to-night, Are we hypocrites? Where am I? "Where art thou?" That is the question. Oh, that we might go home to-night and get back to ourselves and find out where we are, not in our own sight, not in the sight of our neighbor, but in the sight of God. It is of very little account where we are in the sight of our neighbor, but it is of vast importance where we are in the sight of God.

There are three classes of persons I want to speak to to-night. First, those that profess to be Christians. Let us ask ourselves, Where are we, and is it just a profession we have got—we who profess to be followers of Christ? Now, the question for us is, "Do we follow Him? Are we like Him?" Let our minds go back over the past week or month or year. Dear Christians, can you think of anything you have done for God? Can you point to any one that has been made

better by your living in the world? For I contend that we are either doing good or we are not, and we are either a great blessing or a great curse. There is no class of people that can do more injury to the cause of Christ than those who make profession and do nothing and are lukewarm. Is there any one who is living on a cold profession of Christ, and don't possess Him? The world stumbles over you. They think Christianity a "sell," a myth. I once heard a young man say, "Ho! Christianity is a 'sell,' a farce, and all Christians are hypocrites." "What," said one who overheard him, "do you believe all Christians are hypocrites?" "Yes, I do." "Your mother is a Christian, and you wouldn't call your mother a hypocrite, would you?" "Well," said the young man, "I won't call my mother a hypocrite, for that wouldn't be respectful, but I will say this, my mother don't believe what she professes. Do you think my mother really thinks I am lost, and won't talk with me personally and pray with me?" And I think the young man had the argument.

If there is any reality in the religion of Jesus Christ, let us show it out. Let us show it in our conversation, let us show it in our life, so that the world shall not say there is nothing in it. One honest praying mother does more for Christ than all the books that were ever written. "You are living epistles, read by all men." Talk about the false "isms" of the day! I don't fear them half as much as I do those Christians who do nothing but make professions. Lukewarmness is the worst "ism" you have got. Let us have that swept away, and then the Lord will work in His own people. I once read an account, in which I was much interested, of a father who took his little child out one Sabbath into the field, and while he lay down under a tree the little child was gathering little flowers and blades of grass, and in his childish language called them "pretty, pretty." The father fell asleep and the little child wandered away. When he awoke from his slumber the first thought that came to his mind was, "Where is my child?" He called at the top of his voice, but all he could hear was the echo of his own voice coming back to him. He ran up to the top of a hill and shouted again, but all he could hear was the echo of his own voice, and on going some distance to a precipice, he saw his own darling child at the bottom of the precipice, all covered with blood. He ran to the spot and found that life had left the body. He took up his little child in his arms and pressed it to his bosom, and began to accuse himself with being the murderer of his own child. Oh, what a picture

It is of slumbering Christians! Now, you mothers who have unconverted sons, who have sons maybe that are drunkards, and they are bringing your gray hairs down to an untimely grave, isn't it time for us to be up? Now there is no one that the child watches so much as it does a mother, and if the mother don't live up to what she professes, be sure the child will stumble over you. When they see those of you who don't live right, and those of you who don't manifest Christ, they will say, "Oh, it is all a fable, it is all a myth, it isn't real." Oh, how the eyes of the world are upon you! Oh, may God help you not only to profess Christ, but to possess him! Not long ago a mother was making all manner of sport over these meetings—not here, but in another city,—ridiculing the singing, ridiculing the preaching, and making all manner of sport about the inquiry meeting. I made inquiries about her family, and I found she had only one son and he was a drunkard. That mother professed to be a Christian. Wasn't it strange, that mother making light of just the very means, perhaps, that the Lord would have used to save her boy? And there are many others like her who profess to be Christians; they put it on just as a garb, or for a position in society. Oh, professed children of God, take the question home with you, Are you a Christian? not in the sight of man, not in the sight of your neighbor. Where art thou? Where am I? Oh, that the text might sink into every heart!

The next class of people I want to speak to are those that have once tasted the love of God and gone back to the world. O, how I pity the backslider! Are there many here to-day that have gone back clear into the world? Let your mind go back to those happy days when you once had a family altar, when the Almighty was with you. I pity the backslider because it is ruin to their children. Where are your children, backsliders, you that have left the Lord God of heaven? Had you a family altar? What did He do to you that made you leave it? Wasn't He good to you? Can you give a reason why you left Him? Did you leave Him without a cause? Jesus said the Jews hated him without a cause. And now let me say there is one peculiarity about backsliders; they are in a ditch, and you have to get out of it just where you got in. You left Him. Do you want to come back? Well, come right back to Him the way you left him. He will heal your backsliding. He will heal your broken heart, if you come back to him in penitence. I do not know any hymn better adapted to the backslider than that hymn, "The Ninety and Nine." Am I

speaking to any one who has wandered from the faith? Does the world make you happy? Have you found any such friend in the world as Christ was to you? My friends, to-day come back, come back now. You know that you left Him without a cause. You can give no reason for leaving Him, and why not just come back to Him to-day? Will He ever be more ready to receive you than now?

There was a father who had a prodigal son. His boy wandered away from him and went to San Francisco. He heard from the boy occasionally how he was going on from bad to worse. Everything he heard about the boy was bad. One day a friend of the father's was going to San Francisco, and the father said to him: "If you find my boy, I wish you would tell him that I love him as much as I ever did, and if he will come home he shan't have a word. But he shall have a warm welcome if he will return." One night past midnight the friend found the boy in one of the gambling dens of San Francisco. He spoke to him kindly, and put his hand upon his shoulder; he called him one side and said that he saw his father only a few months ago, and he gave him the message that his father sent. And the moment the boy heard that his father loved him, he trembled. "What, my father say that he loved me as well as he ever did?" "Yes, and he wants to have you come home." The poor boy's heart was crushed and broken. Yes, it was the love that that father had that broke that boy's heart. May the love of God break your heart, backslider, and bring you back to-night! He will receive you, and He will give you a warm welcome; yes, and there will be a shout around the throne.

The next class are those who are not Christians. Let me urge you not to look at the failings of Christians; that won't help you in the day of judgment. Each one must stand for themselves. There is no reason why you shouldn't come to Him to-day. Now, will you just ask the question now, "Where am I?" Are you like Adam hiding away from God? I never saw a sinner in my life that was not trying to hide away from God. You can be saved now, this evening if you will. Why are you without God, and as the Bible says without hope and without excuse? Will you ask yourselves where you are? I can't help looking upon life like a man going up a hill and then down, and the last two years I have been coming up. I am what they call a man in middle life. I have just now gone over the top of the hill. The allotted period of a man's life is threescore years and ten. Some never reach it, and here and

there there is one who has passed the limit and is living upon borrowed time. There may be some here who have just come up to the top of the hill. Let us look back over the path we have come up. What have you done during these years? How many times have you been invited and how many times have you said that you would become Christians? Have you kept your words? Look at that tombstone! it marks the resting-place of the loved mother. Didn't you promise your mother that you would become a Christian? At your mother's death-bed didn't you promise yourselves that you would become a Christian and didn't it bring you on your knees? And now, ten, fifteen, twenty years have rolled away on that grave and you are not any nearer seeking God. You are not so near. The sermon that moved you then will not touch you now. You are further and further from God every day and every month and every year, and further from answering this great question. Look again; there is a little, short grave; it marks the resting-place of a loved child. It nearly broke your heart strings. Then you said, I will commence to live for God. But the impression when you laid the little child in the grave has gone. Like the morning cloud it has passed away, and to-day you are without God and without hope. You have put off the question. Let me ask you again, Can you afford to put it off to-day?

Now you are at the top of the hill; many of you are going down the hill. It is an inch, and the eternal ages will roll on. Yes, look down at the foot of the hill towards the grave; there is the coffin; the shroud may be already woven, and in a little while we shall be gone. Death's hand will soon be upon the knob, and when his hand is on that door you cannot keep him out. You may fasten the door with bars and double chains, but it will be of no avail. He will lay his hand upon you, and after you have left the body, where will your soul be? What will you do in the swelling Jordan without Christ? Here you are surrounded by a praying circle of friends, here hearts plead for your salvation. Think of being in this beautiful hall this beautiful Sunday evening, and surrounded by a praying circle. Perhaps at no period in your lives were there so many praying for you. In an instant of time you may be snatched from this praying circle, cast into outer darkness and surrounded by fiends in hell. "Where art thou?" In this hall to-night there are hundreds of praying friends about you. Now won't you be saved? Won't you come right out? Do you love God? Won't you come to a loving Creator and ask Him to give you a new

heart? That is what He wants to do; He don't want any to perish, but He wants all to be saved.

I heard a few years ago of a scene that took place in London. A French nobleman went to consult Dr. Forbes Winslow. He felt he was going to lose his reason. Dr. Winslow wanted to find out what had brought this young man into this terrible state of mind. The young nobleman said he didn't know of anything in particular. "Have you lost any friends?" said the doctor. No, he didn't know as he had lost any friends. "Any property?" No, he didn't know as there was anything of that kind troubling him. "But," said the doctor, "there is something driving you into this state of mind." At last the young man confessed that he was an infidel, and said he: "My father was an infidel and my grandfather was an infidel, but, sir, for the last two years, this question has haunted me day and night, 'Eternity, and where shall I spend it?'" "Well," says the doctor, "I can't help you; you have come to the wrong physician." Says the young man, "Is there no help for me? Have I got to be troubled with this forever? I cannot sleep more than an hour or two at night; I cannot rest; the question comes home to me, 'Eternity, and where shall I spend it?'" The doctor took him to the 53d chapter of Isaiah, and read that whole chapter through. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities." "Well," said the young man, "do you really believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and voluntarily gave up His life and came down into this world, and suffered and died, that we might live?" "Yes," said the doctor, "that is just what I believe. I was at one time an infidel myself. Settle that, and that question won't trouble you any more." And the light of eternity at last broke on this man, and he went back to Paris, and, just before Dr. Forbes Winslow died, he said that that nobleman had corresponded with him ever since like a Christian, and often mentioned where he settled the question where he would spend eternity. Going along the street the other day I heard one say, "It will make no difference a hundred years hence." Will it? Will it? Where will you be a hundred years hence? Where art thou? O, my friends, where are you? If your life is hid with God in Christ Satan can't get at it. I can now shout over death, and over the grave, and if you can do that all will be well. Now, my friends, if you can't say that, I hope you will have no rest. I hope sleep will depart from you, and you will have no peace until you confess Christ. It is glorious to look up and say, "Heaven is my home, God is my father,

and Jesus Christ is my advocate, my Saviour, and my Redeemer, I have a right to eternal life." My friends, to-night will you have Christ, to-night will you accept Him and be saved?

I heard a man say after the battle of Perryville, that when his brother enlisted he and his brother had never been separated. One night his brother came home and told him he had enlisted. Thereupon he enlisted in the same company, and they went into a number of battles together and fought shoulder to shoulder, and when the battle of Perryville came on a Minie ball passed through the lungs of his brother. The survivor pillowed his brother's dying head, and then bent over him and kissed him, and as he was going away—the battle was raging and he could not stay there—the dying brother said, "Charlie, come back here." And when he went back he kissed him upon the lips and said, "Take that home to mother, and tell her I died praying for her." The other brother had to leave him, and as he was going away, he heard him say, "This is glorious." There he was dying. Said he, "I could hear his dying groan, and I went back to him and said, what is glorious?" "It is glorious to die looking up," said he. It didn't seem like death at all. It is glorious to die looking up. O where art thou to-night? Running away from God? May God bring you from your hiding-place. May you be saved this day and this hour, is the prayer I believe of the thousands of Christian women here to-night.

THIRTEENTH EVENING.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." ST. LUKE, 19th chapter, 10th verse.

YOU will find my text this evening in the 19th chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke and the 10th verse: "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." In this little short verse the whole mission of Christ is told out. He came for a purpose, he came to do a work, and we get the information of what he came to do in this verse. He came to save sinners, to save the lost. If you will look in your Bibles carefully you will find that every man that got sent before Christ had a work to do, and he always succeeded; and do you think that God will send His Son to do work on earth and not give Him power and strength to do that work? He sent His Son here to save sinners, and He did give Him the power to accomplish that work. Do you think that Christ, who voluntarily came into the world to save sinners, is not willing to receive all that come to Him—not willing to save them? Now let us take up this verse and look at it on every side, and look around it, and see how it was that he uttered these words. In the last part of the 18th chapter, that I read this evening, we find Christ coming near to the city of Jericho. A man who had come down to Jerusalem had met a poor blind beggar sitting by the wayside. The beggar had probably asked him for something—some money. But the stranger said to him, "I have got something more precious than silver or gold; you may get back your sight." "Oh," says Bartimeus, "that cannot be; there is no chance for me. I have not got eyeballs even. I was born blind; never saw the mother that gave me birth; never saw the wife that leaned on my breast; never saw my offspring; never saw my friends or neighbors or the light of heaven." "But," says the stranger, "it is yet true, for I have come down from Jerusalem, and I saw there a man who had been born blind, just as bad as you are now, and he received his sight." "Received

DAVID MOURNING FOR ABSALOM.

his sight?" said the beggar. "Oh, tell me how it was; tell me all about it." And the man went on and told him how Christ had given the man sight. He told him that he had seen Christ stoop down on the earth, spit upon it and make some mud of the clay, and put the mixture on the eyes of the man, and, behold! the man received his sight. Why, if a man has the best eyes in the world, to make a mixture like that and put it in his eyes! But God's ways are not like our ways. He does not work as we think He would work. But the man went on and assured Bartimeus that the man, after this operation, had actually received as good sight as ever he had. And the man proceeded, and further told the beggar that he had something more to say, and that was it did not cost the man anything. Oh, what a physician that was! We never had such a physician, and never will have. Just think that a man restores your sight and never charges you anything for it! It was never heard of before that a man should receive this great blessing and not receive it without paying money or doing anything to secure this great mercy. You have not got to send a deputation to this great Prophet, to give Him money, or to use influence with Him, or to plead with Him. All you have to do is to ask Him, and you will get your petition. After this information, which Bartimeus received with the greatest astonishment, he replied: "Oh, if He only comes this way, I will ask Him, and I will present my petition to Him."

And so it is, my Christian friends, with Christ to-day. Ask Him what you want, and ye have God's own word that ye shall receive it. Did you ever see a man that went to God and asked Him properly and for a proper thing that he didn't get it? Ask the Lord always, and He is always ready to give. And I can imagine the joy with which Bartimeus received these glad tidings. In what a forlorn and desperate condition had Bartimeus been! You can see him being led out by one of his children along the streets from day to day, or by a faithful dog, to ask alms from his fellows as they passed by. "Give," he would say, "a poor blind beggar a farthing. I have been blind these many years; I am destitute; help me." He had sat in the same place before, and he received his usual pittance. But now there is going to happen a great thing. He is in his accustomed place; he hears the footsteps of a crowd approaching, and he asks, "What does it mean? Who is that coming?" And they tell him that it is Jesus of Nazareth who is passing by. I can imagine the thrill that pervades the poor man. Here is Jesus of whom he has heard; here is his great

chance, his golden opportunity. This is his time, and he cries out with a loud voice, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me."

Perhaps it was Peter that turned round upon him and told him to hush. He thought that Jesus was going to be crowned king of the Jews as soon as he reached the city, and he did not think it became any one to disturb Him. Or, perhaps it was John, who did not understand the cry. But he still kept on; they told him to be still in vain. "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me!" And our Lord looked that way. He never hears a man cry unto Him in vain. And Jesus stopped and commanded the man to be brought unto Him. I can just picture that scene when they came running up to the poor blind man. "The man has sent for you," they say. Yes, God never sends for any one yet, but that He has a blessing in store for him. They take him by the hand and lead him to Jesus. The Lord asked what could He do for him, and Bartimeus replied, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." And the heart of the Son of God was moved with compassion, and He said to him that he should receive his sight, and immediately the man saw, and the first object he saw on getting the light was the Son of God Himself. Then he goes among the crowd, and no one shouts louder than Bartimeus. He shouts glory to God in the highest and he presses on after Christ on his way to the city. You can all take in the joy of that moment that had arrived to this poor man. When he gets to the city he leaves the crowd, and says he will just step around and see his wife. He had never seen her before, and wanted to find out what sort of a wife he had. He also wanted to see his children. Well, as he goes on his way, a man meets him and looks at him in astonishment. "What, who is this? Is your name Bartimeus?" "Yes," says Bartimeus, "it is me." "Why," says his fellow-citizen, "how's this? I thought you were blind. "Yes," says Bartimeus, "I was blind, but I just met Jesus, outside the city, and He has given me my sight."

Another man also heard of Jesus, and another convert was made—Zaccheus. And just here I want to put this picture before the minds of those who don't believe in sudden conversions. This Zaccheus had gone up among the branches and the leaves of a sycamore tree, but as Jesus passed under, He saw the man, and said at once to him, "Zaccheus, come down," and the eye and the voice of the Son of God flashed life into the soul of Zaccheus. He told Zaccheus that that was the last time he should pass that way; and, sinner, when

God calls upon you it may be the last time you will ever hear His voice. But Zaccheus heard the voice and obeyed it, and he was not scared into obeying it either. Some persons at the present day would rather be scared into the Kingdom of Heaven than any other way. But that is not the way that Jesus did.

Some of these professed Christians talk against sudden conversions; but how long did it take the Lord to convert Zaccheus? He must have been converted getting down. It was right in the air, between the branches and the ground. You see those people who say, "I don't believe these are genuine conversions." Ah, I wish we could have a few more conversions like Zaccheus. Zaccheus gave one-half of his goods to the poor. Do you think you could make a poor man in Jericho believe that conversion not genuine? If we could have a few more conversions like that here, do you think you could make the poor people in New York believe that that conversion wasn't genuine? I don't believe there was a poor man in Jericho that didn't believe in Zaccheus' conversion. Yes, why can't we have some Zaccheus converted in New York city? I tell you if men are converted like Zaccheus, the people wouldn't be talking against conversions then. Zaccheus gave half his goods to the poor. Zaccheus did more than that; he said, "If I have taken anything from any man falsely, I will restore him fourfold." It made a great stir in Jericho. The people said, "There is a true disciple." It was like a flashing meteor; and how sudden it was. You must remember one thing; if you don't give half your goods to the poor, you must make restitution. If you have lied about a man, if you have slandered a man, if you have abused a man, go and tell him you have done him an injustice; go and make a restitution. I felt much encouraged last night; a man came into the inquiry room and said, "Mr. Moody, I want you to forgive me." "Why," said I, "I have got nothing to forgive you for; I never met you before." "Well," said the man, "I have been abusing you for about a year. I was here last night and I got converted, and I want to ask your forgiveness." He had been abusing me, and slandering me, and had been talking about something he didn't know anything about. There was a man in Brooklyn who said about restitution: "There is a shoemaker's bill I have been owing, and I have owed it for nine years." So he went around the next day and paid it. The shoemaker said, "Well, I believe in those kind of meetings now." He didn't believe in them before. What

we want is to have men become disciples of Jesus Christ. I may be speaking to some clerk to-night who has taken money from his employer falsely. It may be that he has covered up his track, and no one knows it but the all-seeing eye of God. But you can't look up, and you can't have the sympathies of God, and you can't be converted unless you make restitution. It may be that you have squandered the money and can't make restitution; but go right to that man you have injured and confess it. There was a man who had robbed his employer of $500, and the Spirit of God aroused him, and he went to one of our ministers and told the story. He wanted to become a Christian, but there was the $500 right in his mind all the while. "Well," said the minister, "your path is very clear; you must pay back the money." "But," said the man, "I can't pay it back." "Then," said the minister, "you must go back to your employer and confess it." But the man said, "My employer is a hard-hearted man, and if I confess it he will put me in prison." And the man couldn't do it, he thought. "Well," said the minister, "I will go and see your employer." And he went into the office of the man and told the story. "Now," said the minister, "I have reason to believe that that man has been converted of his sin. I believe if you will forgive it, and if you give him a chance, you may save the soul of the man, and he will work and pay back the money." The man said, "He shall never hear a word from me," and the result is that the clerk has now become a joyful Christian. And so if you want to become followers of the Lord Jesus Christ you must make restitution. Zaccheus made restitution. He went into his office and made out a check for neighbor so and so, and for neighbor so and so, for £100 or $100, and then sent his clerk around and offered and urged these different men to take this money: and do you think these men that had been robbed thought his conversion wasn't genuine? He paid back not only what he had taken, but he restored them fourfold. Do you think that those men didn't have confidence in Zaccheus? There wasn't a man in all Jericho that didn't believe in his conversion. I can imagine a man saying, "Your master didn't owe me anything." But the clerk answers, "My master told me to tell you he had taxed you too much." What a smile came over his face. "What has come over this man? There was a time when he was unreasonable. He is giving money to the poor, and he is making restitution; that is a genuine conversion!" That

is an evidence of a man who had the Son of God. That is an evidence of the Son of God breathing life into a man's soul.

If we could only get the confession of a man that he is lost, it wouldn't be long before he would be saved. If a man ain't lost what does he need of a Saviour? But oh, how refreshing it is to find one who will admit that he is lost! If you will admit that you are a sinner, I can tell you there's One mighty to save—One who came to save sinners. I was invited to preach in the Tombs a few years ago. I supposed there was a chapel, as there are in most of our prisons, in which the prisoners would be gathered for me to talk to them. But I found they were in their cells, and I had to speak to them there. There were two tiers of cells above me, one below, and one on a level with me. There were three or four hundred prisoners, but I couldn't see a face; it seemed as if I was talking to a wall or to the air. And when I got through I thought I'd like to see who and what I had been talking to. When I looked in the first cell, I saw the prisoners playing cards, and I said, "How is it with you?" And they hesitated, and then said there had been false witnesses in the case, and they ought not to be there. In the second cell, when I spoke to them, they said, "Well, we'll tell you, chaplain, we got into bad company, and those that were with us got away and we got caught. We hadn't done anything wrong." And the prisoner in the next cell had an excuse: "The man that did it looked just like me, but they took me for him, although I am innocent." And in the next cell they said they hadn't had their trial yet, but by next Sunday they would be out. So I went from cell to cell, and I never found so many innocent men in one day in my life. The only guilty ones, they said, were the officers who put them there. So you say to-night, "I'm not lost, but the man in the seat next behind me is." You are drawing the rages of self-righteousness around you, and think you are not bad. But God says, "He that breaks the least of the commandments is guilty of all." If you were taken away what would become of your soul? Every soul that is not born of God shall be lost for time and eternity. Don't let the infidels make you believe you are all right. Well, I went on through the cells, and at last in one I saw a man sitting with his head resting on his hands, and I could see tears falling from his eyes. How refreshing it was to see that! I asked him what his trouble was. He said, "My sins are greater than I can bear." And I said, "Thank God for that."

And he says, "Thank God for that? Ain't you the man that's been preaching to us?" "Yes," I said, "I'm your friend, and I am glad you feel your sins." "Well," he says, "you are a queer friend." And I said, "If your sins are more than you can bear you can cast them on One who is able to bear them. I've been hunting for you for a long time. "What," he says, "hunting for me?" And I said, "You are lost, and I am glad I have found one man who will admit that he is lost." And I preached Christ to him. I told him of Him who came to seek and save the lost, who came to open the prison doors and set the captive free, who gives life and light and peace and joy. I must have talked to him for half an hour, and then I said I would pray with him. So we knelt down, I on the outside and he on the inside. And after I had prayed I said, "Now, you pray." And he said it would be blasphemy for him to pray. But I told him that the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed from all sin, and he bowed his head down to the floor, and could only say, without so much as lifting his eyes towards heaven, "God be merciful to me, a poor miserable wretch." No man ever sends up such a cry that God doesn't hear him. And I put my hand through the little window and I felt a tear drop on it, and I said, "I'll be praying for you to-night between nine and ten o'clock at the hotel, and I want you to meet me at the throne of grace." That night it seemed as if the Spirit of God came upon me. I went to see him the next morning, and the moment my eyes rested on him I saw a great change. Remorse and despair were gone, and the light from yon world had come upon him. He seemed to me to be the happiest man in New York. He said, "I thought I could never again bear to see my old friends, but God came and set my soul free. I think it was about midnight. I cried and He heard me, and I am happy."

Do you see why Christ came to that one captive? It was because he took his place among lost sinners. Oh, sinner, cry, "Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me!" Take your place among the lost. Let the cry go up from every soul, "Be merciful to me a sinner." Don't you want to be saved? Won't all the Christians unite in the prayer that God would save every lost soul? I want to say a word to the lost, and I mean all the sinners who have not been converted. While the Christians pray, close your eyes and lift up your hearts to God, and ask Him to have mercy. These are solemn days. I never felt more power than in the meeting last night. God is near us, and His Spirit is here to-night. He is answering

the prayers of the Christians of New York. I believe the answer is come, and God is moving mightily in this city. Young men and young women, don't laugh at your praying friends who are anxious for your soul. If you have friends who pray and weep for you, treat them kindly. They are worth more to you than is the world. Go home and tell your anxious mother that you are saved, and make her heart glad that her God has become yours.

FOURTEENTH EVENING.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—ST. LUKE, 19th chap., 10th verse.

YOU that were here last night will remember that I preached from the 19th chapter of Luke, the 10th verse: "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." I did not get through with that text last night. I don't know as I ever will as long as I am on earth. I want to speak to-night from the same text, and I want to ask the audience to ask themselves this question—I would like to have every one of you ask yourselves the question, "Am I saved, or am I lost?" For certainly you must be either saved or lost. Now I am not asking you if you belong to some church or if you read your Bible, or if you pray, but are you saved? It strikes me that it is a question that ought to interest every one, and every one here ought to be able to answer the question. Present salvation is the only salvation worth having. The idea that you may be saved at some future time is not worth having, because we may be disciplined; we may be taken away with a stroke; we may be ushered into eternity before to-morrow morning, and what we want is present salvation, and to be able to say that "I am saved." There are some people who say that it is presumption for a man to say that he is saved. It is great presumption for a man not to say that, if he has reason to believe that he is saved. Job says, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." John says, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we have the brethren." Peter says: "Christ, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again to an inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time." There is a salutary touch about that. Paul says: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with

hands, eternal in the heavens." It is the privilege of every child of God to know that he is saved, and of evrey man and woman that is not saved. God will teach you to-night, if you are willing to confess that you are lost, if you will let Him be your teacher. Let us not deceive ourselves. Now, just ask yourselves the question, "Am I saved or am I lost?" And it is the lost ones that I want to speak to to-night, because it was the lost ones that Christ came to save. He came to call sinners, not the righteous. He came to seek and to save that which was lost. He came for no other purpose—only to save sinners. I met a person not long ago who said he was lost because he had committed so many sins that God didn't have any love for him, that God didn't care for him any more. Now I may be speaking to some to-night that think they are so far from God that God hasn't any love for them, that he don't care for them. Now let me say that instead of proving that you are not lost, you want to confess that you are a sinner. Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost. Christ came to save the ungodly. Then make out yourself ungodly. If I want to buy a piece of land, I can't get too good a title for the land. The best title you can have to salvation is to find out that you are lost. It was Adam's fall that brought out God's love. God never told Adam when He put him in Eden, that He loved him. It was after he was lost. It was that very thing that brought out the love of God.

There was an Englishman in Chicago, the winter before the fire, who was much impressed with the sudden growth of the city. He went back to Manchester, where he told the people about the city only forty years old, with all its fine buildings, its colleges, its churches. It was, he thought, a most wonderful city. But no one seemed to take any interest in Chicago. "But," he says, "one day the news came flashing over the wires that Chicago was on fire. The moment the people heard about the Chicago fire, they became suddenly interested about Chicago. Then every man that he had tried to tell about Chicago became suddenly interested, and they couldn't hear too much." The news came flashing over the wires that half the city was burnt. "Well," he said, "there were men there that couldn't help but weep." At last the news came that 100,000 people were burned out of their houses, and were in danger of starvation, unless immediate help was sent. Then these men came forward and gave their thousands. It was the calamity of Chicago that brought out the love and pity of those men. In Chicago, men went to bed on Sunday

night, millionnaires, and Monday morning all was swept away. I didn't see a man shed a tear over the loss of his property. At last the news came flashing over the wires that help was coming—that a delegation was coming from New York that was bringing clothing, and food, and money, and I saw men weep like little children, then. It was that that touched the heart of Chicago. I never loved America so much in my life. I loved the whole world. We couldn't help but love others, because they loved us.

And so it was the calamity of Adam that brought out God's love. A man said to me he wanted to be saved, but said he couldn't be saved until God sought him. I said to him, "My friend, how old are you?" He was thirty years old, he said. I looked at him; "And did God never seek you?" "No, sir," he said, "I am anxious, but I cannot be saved unless God seeks me." Do you believe there is a man in the city of New York that has lived thirty years that Christ hasn't sought? Is there a man within the hearing of my voice that Christ never sought after? That boy sitting there—do you suppose Christ never sought him? That young lady who is laughing—do you suppose Christ never sought her? That old man, there—do you think Christ never sought him? Do you tell me that there is a man in this hall whom Christ never sought? No; that man isn't here. Not only that, but He has been seeking you ever since you were born. You never hear a Gospel sermon but that the Son of God is seeking for your soul in that sermon. You never hear the Gospel preached in any part of the world but that the Son of God is seeking for you through that Gospel invitation. Did no man ever hand you a tract walking up the street? That was the Son of God seeking you through that tract. Who was seeking you? Certainly not Satan. Satan might put it in your heart to profess religion, but he didn't put it into the heart of a man to circulate tracts. It takes grace to do that. Did you never have a stranger come up to you and talk to you kindly, and plead with you to become a Christian? That was the Son of God. He put it into his heart to do that. Was that Satan's work? O, my friends, it was the Son of God seeking for your soul through that man. Haven't you had some godly minister talk with you, and didn't some of his spirit come over you that made you tremble at the thought of death and the judgment? Haven't you felt an unusual power in the meeting, drawing you away from the world? That was the Son of God seeking you through that minister, or through that

sermon, or through that tract. When we were in Brooklyn, I found a man in the inquiry room that was greatly troubled about his soul. He told me he had had a godly, sainted mother; that she had died, and he had her picture put upon the wall, but he had been living such a miserable life he had to turn the face of that picture toward the wall; that mother's prayer haunted him so he could not sleep. That was the Son of God seeking for that young man through the picture on the wall. Don't go into this hall and say that Christ never sought for your soul. Don't go into that terrible delusion that you are to wait for some more favorable season. From childhood and through all these years He has been seeking for your lost soul. I wish I could make that real to you to-night.

Oh, if you understood what a lost soul was; what it cost God to redeem them, and what it means that Christ should leave the throne of heaven and come down to this world. He passed by others, He passed by the Pharisees, He passed by the assembly in the temple, He came clear down into the manger, He did not take up the rich and the powerful, but the lowly and the humble to heaven. He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor. O, if we could only see lost souls as Christ saw them, we would not be consulting our ease. We would hear and see the salvation of the Son of God and strive after heaven. If you could realize the reward of a saved soul and the punishment of a soul that has rejected the Saviour you would say that your soul was worth being saved. Yes, my friends, Christ knew what a lost soul meant, and that is what brought Him down from heaven. If there are any who are not awake to this great question, I want them to wake up now, or you will be lost! Lost! Do you know what it means? Do you know what it means to be without hope and without God in the world? The other evening as I was going home, I heard a man running up behind me. I turned and was accosted by one who said: "Sir, I just passed two ladies, and I heard one of them say, 'That is Mr. Moody.' Are you Mr. Moody?" I told him I was. He then said, "I want you to pray for me, Mr. Moody. I want you to intercede with Christ for my lost and sinful soul. I am without God and without hope in this world." Thank God, that was a man who had been woke up. He realized he was lost. I hope that there will be ten thousand people in the city of New York who will wake up too. There will be help for them when they wake up to the fact that their souls are lost—that they are in the

world without God and without hope. Satan goes around among you and among all the people in this city—yes, in all the world—telling them that they are not lost. Many men are under the power of the devil and don't believe they are lost. Do you think that Christ would have come into the world if man had not been lost? Do you think that He would have suffered a cruel death on the cross if man could have been saved any other way? What does the cross mean? What does the old story of Bartimeus mean, unless it is to save us from that terrible hell? Lost! Oh, that that word would ring through the hall and sink down into the soul of every man who is without God and without hope in the world. Lost! We know what it means to lose our property. I came across a friend the other day, who from being rich a few months ago had lost all. Of course, I sympathized with him, and we all sympathize with those we know where they have lost their all. But what is the loss of property in comparison with the loss of our soul? We mourn with them that lose their health; but what is the loss of health to the loss of our soul? If I know my own mind, I would rather lose my health and hasten down to the grave within thirty days, saving my soul, than to live on and lose it. We mourn with them that lose their reputation, their position in society; but what is that in comparison with Satan's leading them away, and, being overtaken by their sins, losing their souls? We know of those who by calamity have been deprived of their families, who have lost their beautiful homes, who have been cast into prison, and suffered innocently; we mourn with them and sympathize with them. But in this case their afflictions are only for a day, and they may become heirs of the kingdom.

Think of a man, though, that has suffered all these things and then lost his very soul into the bargain. I was in the eye infirmary the other day—and that reminds me. Last evening, when I was speaking of Bartimeus I saw right in front of me here a man overcome with great excitement and emotion; he started and jumped up like a fish jumps up after a fly. I could not understand it then, but now I hear that the poor man was blind himself. Oh, if that man is in the hall to-night, I pray God to bless him. He has found that he has a soul to save, and I ask all Christian people here to-night to pray for him. God bless him. But, as I was saying, I was in the eye infirmary the other day, when a woman came in with a beautiful babe. I was there talking to the doctor about a boy in the Sabbath-school. The woman said to the doctor: "Doctor, my

child has not had its eyes open for a few days, and I have come to see if there can't be something done for him. I did not like to open them, for it seemed to hurt him." The doctor, thereupon, pulled down the eyelids of the child, and the child gave a loud scream of pain. But he went on and made an examination, and then, turning to the poor woman, said: "Your child is blind of that eye." He then opened the other and said: 'Yes, and this one too; your child will never see again." And it seemed to burst upon the poor woman so suddenly and so unexpectedly, that she screamed out at the top of her voice: "Oh, will my darling child never see me again? Oh, my darling child! oh, my darling child!" She pressed the child to her bosom, and I had to weep too. Don't you sympathize with that poor mother? Don't you suppose I sympathize with her? Yes; but if I know my heart, I would rather lose my sight—have my eyes dug out as Samson's were—than to lose my soul. What is sight to the soul? Yes, I would a thousand times rather lose my sight on earth and see God in heaven than have my sight here and darkness beyond the grave.

A friend of mine in Chicago took his Sabbath-school out on an excursion on the cars once. A little boy was allowed to sit on the platform of the car, when by some mischance he fell, and the whole train passed over him. They had to go on a half a mile before they could stop. They went back to him and found that the poor little fellow had been cut and mangled all to pieces. Two of the teachers went back with the remains to Chicago. Then came the terrible task of telling the parents about it. When they got to the house they dared not go in. They were waiting there for five minutes before any one had had the courage to tell the story. But at last they ventured in. They found the family at dinner. The father was called out—they thought they would tell the father first. He came out with the napkin in his hand. My friend said to him: "I have got very bad news to tell you. Your little Jimmy has got run over by the cars." The poor man turned deathly pale and rushed into the room crying out "Dead, dead." The mother sprang to her feet and came out to the sitting-room where the teachers were. When she heard the sad story she fainted dead away at their feet. "Moody," said my friend, "I wouldn't be the messenger of such tidings again if you gave me the whole of Chicago. I never suffered so much." I have got a son, dearer to me than my life, and yet I would rather have a team a mile long run over him than that he should die without God and without hope. What is the loss of a child to the loss of a soul?

Oh, let us be wise for eternity; let us seek the kingdom of God now; let us give to the Lord our hearts. The Son of God came to seek and to save that which was lost. Will you take your place among the lost, or will you seek the kingdom of God? If you seek the kingdom of God, you have the word of the Son of God that you shall find it. Do you not want to be saved now? Do you not want to be brought out from the curse of the lost? Do you not want to escape the damnation of hell? The Lord Jesus is here to seek and to save. Will you let him save you now? You remember when the Atlantic went down off the coast of Newfoundland, there was a young man on board, a business man just coming home. About 500 men, women, and children, if you recollect, went down on that awful day to a watery grave. Well, there came a despatch from some one of the wreck to his friends saying that he was gone. It plunged the whole family into mourning. His partner in Detroit closed the store and put crape upon the door. But after a few hours there came another despatch flashing over the wires—"Saved," with his own name signed to it. That partner was so gratified that he had the despatch framed and hung up in the office. When any one goes into that store to-day, he can see the word "saved." Oh, young man, go home and tell your mother, and tell your friends, that you are saved. Tell them that Jesus had taken compassion upon you. He will save you if you will let Him. A story is told of Rowland Hill, the great preacher. Lady Ann Erskine was passing by in her carriage, and she asked her coachman who that was that was drawing such a large assembly. He replied that it was Rowland Hill. "I have heard a good deal about him," she said; "drive up near the crowd." Mr. Hill soon saw her, and saw that she belonged to the aristocracy. He all at once stopped in the midst of his discourse and said: "My friends, I have something for sale." This astonished his hearers. "Yes, I have something for sale; it is the soul of Lady Ann Erskine. Is there any one here that will bid for her soul? Ah, do I hear a bid? Who bid? Satan bids. Satan, what will you give for her soul? 'I will give riches, honor, and pleasure.' But stop. Do I hear another bid? Yes, Jesus Christ bids. Jesus, what will you give for her soul? 'I will give eternal life.' Lady Ann Erskine, you have heard the two bids—which will you take?" And Lady Ann fell down on her knees and cried out, "I will have Jesus." The devil lies to you when he promises, but Christ always keeps His word.

O, sinner, let the question be settled now for time and eternity,

and there'll be a shout to-night around the throne. What would the world be without Jesus? He is knocking at your heart to-night. I knew a mother who had a little boy that was dying, and he looked out of the window and said he saw dark mountains over there. The mother told him she did not see them, but he continued to see them, and said he must cross them, and asked his mother if she wouldn't take him in her arms and carry him over. So the time will come to you, O sinner. That mother prayed for her boy, that he might see Jesus coming to carry him over the mountains. Then Eddie said, "Don't you hear the angels, mother? O take me!" But she told him that Jesus would take him, and the little fellow prayed, and then opened his eyes and said, "Good-by, mother; Jesus has come." O, sinner, Jesus will carry you to the kingdom of God if you will only let Him. "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

FIFTEENTH EVENING.

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found call ye upon Him while He is near."—ISAIAH, 55th chap., 6th verse.

YOU will find my text this evening in that 55th chapter of Isaiah, in the 6th verse: "Seek the Lord while He may be found, and call ye upon Him while He is near." You that have been here for the last two nights will remember that I have been speaking from the text: "For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." I have been talking about God—as to how God is seeking for the sinner. To-night I want to turn the question and talk of man's state. Under this text we have got to-night, man is told to seek the Lord. "Seek the Lord while He may be found, and call ye upon Him while He is near." Now, I have learned this during the past few years, in dealing with men, that there isn't much hope of being saved until they seek the Lord with all their heart. One reason that men do not find the Lord is that they don't seek for Him with all their heart. Very often you meet people who say, "Well, I don't know as I have any objections to be saved." Well, I don't know as I ever knew of any one that found Christ that had that spirit. You have got to have something beyond that. I said to a man some time ago, that I could tell him the day he was going to be converted. I said to him, "I can tell you when you will be converted, although I ain't a prophet, and although I don't pretend to be a prophet." "Well," said he, "I would like to have you tell me that, for I would like to know, myself." "Well," I said, "you shall find Him when you seek for Him, and search for Him with all your heart." In the 29th chapter of Jeremiah, and the 13th verse, it says: "And ye shall seek Me and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart." I wish men would seek for Christ as they seek for wealth. I wish men would seek for Christ as they seek for position in this world. Man prepares his feast, and there is a great rush to see who will get there first. God pre-

pares his feast and the excuses come in, "I pray thee have me excused." Supposing I should state that last night a man came into this place and lost a very valuable present; something he valued a great deal more than the value of the present, because it was the gift of his dying mother. Suppose he should send up a note to me, saying, "Mr. Moody, I lost last night a very valuable diamond, and I am willing to give any one that can find that diamond, $20,000." I am sure there would be a great search. How many do you suppose would be seeking for that diamond? I would not give much for my sermon to-night. A man might say, "I am poor, and if I could find that diamond, wouldn't that take me out of poverty and out of want?" You wouldn't wait until I got through my sermon, but you would be looking down at your feet, and under the benches. My friend, isn't the salvation of your soul worth more than all the diamonds that the world has seen? Isn't it worth more than the whole world itself, and isn't it the best thing you can do to-night to seek the Lord? Not only that, but it is a command to seek the Lord while He may be found, and call ye upon Him while He is near. It is just as much a command for you to seek the Lord as it is that you shan't swear. It is just as much a command, as it is that you shan't steal. It is a command. There are a great many commandments. Some people have got an idea that there are only ten commandments in the Bible. There are thousands of them, and this is one of them. It is the voice of the Lord, Himself. Seek Him with all your heart. Now just see how men seek for wealth. When the California fever—the gold fever—broke out, men left their wives, and left their children, and left their parents, and their homes and luxury, and went out to the Pacific coast, and slept out in the open air and under tents, and endured want. What for? That they might get wealth. They could not make too great a sacrifice to get wealth; and when I was out there in business, I was amazed when news came that gold was found 100 miles away. They would pack up, men, women and children, and away they would go. A whole town would move just to seek wealth. Then they went out to Australia in the time of the gold fever in that country. They were willing to make almost any sacrifice. Look and see these politicians work. Let one of them be nominated alderman, or for some position under the government, and how they will seek your vote. They will come around to your house early in the morning, just to seek your vote. They

don't sleep at night; they are willing to do everything they can do to accomplish their purpose.

Let us go and learn a lesson from that. If there is no reality in this gift of God, if it is all a myth, then let us dismiss it. If it is true, and we can find the Lord by seeking Him, let us seek Him. A man will go around this world for his health; he will cross oceans and climb steep mountains just to get his health. Thanks be to God, you haven't got to go around the world to get salvation. You haven't got to go out of this building to find salvation: "Ye shall find Me when ye shall search for Me with all your heart." Now there isn't anything a man values as he does his life. You take a man on a wrecked vessel: that vessel is going down, that man may be worth a million, and the only way he can save his life is to give up that million—he would do it as quick as a flash. Now the gift of God is eternal life; it is life without end. Christ says, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Now is it true that a man can be saved here to-night? I would like to ask this audience a question. Is it true that a man can find the Lord here to-night? Now won't you just stop and think a moment? Dr. Paxton, do you believe the Lord can be found here to-night? Do you believe it, Mr. Jesup? Do you, Mr. Dodge? [Mr. Dodge—I do.] Now, my friend, do you believe it? Young man, do you believe that the Lord can be found here to-night? If He can be found, why not seek for Him, and why not look? This cold, bleak night may be the night of your salvation. If it is true that the Lord is worth more than the whole world, and He can be found by seeking, why not seek for Him, not with half a heart, but with all your heart.

I read a number of years ago of a vessel that was wrecked. The life-boats were not enough to take all the passengers. A man who was swimming in the water, swam up to one of the life-boats that were full, and seized it with his hand. They tried to prevent him, but the man was terribly in earnest about saving his life, and one of the men in the boat just drew a sword and cut off his hand. But the man didn't give up; he reached out the other hand. He was terribly in earnest. He wanted to save his life. But the man in the boat took the sword and cut off his other hand. But the man did not give up. He swam up to the boat and seized it with his teeth. Some of them said, "Let us not cut his head off," and they drew him in. That man was terribly in earnest, and, my friends, if you want to get into the Kingdom of God, you will

seek your soul's salvation to-night. Be in earnest once as for your life, and seek the Kingdom of God with all your heart, and you shall find it to-night. It will be the night of your salvation. It is a good time to seek the Lord while the Spirit of God is abroad in the community. I contend that this is a proof that the Lord can be found here to-night, because I don't believe there has been a night but that some have found Him. Last night a brother came to my private room, and called me and said, "I want to introduce you to some one," and there stood a wife, her face lit up with joy. She wanted to tell me that her husband was converted. She said, "I have been praying for him these twenty years, and he has found the Lord to-night." "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near."

How many men were there that were converted in the great revival of '57 and '58, and yet some people cry out against revivals. They had rather be converted at any time than during a revival. It was not long after the revival of '57 and '58 that the nation was deluged with blood, and half a million of men laid down their lives. Wasn't it the best thing they could have done, to seek the Lord then? It was my privilege to be in the army at that time. I was by their cots when I saw them die. I never saw a man all through the war that regretted that he became a Christian. The best thing they could do was to call upon the Lord. It was a great calamity, and came right home to the heart of the nation. We are just now, I am afraid, going to have some of this sad work. I believe that we are even now on the eve of just such work. I believe that judgments are going to happen upon this nation again. Grace always precedes judgments. A great revival is in progress all over the country. So there was in Jerusalem a day of grace, but the opportunity was spurned. Jerusalem and the country took no heed to their ways, and soon Titus appeared with a great army and besieged it, and more than 1,100,000 people perished. Those men rejected the gospel and the word of God. So at the present day men won't call upon Christ when He may be found or see Him when He is near. All along in the history of the Church it is remarked that before some great calamity has fallen upon the earth there has been a great day of grace, offering salvation to those who will accept it. Before God has punished people, He holds out before them a chance to repent and to escape His wrath.

And now we hear Jesus calling to repentance throughout all the land. It is time, my friends, to be up and doing. Save

yourselves, and then plead with your friends and bring them to Jesus. Tell them the glad tidings, and bring them into the fold of the Good Shepherd. If we are faithful now and watch for souls, we shall see in every town and city thousands who will accept Christ. It is time for us to go out and say to our friends and relatives, "Come in; the Lord is coming, the Lord is at work. Jesus of Nazareth is passing through the city. Let us call upon Him while He may be found, let us implore Him to save us while He is near." The very text implies that the time is come when the world should throw off its sloth and wake to repentance. The text implies that God is near and pleads with His people, that the time and the Son of God are near now. Isn't it true that He is here to-night? Isn't it true that He is seeking for you when you seek for Him? Seek, then, the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near. Mr. Sankey sung to-night about those virgins. We read that five sought to gain admission too late. There was a time that they might have called upon the Lord; there was a time when, had they sought, they would have found Him. But they slumbered and slept until it was too late. Then they cried, but the door was shut—the day of grace was over. And so it may be the same to you. The day of grace may be drawing to a close with you too. It may be that I am speaking to many here for the last time. This may be the last year they may have on earth. The prophecy may be true in regard to you and me, "This year thou shalt die." Is it or isn't it a time to seek the kingdom of God—to seek His face while Christ is calling upon us to repent, while the Spirit of God is moving upon our hearts? Isn't it the very best time to seek the Lord while He may be found? Those antediluvian people called upon Noah to open the door of the ark and take them, but it was too late. God will shut the door against you too. You will soon be without hope. Undoubtedly these men, women and children called upon God to save them on that terrible day, but the day of grace was over for them. The day of wrath then had come, and the day of judgment had fallen upon them. Oh, who shall stand on the day of wrath? When the Lord shall shake the earth, what shall then save the souls of men? The day of grace is here. Save yourselves. Wash yourselves in His precious blood and be redeemed. Oh, this very night, this very hour, let there be a cry for salvation. In the 10th chapter of Romans it is written, "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." I heard of a man away off in the mining district who

had wandered from his house and got lost. In that region the ground is full of holes and some pretty deep ones too. But it was night and he could not make his way along. Had he undertaken to move on, there were the holes before him, and every step might precipitate him into a cavern. He did not know what to do, and he could not stir a step. At last he commenced to cry out, "Help! help! help!" and his cry was heard. They came with lanterns and brought him safely out from his danger. The depths of sin are surrounding you; the next step may land you into darkness and death. Old man, do you hear? Young lady, do not laugh at it. Don't make light of this warning voice. "Seek the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near."

Let me warn you against the next verse. A great many people put the 7th verse ahead of the 6th. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts." If we would be saved call upon God first, and then God will give you help, and by His power you can then turn away from sin and from your evil thoughts, and will get pardon. But you haven't power to give up your evil courses until you call upon God and until He gives you strength. After you have called upon the Lord, you must receive Him when He comes; you must make room for Him. He has gone to make room for you, and you must make room for Him. I once found a man in the inquiry room who was puzzled to know how there would be room for the saved in heaven. I tell you, my friends, as I told him, you needn't borrow trouble on that account. If He finds He will not have room for you or me or for any of his chosen people in the heaven that He now has He will make another. Can He not make another heaven by a word? Can He not make another place of happiness as easy as He made the present one? The Lord God of Heaven can make plenty of room for you. You must not give that as an excuse. The Lord can make all the room He wants. Now, my friends, let me ask you this question. In all candor, why don't you settle the question now? Will the Son of God have more power than He has to-night? Will He be more ready to use it for your salvation at any other time than He is to-night? Hasn't He said that all power is given unto Him both in heaven and on earth? Has He not the power to save every one here? Is He not able to save, even unto the uttermost? Hasn't He the power and hasn't He the will? Hasn't He said, "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked. Oh, turn ye, turn ye, why should ye die, oh House of Israel"? If you turn now and call upon Him He will forgive you your

sins. He will forgive every one all his sins, no matter how many they are. He will save you if you truly repent and write your name in the Book of Life. But you must call upon Him with the heart.

As Spurgeon remarks, the Bible does not say that you must have new heads, or that you must seek Him with your head, but it says you must have new hearts, and must seek Him with your heart. If it meant head, it would have said so. Seek ye the Lord, therefore, with your hearts, and Christ will enter into your hearts and not into your heads. Give Christ your whole heart, and He will enter into it. If your heart is all right your head will be also, for out of the heart proceeds all evil. Let that reservoir of sin be broken up and emptied, and all the rest of you will come around right. Is there one here to-night who will not cry out, "God be merciful to me, a sinner"? "Lord, have mercy upon me"? Why not call upon Him? Why not seek the Lord now? Why not make up your mind that you will not leave the room until the great question of eternity is settled? If it is true what these gentlemen have said here to-night, when I asked them the question, that the Lord could be found, why don't you find Him? Why should you let the night pass without seeking Him? It is commanded, "Seek the Lord while He may be found." Don't put it off until it is too late. Don't neglect salvation. Some people say, "Why, what have I done?" I tell you if you have done nothing but neglect salvation you will go to death and ruin. Look at the man in the river in his boat; he is not rowing; he is making no effort, but he has his hands folded, and is letting his boat drift down the stream towards the rapid. The current is taking him on without any help from him; he will soon go over the rapid into the jaws of death. All he has to do is to sit still and be lost. Yes, I tell you if you don't actually do any sin, yet if you neglect Christ and neglect salvation as a gift from God, you must perish. I am told that there were two men seen above the falls of Niagara. They were drinking champagne and carousing. They had no thought of danger. They formed no perception of the end that was awaiting them. They sang and they drank. But by and by a warning voice came to their ears. They looked at the friend on shore, but paid no attention. They even mocked him; they lifted up the bottle, drank to him and shook the bottle at him. Some one further on seeing their danger also undertook to warn them, but they treated his voice with laughter and derision. There are some here to-night that act just the same way. You come here and laugh and make

light of the solemn services and ridicule the word of God. These men mocked the danger also. They drifted a little further on, when a third voice was lifted up to give them notice of the approaching rapids. But the men still mocked on, and the current still took them on every second nearer to the great and fatal plunge. But they soon saw the water going over the falls, and in wild desperation seized the oars. They battled against the current with all their strength. Too late! too late! They had neglected it too long, and with a wild cry they were forever engulfed. What a picture! And yet hundreds and thousands have died just the same way.

By and by will come the piercing cry, "It's too late!" To-night I plead with you to neglect it no longer. Some of you here may hear the appeal for the last time. Oh, may the Holy Spirit open your eyes to-night! While we were in Europe a man came into one of the meetings in the coal region, and when the audience was dismissed he was seen to remain standing against a post. One of the elders approached him, and asked why he remained. He said he had made up his mind not to leave that church until he found the kingdom of God. The elder remained with him for a long time, and at last the miner made a surrender. The next day he went into the coal-pit, and before night the mine fell in and buried him. He was taken from the ruins just before life became extinct, and was heard to say, "It is a good thing; I settled it last night." Wasn't it a good thing? Young lady, what say you? Young man, what do you think? When Mr. Sankey and I were in the North of England, I was preaching one evening, and before me sat a lady who was a skeptic. When I had finished, I asked all who were anxious to remain. Nearly all remained, herself among the number. I asked her if she was a Christian, and she said she was not, nor did she care to be. I prayed for her there. On inquiry I learned that she was a lady of good social position, but very worldly. She continued to attend the meetings, and in a week after I saw her in tears. After the sermon I went to her and asked if she was of the same mind as before. She replied that Christ had come to her and she was happy. Last autumn I had a note from her husband, saying she was dead, that her love for her Master had continually increased. When I read that note I felt paid for crossing the Atlantic. She worked sweetly after her conversion, and was the means of winning many of her fashionable friends to Christ. Oh, may you seek the Lord while He may be found, and may you call upon Him while you may.

SIXTEENTH EVENING.

GRACE.

I AM going to take, to-night, a subject, rather than a text. I want to talk to you about free grace. I say free grace; perhaps I had better drop the word "free," and say just "grace." There is a sermon just in the meaning of the word. It is one of those words that are very little understood at the present time, like the word gospel. There are a great many that are partakers of the Spirit of Christ, or of grace, that don't know its meaning. I think it is a good idea to go to Webster's dictionary and look up the meaning of these words that we hear so often but don't fully understand. You seldom go into a religious assembly but you hear the word grace, and yet I was a partaker of the grace of God for years before I knew what it meant. I could not tell the difference between grace and law. Now grace means unlimited mercy, undeserved favor, or unmerited love. I had a man come to me today, to see me, and his plea was that he was not fit to be saved. He said there was no hope for him because he had sinned all his life, and there was nothing good in him. I was very much gratified to hear him say that. There is hope for that man—and I suppose he is here to-night—and there is hope for any man who thinks there is nothing good in him. That was the lesson Christ tried to teach the Jews—the lesson of grace. But they were trying to prove themselves to be better than other people. They were of the seed of Abraham, and under the Mosaic law, and better than the people about them.

Now let us get at the source of this stream that has been flowing through the world these hundreds of years. You know that men have been trying to find the source of the Nile. Wouldn't it be as profitable to try to find the source of grace, because this is a stream we are all interested in? I want to call your attention to the 1st chapter of John, the

14th and 17th verses: "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Then the 17th verse: "For the law is given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." Then in the 5th chapter of Romans, the 15th verse: "But not as the offence, so also is the free gift. For if through the offence of one, many be dead, much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many." There it is called the free gift—it abounded unto many. Then in Paul's epistle to the Corinthians, the 1st chapter and the 3d verse: "Grace be unto you and peace from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ. I thank my God always on your behalf for the grace of God which is given you by Jesus Christ." Now bear in mind that He is the God of all grace. We wouldn't know anything about grace if it wasn't for Jesus Christ. Men talk about grace, but they don't know much about it. These bankers, they talk about grace. If you want to borrow a thousand dollars, if you can give good security, they will let you have it, and take your note, and you give your note, and say, "So many months after date I promise to pay a thousand dollars." Then they give you what they call three days grace, but they make you pay interest for those three days. That ain't grace. Then when your note comes due, if you can't pay but $950, they would sell everything you have got and make you pay the fifty dollars. Grace is giving the interest, principal and all. I tell you, if you want to get any grace, you must know God. He is the God of all grace. He wants to deal in grace: He wants to deal with that unmerited mercy, undeserved favor, unmerited love; and if God don't love man until he is worthy of His love, He won't have time for very much love for him. He is the God of all grace.

Unto whom does He offer grace? I would like to have you turn to your Bibles, to two or three texts; to the 21st chapter of Matthew, the 28th verse: "But what think ye? A certain man had two sons, and he came to the first and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. He answered, and said, I will not; but afterward he repented, and went. And he came to the second and said likewise. But he answered, and said, I go, sir; and went not. Whether of them twain did the will of his father? They say unto him, The first. Jesus saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you." Why?

Because He loved those publicans and harlots more than He did those Pharisees? No; it was because they wouldn't repent, because they wouldn't take grace. They didn't believe they needed the grace of God. A man who believes that he is lost, is near salvation. Why? Because you haven't got to work to convince him that he is lost. Now here is a man that said he wouldn't go, and then he saw that he was wrong, and repented, and went, and this man was the man that grace held up. Any man or any woman here to-night who will repent and turn to God, God will save him. It don't make any difference what your life has been in the past. He will turn to any that will turn to Him. I was preaching one Sunday in a church where there was a fashionable audience, and after I got through the sermon, I said: "If there are any that would like to tarry a little while, and would like to stay and talk, I would be glad to talk with you." They all got up, turned around, and went out. I felt as though I was abandoned. When I was going out, I saw a man getting behind the furnace. He hadn't any coat on, and he was weeping bitterly. I said, "My friend, what is the trouble?" He said, "You told me to-night that I could be saved: that the grace of God would reach me. You told me that there wasn't a man so far gone but the grace of God would reach him." He said: "I am an exile from my family; I have drunk up $20,000 within the last few months; I have drunk up the coat off my back, and if there is hope for a poor sinner like me, I should like to be saved." It was just like a cup of refreshment to talk to that man. I didn't dare give him money, for fear that he would drink it up, but I got him a place to stay that night, took an interest in him, and got him a coat, and six months after that, when I left Chicago for Europe—four months after—that man was one of the most earnest Christian men I knew. The Lord had blessed him wonderfully. He was an active, capable man. The grace of God can save just such if they will only repent. I don't care how low he has become, the grace of God can purge him of all sin, and place him among the blessed. In proportion as man is a sinner, much more does the grace of God abound. There isn't a man but that the grace of God will give him the victory if he will only accept it.

I want you to turn a moment to a passage you will find in the 7th chapter of Mark: "And from thence He arose, and went into the borders of Tyre and Sidon, and entered into a house, and would have no man know it; but He could not be

hid. For a certain woman whose young daughter had an unclean spirit heard Him, and came and fell at His feet. The woman was a Greek, a Syro-Phœnician by nation; and she besought Him that He would cast forth the devil out of her daughter. But Jesus said unto her, Let the children first be filled, for it is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it unto the dogs. And she answered and said unto Him, Yes, Lord; yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs. And He said unto her, For this saying go thy way; the devil is gone out of thy daughter." Now, just see how Christ dealt with that woman—a Syro-Phœnician, a Gentile; she didn't belong to the seed of Abraham at all. He came to save His own, but His own received Him not. Christ was willing to give to the Jews grace. He dealt in grace with a liberal hand, but those that He was desirous to shower grace upon wouldn't take it. But this woman belonged to a different people—and just hear her story. I wonder what would happen if Christ should come and speak that way now? Suppose He should come into this assembly and take any woman here and call her a dog. Why, that Syro-Phœnician woman might have said, "Call me a dog! Talk to me like that! Why I know a woman who belongs to the seed of Abraham who lives down near me, and she is the worst and meanest woman in the neighborhood. I am as good as she is any day." She might have gone away without a blessing if she had not felt her utter destitution and lost condition. But Jesus only said that to her just to try her, and after calling her a dog, she only broke forth into a despairing cry, "Yes, Lord—yes, Lord." Christ had said it was more blessed to give than to receive. She took His place and received His blessing and His commands. She was satisfied to be given only a crumb, as long as He heard her petition. So, instead of giving her a crumb, she got a whole loaf. And so will you get the fullest beneficence of Christ if you lift your heart up to Him. Oh, that many would but just take her place, understand how low and unworthy they are, and cry unto Jesus. If you do, Christ will lift you up and bless you. But then the great trouble is that people will not confess that they have need of grace. Such miserable Pharisaism is the worst feature of the present time. They think they can get salvation without the grace of God. The old saying is, that when you come to Jesus as a beggar you go away as a prince. Instead of doing that, they feel so self-confident and proud that they come always as princes and go away beggars. If you

want the Son of God to deal with you, come as a beggar and He will have mercy upon you. Look at the great crowd going up to the Temple; they feel they have strength of themselves, and all pass on, proud and haughty, except one poor man, who smites himself on the breast and says, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

If you want to see the idea that the Jews had as to who was worthy, and how they thought that that kind of worthiness should be rewarded, just take your Bibles and look at the 7th chapter of Luke. It reads there, "Now when He had ended all His sayings in the audience of the people, He entered into Capernaum. And a certain Centurion's servant who was dear unto Him was sick and ready to die. And when he heard of Jesus he sent unto Him the elders of the Jews, beseeching Him that He would come and heal his servant. And when they came to Jesus they besought Him instantly"—now, just listen—"saying that he was worthy for whom He should do this." Yes, that was the Jews' idea of the reason He should come, because he was "worthy." What made him worthy? "For he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue." He was not worthy because he was a sinner; oh, no; not at all. But he was worthy because "he hath built us a synagogue." Ha! that was the same old story—the story of the present day. There is a great deal of that now. Give that man the most prominent place in the church; let him have the best pew and the one furthest up in church, because he is "worthy." He has built the church perhaps; or he has endowed a seminary. No matter where his money came from. He may have got it gambling in stocks, or doing something else of a like character; but he has given it to us. Oh, yes, he is worthy. He may have made his enormous gains by distilling whiskey even. Make room for him, he has got a gold ring on; make room for her, she has got a good dress on. So said the Jews: Now, Lord, come at once, for he hath built us a synagogue. Oh, he is worthy; You must not refuse or halt; You must come at once. That was the Jews' idea, and it is the idea of the world to-day. But how do you expect to get grace that way? The moment you put it on the ground of being worthy of it, then to receive it would not be grace at all. It would only amount to this: that if the Lord should give a man grace because He owed it to him, He would only be paying a debt. Jesus, however, went with them in this instance to teach them a lesson. Luke goes on to say: "Then Jesus went with them. And when He was not far

from the house, the Centurion sent friends to Him, saying unto Him, Lord, trouble not Thyself, for I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof." That is the kind of humility that we want; that is the kind of men we are hunting after—a man that is not worthy. See how quick he will be saved when he is in that frame of mind. I suppose that some one had run in to tell this Centurion that Jesus was approaching the house. And the Centurion sent to Him to say he was not worthy that He should come unto him, "neither thought I myself worthy to come unto Thee; but say in a word and my servant shall be healed." This Centurion had faith at any rate. If he thought himself unworthy to come to Jesus, he sent friends, them that he considered better than himself. How common it is to think yourself good and all other people bad! It is good to see a man consider himself a poor unworthy man. "God, I didn't think myself worthy to come unto Thee, but say the word and my servant shall be healed." Thank God he had faith. No matter how many sins we have if we only have faith. In this case, because he had faith, Jesus healed his servant without coming to him at all. He hadn't to go to the house and examine his pulse, and see his tongue. Then He didn't have to write out a prescription and send him to the drug store. No; He said, "All right; your servant shall live." "For I also am a man set under authority, having under me soldiers, and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it. When Jesus heard these things, He marvelled." It is only twice, I think, that Jesus marvelled. He marvelled at the unbelief of the Jews; and, again, at the faith of the Centurion—" and turned Him about, and said unto the people that followed Him, 'I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.'" Here is a Gentile, he said in effect, here is a man not of the seed of Abraham, and yet what faith he shows! Why, here is a Centurion, and he has more faith than the chosen people of God. Jesus granted the petition at once. When he saw a genuine check presented for payment, He cashed it at once. He pays instantly in the gold of Heaven, without any hesitation or discount. "And they that were sent, returning to the house, found the servant whole that had been sick." Found him perfectly well, leaping and dancing around the house, praising God. He had been at the point of death one minute, and the next he had been made perfectly well.

You may be made whole too, friends. You may even be

on the borders of hell, and yet be made an inhabitant of the Kingdom of Heaven. Think of this, you men that are the slave of strong drink. You may be mangled and bruised by sin, but the grace of God can save you. He is the God of grace. I hope that grace will flow into your souls to-night. Christ is the sinner's friend. If you have read your Bibles carefully you will see that Christ always took the side of the sinner. Of course, He came down on the hypocrites, and well He might. Those haughty Pharisees He took sides against but where a poor, miserable, humble, penitent sinner came to Him for grace He always found it. You always read that He deals in grace, and to-night He will have mercy upon you that confess your sins to Him. If you want to be saved, come right straight to Him. He comes to deal in grace; He comes to bless, and why don't you let Him? Let Him bless you now. Let Him take your sins away now. A man said to me the other night, "I feel I have got to do something." I said to him, "If this grace is unmerited and free, what are you going to do?" And I warn you to-night, my friends, against trying to work out your own salvation. It really is a question whether it don't keep more people out of the Kingdom of God than anything else. When at Newcastle, I was preaching one night, and I said that grace was free; that all were to stop trying to be saved. A woman came down and said to me: "Oh! how wretched I am; I have been trying to be a Christian, and yet you have been telling me to-night not to try." "Has that made you wretched?" I asked. "Yes; if I stop trying what will become of me?" I said, "But if grace is free what are you going to do? You cannot get it by working." She said, "I can't understand it." Well, let me call your attention now to a few passages of Scripture. I turn to the 2d chapter of Ephesians, and the 8th and 9th verses: "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God:"—"Not of works, lest any man should boast."

Salvation is a gift from God. If a man worked it out, he would boast of what he had done and say, "Oh, I did it." A Scotchman once said it took two persons to effect his salvation—"God gave me His grace and I fought against Him." It is not then for men to work, or they will boast of it, and when a man boasts you may be sure there is no conversion. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, neither can the leopard change his spots. We do not work to get salvation, but we work it out after we get it. If we are ever saved it must be

by grace alone. If you pay anything for salvation it ceases to be a gift. But God isn't down here selling salvation. And what have you to give Him if He was? What do you suppose you would give? Ah, we're bankrupt. "The gift of God is eternal life;" that's your hope. "He that climbeth up some other way, the same is the thief and the robber." Now, who will take salvation to-night? Oh, you may have it if you will. "To him that worketh the reward is not reckoned of grace but of death." The difference between Martha and Mary was, that Martha was trying to do something for the Lord, and Mary was just taking something from Him as a gift. He'll smile upon you if you'll just take grace from Him. "It's to Him that worketh not but believeth," that blessings come. After you get to the Cross, there you may work all you can. If you are lost, you go to hell in the full blaze of the Gospel. That grace is free to all. Wears every policeman here, every fireman, every usher, every singer, every man, woman and child, every reporter, all of you. What more do you want God to do than He has done? Oh, I hope the grace of God will reach every heart here. Oh, be wise and open the door of your hearts and let in the King of glory. You'll be saved when you believe. It is written, "For the grace of God hath appeared, bringing salvation to all." If you are lost there is one thing you must do, and that is trample the grace of God under your feet. It won't be because you can't be saved, but because you won't. Young man, will you be saved to-night? It's a question for you yourself to settle. If we could settle it for you we would, but you must believe for yourself. Christ said to that poor sinning woman, "neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." Oh, sinner, hear those words. Oh, may the grace of God reach your hearts to-night.

SEVENTEENTH EVENING.

"Moreover, the law entered, that the offence might abound. But where sin abounded grace did much more abound. That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Christ Jesus our Lord."—ROMANS, 5th chapter, 20th and 21st verses.

LAST night, if you remember, we were talking on the subject of grace, and to-night I want to continue the subject. Last evening I brought the subject down to Titus, where he says that the grace of God has appeared, bringing salvation to all men. Now I want to call your attention to the fifth chapter of Romans and the 20th verse: "Moreover, the law entered that the offence might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ, our Lord." Now sin reigns unto death. The penalty of the law of God is death. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." No use of having a law if there is not a penalty attached to the disobedience of it. Suppose this State—the State of New York—should pass a law that you shall not steal or that you shall not murder, and put no penalty to the infraction of that law. What would be the use of that law? What would it be good for? Now sin hath reigned unto death, but grace has reigned unto eternal life. It don't stop with death, grace don't. It carries us past death—right through the grave, clear over into the Promised Land. Now, in the closing verses of Deuteronomy, and in the 1st chapter of Joshua, you read that Moses brought the children of Israel down to Jordan. But he couldn't take them any further. He was the representative of the law, and that is where the law brings us to—to Jordan. Jordan means death, judgment. After bringing them to death and judgment, he couldn't proceed any further, but left them there. The law brings us to death, and there it leaves us. It don't give life; it never has given life, and it never can. Sin reigns unto death, but the grace of God hath reigned unto eternal life. So when Moses had brought the children of Israel down to Jordan,

LAZARUS AT THE RICH MAN'S DOOR.

and couldn't go any further, then came Joshua and took the congregation over and away on their journey. Joshua means Jesus. And as Joshua led them past the Jordan, so Jesus will take His people through the dark valley of the shadow of death unto eternal life. He is the Good Shepherd and He came to save His people from their sins. When John came he appeared as the forerunner of grace and Jesus. He was the last representative of the old dispensation. He brought the people who came to be baptized down into the Jordan, and he left them in Jordan. When Christ came he commenced where John had left off. He went into the Jordan and brought the people out of it. That is the difference between law and grace; law slays a man, but grace makes him live; the law takes a man to death and judgment, but Christ comes and quickens him, giving eternal life.

There is a great difference, then, between law and grace, and I want you to bear this in mind and keep the distinction between the two separate and clear in your minds. Let me repeat: Law leads unto death, but grace to eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord. Some people are lingering around Sinai yet—around the old dispensation—around the law. You can't get them to come away from Horeb. It is better to come to the Mount of Olives, better to come to Calvary. Now I want to carry you to another verse, the 14th of the 6th chapter of Romans. There it is written: "For sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace. What, then, shall we sin because we are not under the law, but under grace? God forbid." Bear that in mind; ye are not under the law, but under grace. The Lord Jesus came to bring us out from under the law. It is not any more thou shalt not do this; thou shalt not do that. That was the law. Under that dispensation it was do and live—now it is live and do. Christ came and says, "If you love Me, keep My commandments." Before that it was thou shalt not do this or that. But grace reigns unto eternal life by Him, and if you love Him you will keep His commandments, and grace shall bring you unto everlasting happiness. Yet, notwithstanding all these plain texts, some will still have it that we are not under grace, but remain under the law. Now just turn to the 21st chapter of Deuteronomy and the 18th verse, and you will see what would happen under this law: "If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them.

then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him and bring him out unto the elders of his city and unto the gate of his place. And they shall say unto the elders of his city, This, our son, is stubborn and rebellious; he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton and a drunkard. And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones that he die: so shalt thou put evil away from among you, and all Israel shall hear and fear."

A very strange state of things would take place now if we lived under the law. Think of a man in these days taking his son into Madison-square, and have the aldermen of New York come up there and stone him to death. It would be pretty effectual in breaking up the rum-shops and the whiskey-selling saloons of New York. A man takes his son, who is a confirmed drunkard, and kills him or has him killed—wouldn't that soon put a stop to the buying and selling of this vile whiskey and intoxicating and maddening stuff that is now going on throughout the country? The distillers would have a good deal of whiskey on their hands. But grace deals differently with men. See the prodigal son. He went away and lived a low and vicious life. He squandered all he had. He was a drunkard, and spent his substance on harlots and thieves. How did his father treat him? Did his father take him out and have him stoned to death? No. That would have been his end under the law I have read to you; but see how his father acted toward him under grace. He met him with a kiss and treated him with kindness and love. The law says, "Stone him;" grace says, "Forgive him." When Moses was in Egypt to punish Pharaoh, he turned the waters into blood. When Christ was on earth He turned the water into wine. That is the difference between law and grace. The law says, "Kill him;" grace, "Forgive." Law says, "Let him die;" grace says, "Love him." Law makes us crooked: grace straightens us. The law makes us vile: grace cleanses us. That is the difference between law and grace. When the law came out of Horeb 3000 men were lost. At Pentecost, under grace, 3000 men got life. What a difference! When Moses came to the burning bush, he was commanded to take the shoes from off his feet. When the Prodigal came home after sinning he was given a pair of shoes to put on his feet. I would a thousand times rather be under grace than under the law.

Why, the law is a schoolmaster, a cold severe man that is continually holding a ratan over you. Well some of us know

what that means. You know what it is to see a ratan and perhaps to feel it. Thou shalt do this and thou shalt do that. That is the law, with a ratan at the back of it. But under grace the schoolmaster tries to rule the school with kindness and love. He says if you love me do this, if you love me don't do that. The schoolmaster that I was taught by was a harsh, severe man. It was a word and a blow with him, and generally the blow came first. I knew what it was to have severity in my school-days, and I also knew what it was to have kindness. After that stern school-teacher came a kind-hearted lady, who commenced to rule by love. Well, we thought we should have a grand time; do just as we pleased; didn't fear her. The first time I broke a rule, though, instead of seeing a ratan in her hand, I saw tears in her eyes. That was a good deal worse than a stick or a raw hide to me. She asked me to remain after school; and when we were alone she took me by the hand and talked to me in a low, kind voice, with the tears in her eyes. "If you love me," she said, "keep my rules." I tell you I never broke a rule after that; her kind words went straight to my heart. But take a further view of this difference between law and grace. Here is a boy in school, and the master's name is Mr. Law. He holds his cane over him, and says, in a cold, severe tone, "Thou shalt not do this and thou shalt not do that." This went on for some time, and there was no love or affection between the boy and his teacher. But by and by the head master comes and takes the pupil out of that room and puts him in another class, the teacher of which is Mr. Grace. The boy, you see, can't be in both rooms at the same time—can't have both teachers at the same time. Now, we are not under law, but under grace, and all the Lord wants is to deal in grace and bring us out from the curse of the law. He wants to partake of love with every one. Thank God, I am not under the law to-night, but under grace, and as I said last night, the Lord Jesus is trying to reach every man by grace. A friend of mine, the last time I was in England, told me this story, gave me this illustration of grace. "Suppose," said he, "that a man had a beautiful farm on the side of a mountain. Everything was in an enclosure; he had a great wall all around it. Everything within the walls was bright and green, while everything outside was hot and dried up. One day there came a messenger to the man that had the beautiful farm, and he said to him: 'Sir, you have a beautiful, flourishing farm, but I want to make it better. I will increase its fertility; I will make it a thousand times better than it now is.' 'No,'

says the farmer, 'my farm is good enough; you can do nothing to better it;' and drove him away. He wouldn't have his farm made better, and he built his walls still higher to keep all men out. Up in a mountain near the house was a fountain. Its stream was used to irrigate and beautify the farm, and from it the crystal waters came to the garden. And the man that sent to him said to himself, 'This man won't let me make his garden more beautiful; he won't accept my kindness. I will build up a wall and cut the stream off.' When the wall arose around the fountain's head the waters ceased to flow to the farm, the flowers began to fade and wither, and soon everything presented the appearance of desolation and ruin." So the Lord of Glory comes, and wants to give us His grace, but we spurn it, refuse to accept his blessing, and we perish. Why, Christ had the hardest work of His ministration to teach this subject even to His apostles. When they were offered grace they wouldn't have it. They couldn't keep grace in the country. They built up a wall of unbelief, the stream of grace ceased to flow to them, and what was the result? The garden that once was there is now the only dried up and withered spot on the whole mountain round about. Grace has flowed out to the Gentiles and to all the nations, and what a blessing it has been! It was just because they built a wall of unbelief. That is just what the sinner is doing now. But if you'll only let the grace flow, nothing can hinder you from getting a blessing.

And now the question comes, How are we to become partakers of this grace? In the 4th chapter of Hebrews and 16th verse we read, "Let us come boldly to the throne of grace, and find grace and strength to help in time of need." God wants us to come and get all the grace we need. The reason why there are so many half-starved Christians is because they don't come to the throne of grace. It is related of Alexander that he gave one of his generals who had pleased him permission to draw on his treasurer for any sum. When the draft came in the treasurer was scared, and wouldn't pay it till he saw his master. And when the treasurer told him what he had done, Alexander said, "Don't you know that he has honored me and my kingdom by making a large draft?" So we honor God by making a large draft on Him. If there is a drunkard here who wishes to get control of his appetite all he has got to do is to come and get all the grace he needs. You can get enough to overcome every trial and sorrow. When Dr. Arnold was in this country—he is now in heaven—I heard him use in a sermon an illustration that impressed me.

He said, "Haven't you ever been in a home where the family were at dinner, and haven't you seen the old family dog standing near and watching his master, and looking at every morsel of food as if he wished he had it? If his master drops a crumb he at once licks it up and devours it, but if he should set the dish of roast beef down and say, 'Come, come,' he wouldn't touch it; it's too much for him. So with God's children. They are willing to take a crumb, but refuse when God wants them to go for the platter." God wants you to come right to the throne of grace, and to come boldly. A while ago I learned from the Chicago papers that there had been a run on the banks there and many of them were broken. What a good thing it would be to get up a run on the bank of heaven! What a glorious thing to get up a run on the throne of grace! God is able to help thee and deliver thee if you will only come to Him. That's what grace is for. I want you to turn to the 8th verse of the 9th chapter of 2 Corinthians. I want you to mark that verse. If you have got your Bibles with you, draw a black mark right around that verse. Many want to know why Christians fail. It's because they don't come to God for grace. It's not because He hasn't got the ability. Men fail because they try to do too large a business on too small a capital. So with Christians; but God has got grace enough and capital enough. What would you think of a man who had $1,000,000 in the bank and only drew out a penny a day? That's you and I, and the sinner is blinder than we are. The throne of grace is established, and there we are to get all the grace we need. Sin is not so strong as the arm of God. He will help and deliver you if you will come and get the grace you need.

Now, take all the afflictions that flesh is heir to, and all the troubles and trials of this life, no matter how numerous, and God has grace enough to carry you right through without a shadow. Some people borrow all the trouble they can from the past and the future and then multiply it by 10, and get a big load, and go reeling and staggering under it. If you ask them to help any one else, they say they can't; they've got enough to do to take care of their own, forgetting, "Casting all your care on Him, for He careth for you." A man was once travelling along a highway, and he overtook one carrying a heavy burden on his back, and he asked him to ride. But the man, after he got up, kept his bundle on, saying, "I am willing to carry it if I can only get a ride." So, many are content to be nominal Christians, and go along with great loads and

burdens. What is the throne of grace for, but to help you carry your burdens? God says "Come," and "As your day so shall your strength be." I suppose we all have thorns in the flesh. Instead of praying God to take the thorns out, let us pray for grace to bear them. Let us live day by day, casting our care on God. In this 5th chapter of Romans there are these precious words—peace for the past, grace for the present, glory for the future. Some think when they get to Calvary they have got all. They have just commenced. By and by we shall see the King in His beauty. The glory is just beyond.

A man said to me some time ago, "Moody, have you got grace to go to the stake as a martyr?" "No, what do I want to go to the stake for?" A person said to me, "Moody, if God should take your son, have you grace to bear it?" I said, "What do I want grace for? I don't want grace to bear that which has not been sent. If God should call upon me to part with my boy He would give me strength to bear it." What we want is grace for the present, to bear the trials and temptations for every day. "As thy day so shall thy strength be." The woman who had lost her husband went to Elisha with a story that would move the heart of Elisha or any one else. Her husband had died a bankrupt, and they would sell her boys into slavery. She came to Elisha and told her story. He asked her what she had to pay. She replied a pot of oil. Elisha told her to go home, "borrow vessels not a few, take oil and pour into the empty vessels." Men in these times wouldn't believe in this. They would say, "What, take a pot of oil and pour into all these vessels? What good will that do?" Not so this poor widow; she has faith, and does as she is told. She goes to her neighbors and asks for vessels; they can lend her a few. She takes all they have and goes on. She clears out the next house, and the next, and the next. Borrow, says the prophet, and she goes on until her house is filled with vessels. "Now, close the doors," she says to her sons. And she pours oil into the first vessel and fills it full, and the next, and the next, and the next, in the same way. She pours it in and pours it in, and the boys run and get more vessels until the house is full of oil. Then she goes to Elisha, and asks what she shall do. He tells her "go sell the oil and pay the debt." Now, Christ pays the debt and gives us enough to live on besides. He doesn't merely pay our debt; he gives us enough to live on. He gives according to our need. "As thy day so shall thy strength be." Rowland

Hill tells a story of a rich man and a poor man of his congregation. The rich man came to Mr. Hill with a sum of money which he wished to give to the poor man, and asked Mr. Hill to give it to him as he thought best, either all at once or in small amounts. Mr. Hill sent the poor man a five pound note with the indorsement, "More to follow." Now, which do you think did the most good? Every few months came the remittance with the same message, "More to follow." Now, that's grace. More to follow. Yes, thank God, there's more to follow. Oh, wondrous grace! May the grace of God reach every heart in this assemblage to-night is my earnest prayer.

EIGHTEENTH EVENING.

"What think ye of Christ?"—ST. MATTHEW, 22d chap., part of verse.

WE have for our text this evening a part of the 42d verse of the 22d chapter of Matthew: "What think ye of Christ?" We find in this chapter that the Pharisees had made two attempts to entangle Him in His talk and in His teaching. The Sadducees tried it, but they were silenced by the wisdom of Christ. After they had appealed to Christ, Christ turns and asks them a question. He says, "What think ye of Christ, whose Son is He?" And they said, "He is the Son of David." Then says Christ, "How then did David call Him his Lord?" and they were silenced forever. The Sadducees did not believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ. They would never have put Him to death if they had believed Him to be the God-man—what He proclaimed Himself to be. Now, before I go on, I want to ask you a question—not what you think of this church or that church; not what you think of this minister or that minister; not what you think of this creed or that creed; not what you think of this denomination or that denomination. The question is not what do you think of this belief or that belief, but "What think ye of Christ?" And I think it is a proper question. There isn't a noted public man in this country but that if I ask what you think of him, you would give your opinion quite freely. I hear some of you going out of the hall giving your opinion about the sermon, and sometimes it isn't very complimentary, but that is nothing. The question is not what you think of the preaching, or what you think of the singing, but "What think ye of Christ?" It is of very little account what you think of the minister; it is of very little account what you think of this dogma or that dogma, but it is of vast importance what you think of Christ.

I don't think there is any one in this hall, unless it is some little infant, but ought to have an opinion about Christ. I

would like to talk about Him as a preacher, for there never was a preacher that preached as He did. He preached in words so very plain that little boys, like these down here, and little girls could understand them, yet the deepest theologians could not understand their meaning. Coming down to-day, I heard the little birds singing, and I could not help but think of His saying, "The foxes of the ground have holes, and the little birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not whereon to lay His head." He makes even the rocks preach. I am told by travellers in the East, that there isn't a spot that hasn't got some sermon of His. He just touched them, and He made them preach. There isn't a prodigal in New York but that knows the story of the prodigal son. He drew a picture of the prodigal so vivid that you can't forget it. Try as much as they will to wipe out the picture, they can't forget it; it is like a nail in a sure place. Oh! he is a wonderful preacher. I have got a boy six years old, and sometimes he comes and tumbles into bed with me—sometimes much earlier than I wish he would—and wants to have me tell him a story, and there is no story interests him so much as the stories that Christ preaches. Yes, I would like to have time to talk to you, and ask you what you think of him as a preacher.

I want you just to ask yourselves this question: Do you believe in Christ? Do you believe that He was the Son of God? Do you believe that He was the God-man? Do you believe that He was with God before the morning stars sang together, and voluntarily left heaven and came down into this world? Whose Son was He? Was He the Son of Man and the Son of God? Who was He, the God-man? That is the question. Now, if I had come into this city to find out about some one, to find out about his character, who he was, what he was, there would be two classes of people I would go to see. I wouldn't go to his friends only; I would go to his enemies; I would go to both classes. I would go to his friends and go to his enemies, and see what his enemies had to say about him, before I gave judgment about the man. I have got a few witnesses I want to examine, and I will just imagine my audience is the jury. My witnesses are the men that talked with Christ—the bitterest enemies that He had. The first I would like to summon into this court would be the Sadducees. What was it they had against the Son of God? Why, He proclaimed the resurrection, and they didn't believe in the resurrection. They didn't believe in future punishment. They didn't believe that they were going to rise again. And they put a

question to Christ: "Now here is a woman married seven times; whose wife will she be in the resurrection?" and Christ answered that question. And then the Pharisees went about planning how they might destroy Him. "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them"—that was all they could bring against Him. That is what we like to glory in. Suppose we could summon the officers that arrested Him. The Sanhedrim sent out officers to arrest the Son of God. Where did they find Him? Did they find Him breaking the law? Well, these officers, they found Him in Gethsemane. What was He doing? Praying for a lost world. There He was, the drops of blood trickling down upon His cheeks, for we are told that He sweat great drops of blood. They set false witnesses to testify against Him. They couldn't find any for a long time, and at last they found two men that would come in and swear falsely, and what did they swear to? They heard Him say "Destroy this temple and I will raise it up again in three days." Destroy this temple, that is—as explained by John—destroy this body, and He would raise it up. Let us bring in Caiaphas, the highest ecclesiastical potentate of the earth, president of the Sanhedrim, the chief priest, and let Caiaphas open his lips, and let him tell us why he condemned the Son of God to death. They did not go and summon his friends; they did not go and bring up Zaccheus of Jericho, they did not bring the poor man that had those legions of devils cast out of him; they did not bring the blind man of Jericho—they brought His enemies. Let Caiaphas tell his own story—suppose he stood in my place. Caiaphas, just tell us what was the evidence you found against the Son of God. He said to him, "I adjure thee by the living God, Art thou the Son of God?" And He said, "I am." And Caiaphas says: "When I heard it I tore my mantle and said He was guilty of blasphemy." That is what we glory in, His being the Son of God. Stephen said, when the curtains were lifted he looked in and saw Him standing at the right hand of God. That is why they condemned the Son of God, just because He was the God-man. If He wasn't divine, they did right to put Him to death; but He was.

Let Pilate come in; now he is an impartial witness. He is no Jew, he has no prejudice against Christ. Pilate, just speak out now and tell us why you condemned Him to the scourge, and to be crucified, and why you wrote up there upon the cross, "This is Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." Tell us what did you find in Him; what fault? And hear what Pilate

says: "I find no fault in Him." Now men condemn Pilate, and yet there are a great many men who are worse than Pilate, for they find fault in Jesus Christ. Said he, "I will chastise this Man and let Him go, for I find no fault in Him." But I have got a woman we can bring in as a witness; it was Caiaphas's wife. Whose messenger is that that comes from the palace? He brings a message from Caiaphas's wife: "Have nothing to do with that just Person, for I have suffered much in a dream through Him." She thought He was a just Person. Yea, my friends, I will bring in Judas, the very prince of traitors. Suppose I should say: "Judas, you sold the Son of God for thirty pieces of silver; you betrayed Him; you knew more about Him than Caiaphas; you knew more about Him than Pilate. Come now, Judas, tell us why you betrayed Christ? You were with Him; you ate with Him, and drank with Him, and slept with Him; tell us what you think of Him? I can imagine him throw down the thirty pieces of silver, as he cries in agony, "I betrayed innocent blood." O yes, it is easy to condemn Judas nowadays; but how many men are worse than that! And he went out and put an end to his existence. Now bear in mind I am not calling up His friends, I am calling up His enemies. The testimony is perfectly overwhelming in favor of Jesus Christ that He was the Son of God, as well as the Son of David. But here is another witness, and that is the Roman centurion. He occupied the same position as the sheriff does now. This centurion of the Roman band had to go to Calvary and put the Son of God to death. He is a Gentile, and an impartial judge; let him tell us what he thinks of the Son of God. Come, now, centurion, you had charge of the execution of Jesus of Nazareth; you were there when He died. Here is his testimony: "Truly, this was the Son of God." That is what he thought, and to me it is one of the most striking things in all Scripture that God made every man testify that He was not guilty. I will go further. I will take the very devils in hell, for God made them testify; and what did they testify? They called Him "that Son of the Most High God." They knew Him. "We adjure Thee by the living God why hast Thou come here to torment us before our time." And, my friends, what think ye to-day: was He the Son of God? and did He die for a sinful world? What think ye of Christ to-day? Whose Son is He?

I wish I had time to examine His friends. It would take all day and all night, and I think the whole of the week.

Suppose I could examine that mighty preacher, the prince of preachers, a man that with his eloquence—and he had the eloquence of Heaven—drew all men to hear him. All Judea and Jerusalem came down from the mountains to hear him. He drew the cities of Judea into the wilderness to hear him preach. What mighty power he had! Now, let us call in this wilderness preacher, who looks more like Elijah than any other prophet since Elijah. Ask John the Baptist, What think ye, John, of Christ? Hear his testimony: "I bear record this is the Son of God." That is what he thought. He forever settled that question. Another time he says of Christ, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." Jesus didn't have but one text after that, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." John said, "He must increase, but I must decrease." O, sinner, what do you think of Him to-day? Do you think He will save you if you trust Him? Let us bring in some more of these witnesses. There is Peter. You know there was a time he swore he never knew Him. Do you think he would say now with a curse, "I never knew Him?" We are told that he was crucified with his head downward because he was not worthy to be crucified in the same way that Christ was. Peter thought a good deal of Him. I might bring in doubting Thomas; he didn't believe Christ had risen, but Christ says, "Thomas, did you say that you wouldn't believe unless you saw? Put your fingers in my side and feel the wound there. Put your fingers in the palm of my hand and feel the wound there," and Thomas cried out, "My Lord and my God." Convinced of the divinity of Jesus Christ, his cloud of unbelief was scattered to the four winds of Heaven. If I should call up that beloved disciple who knew Him better than any one else upon earth, it would take a great while to find out what John thought of Him. I could just summon into this audience another witness, and one that had such a hatred against Christ. The Frenchman said, "It took twelve fishermen to establish the Kingdom of Christ, and one Frenchman could tear it down." So Saul of Tarsus thought. The Son of God just spoke to him, "Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou Me?" "Who art thou, Lord?" "I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" One glance and he became a new man. He held a high position in Jerusalem. O sinner, may you hear that tender, loving voice of the Saviour, and may you this day and this hour think well of the Son of God. If you will pardon me, and I say it with

reverence, we might summon the angels of heaven here—only once they were permitted to burst through the clouds and come down to this world. Yes, they were there, long before the morning stars sang together; there when Christ was in glory. They saw Him when He left the throne of God and came down into a manger; they saw Him pass by thrones on earth and come down into a manger. Hear them upon the plains of Bethlehem, "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people, for unto us is born this day in the city of David a Saviour." The angels of heaven thought that He was a Saviour, and so He is, the Saviour of the world. If we could ask the angels what they think of God's Son, what a shout would go up from around the throne. John heard the voice of many angels ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, and they were singing "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

I would to God that I had the voice of an angel that I might win your soul to the Son of God. A man was preaching in Brooklyn to-day about the white robes, and a friend said the halls of that building never heard such preaching before. And the minister said they might be wearing those robes a good deal sooner than they thought. And just as he got through he threw up both his hands and said "Jesus," and fell dead. Would that I could stand aside and let him take my place for five minutes. O, won't you think well of Jesus? Won't you think well of Jesus of the New Testament? Won't you think well of God's own Son? I want to bring one more witness. "May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and this right hand forget its cunning if I cease to give praises unto His name." There is one more witness, which is that Beloved One. When Jesus of Nazareth was coming up out of the Jordan, lo! a voice from the throne—a voice from Heaven—Hark! Sinners, listen! God speaks: "This is my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." That is what God thought of Him. Once He took Peter, James, and John where Moses and Elias were, and He spoke, "This is My Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him." Won't you think something of the Son of God? Young lady, what do you think? Mother, what do you think? Do you think enough of Him to trust Him? If you want to please the Father here on earth, you will think well of His Son, and if you want to please the Heavenly Father you will think well of His Son.

Now, before I close, let me ask you one question—take it home with you—and that is this: "Why don't you love Him?"

Just think now, can you give a reason for not loving Him? I knew an infidel who was asked by a little child why he didn't love Jesus, and he finally said to himself, I will just find out why I don't love Jesus. He took the Bible and opened it to the book of John—if you want to find out why you don't love Jesus, don't you look there. He found that God so loved the world that He gave Christ for it, and the poor infidel's heart was broken. And that night he was on his knees crying for mercy. Oh, sinner, do think well of Christ to-day! Love Him to-day! Give your souls to Him this blessed evening, the last Sabbath of this blessed month! This day and this hour let us press into the Kingdom of God.

NINETEENTH EVENING.

FAITH.

I WANT to call your attention to-night to the subject of Faith. I think I hear some of you say: "That is a very dull subject: if I had known that would be the subject I would not have come." But it is a very important subject. It is faith that brings the blessing after all. Some one has said there are three things to faith—knowledge, assent, laying hold. Knowledge! A man may have a good deal of knowledge about Christ, but that does not save him. I suppose Noah's carpenters knew as much about the ark as Noah did, but they perished miserably nevertheless, because they were not in the ark. A good many men know a good deal about Christ, but they are not saved by it, and our knowledge about Christ does not help us if we do not act upon it. But knowledge is very important. Knowledge, assent, then, laying hold; and it is that last clause that saves, that brings the soul and Christ together. The best definition I can find of faith is the dependence upon the veracity of another. The Bible definition in the 11th chapter of Hebrews is, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." In other words, faith says amen to everything that God says. Faith takes God without any if's. If God says it, faith says I believe it; faith says amen to it.

But now the question is, who shall we have faith in? A man got up in one of our young men's meetings the other night, and wanted to know why it was there were so many that backslid. One reason for backsliding is because men are not sound in their faith; it is because they have not really been converted to God. A good many men are converted to a church; they say, "I like that church; it is a beautiful church, and there is beautiful singing; I like that quartet choir and the grand organ, and there is a good minister." And so they are converted to the church, and they are converted to the

singing, and converted to the organ, and converted to the minister, or they are converted to the people who go there. They get into good society by going there. But that is not being born of God, or being converted to God. Once there was an old chap sat down among some army soldiers who were telling stories of adventure, and one fellow got up and told all about how he had backslid; but the old soldier said, "I think there is some mistake, and the truth of the matter is, that you have never yet slid forward." Now if a man has faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, he has got something he can anchor to, and the anchor will hold, and when the hour of temptation comes to him, and the hour of trial comes to him, the man will stand firm. If we are only converted to man, and our faith is in man, we will certainly be disappointed. How very often we hear a man say, "There is a member of the church who cheated me out of five dollars, and I am not going to have anything more to do with people who call themselves Christians." But if the man had had faith in Jesus Christ, you do not suppose he would have had his faith shattered because some one cheated him out of five dollars, do you? What we want is some one to have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Turn to the prophecy of Jeremiah, 17th chapter, beginning with the 15th verse: "Thus saith the Lord, Cursed be the man that trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord and whose hope the Lord is." But cursed is the man who puts his trust in man; that is the reason why so many people are all the time being disappointed, and why there are so many that find their faith shaken. It is because they have been trusting in man, and man has failed them, and they have been trusting in themselves, and their hearts are deceitful and desperately wicked, and we cannot have trust in ourselves; and because man has failed us, or because we have failed ourselves, we think God will fail us. But if we put our trust in the God of Jacob, He will surely not fail us.

Faith is very important. You talk about financial panic—if business men lost faith among themselves, and in each other, how quickly all business would go to the wall! It is the foundation of society. It is the foundation of everything. Some people think when we talk about faith in Christ, that it must be some miraculous faith, and that they have got to wait until it comes down out of heaven; that it is some shock which is to come upon them. But this faith in Christ is the same

kind of faith that men have in one another. If a man has faith in the God of Jacob, God will never disappoint him. I never yet have seen a man whose faith God has disappointed, in all my life. There are men who say it does not make any difference what a man believes if he is in earnest, if he is sincere in his belief. We often hear people ask, "You do not think it makes any difference what kind of a belief a man has, if he is only sincere in it, do you?" But, oh, my friends, I tell you it makes all the difference in the world whether a man believes a truth or a lie. If the devil can make you believe a lie, and that you are going to be saved because you are sincere in your belief in it, that is all he wants. Do not suppose for a moment that it does not make any difference what you believe in, or what your faith is, so you are only sincere. Do not go over to that terrible illusion, which is one of the devil's lies. Once there were a couple of men arranging a balloon ascension. They thought they had two ropes fastened to the car, but one of them only was fastened, and they unfastened that one rope, and the balloon started to go up. One of the men seized hold of the car, and the other seized hold of the rope. Up went the balloon, and the man who seized hold of the car went up with it, and was lost. The man who laid hold of the rope was just as sincere as the man who laid hold of the car. There was just as much reason to say that the man who laid hold of that would be saved because he was sincere as the man who believed in a lie, because he is sincere in the belief. I like a man to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in him. Once I asked a man what he believed, and he said he believed what his church believed. I asked him what his church believed, and he said he supposed his church believed what he did, and that was all I could get out of him. And so men believe what other people believe, and what their church believes, without really knowing what the church and other people do believe.

Now, we must know distinctly in whom we believe. Jesus Christ tells us to have faith in God, and if we have faith in God that it will carry us through all darkness, and storm, and affliction, and troubles, and trials. If our faith is in churches, and dogmas, and creeds, and men, and in this thing and that, we will come into trouble and difficulties before we get through our pilgrim's journey. But for him who has faith in God the light will shine brighter and brighter until he comes at last into the glory of the perfect day. Some people put their faith in a man. Some say, "There is such a minister; I have con-

fidence in him and in his Christianity." They pin their faith to a good man, and sometimes the good man deviates a little, and this friend who imitates him thinks that he need not be as perfect as the elder. He says, "If he can do it I can do it," and he deviates a little more, and a little more until he is at last very far away from the moorings. If a teacher teaches a child writing, he teaches him to imitate the copy as closely as he possibly can. Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and those heroic men that lived and moved as the heroes of olden times —there is a long line of them named in the 11th chapter of Hebrews, but in the next chapter the writer takes the eye away from the contemplation of them and says, "Look at Jesus." You need not look at Abraham, or Isaac, or Jacob, but look unto Jesus, the author and the finisher of our faith; look to Him alone. Let us learn a lesson that we are not to pin our faith to good men; we are not to have supreme faith in them. They cannot save us. We are to have confidence in them, but when it comes to the great question of salvation, we are to have faith in God, and God alone. You are not even to obey good men; we are to obey God, and Him only. If God tells us to do a thing, we are to do it; if He tells us to believe a thing, we are to believe it; we are to have faith in God. Have faith in God, and if God tells you to believe a thing believe it, and then you will have peace and confidence and joy. Now we are to have faith. Christ says, "Have faith in God."

But I hear a great many people saying, "How am I going to get this faith? I would come to Christ, but I don't know how to get faith." It would take months and years to get that. Now, I was a long time getting faith. I was anxious to work for the Lord, but I wanted faith. I wanted to get faith, but I went about it the wrong way. I prayed for it, and did nothing else. That ain't the way to get faith, to pray for it and neglect the word of God. The way to get faith is to know who God is, and I never knew a man or woman that was well acquainted with God that wanted faith. Some one said to a Scotch woman, "You are a woman of great faith." "No," she says, "I am a women of little faith, but I have got a great God." Now, would you just turn a moment to the 20th chapter of the Gospel of John, and the 31st verse: "But these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name." Now the whole Gospel of John was written for one purpose. John took up his pen and he

wrote that Gospel that we might believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and that by believing we might have eternal life. And so, instead of praying for faith, and mourning because we haven't got faith, let us study the Word of God, and get acquainted with the God of Israel, and then we will have faith in Him. You can't find a man or woman that is acquainted with God, but that has strong faith in God. That is the reason these infidels won't trust Him, because they don't know Him. Now, would you turn to the 10th chapter of Romans, and the 17th verse: "So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God."—Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God! Now, sinner, do you want to be saved to-night? Have faith in God! Take Him at His word! Believe what He says! Believe the record God has given in His Son? I can imagine some of you saying: "I want to, but I have not got the right kind of faith." What kind of faith do you want? Now, the idea that you want a different kind of faith is all wrong. Use the faith you have got, just believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Not only that, you can't give any reason for not believing. If a man told me he couldn't believe me, I should have a right to ask him why he couldn't believe me. I should have a right to ask him if I had ever broken my word with him, and if I had not broken my word with him, he ought to believe me. I would like to ask you, has God ever broke His word? Can you come forward and tell me, our God has ever failed to keep His word? Never. My friends, He will keep His word.

I tell you, dear friends, it is the damning sin of the world to come through that one door and say there is a blight over the whole world, just because man don't believe. It is all unbelief that has brought misfortune among us. It is the sin of the world. We have sinned, not because we have murdered, not because we have sworn, not because we have lied. God condemns the world because they believe not on him; that is the root of all evil. A man who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ won't murder and lie and do all these awful things. Don't get caught on that terrible delusion that unbelief is a misfortune. Unbelief is not a misfortune, but is the sin of the world. Christ found it on all sides of the world. When He first got up from the grave, He found that his disciples doubted. He had reason to cry out against unbelief. There was Thomas doubted, in fact, all the rest of the disciples, and it is what is keeping back God's blessing in the city of New York. I believe we would have a great revival here, and

thousands of persons would be converted, if we only had faith in God. Now God is able to do great things if we only believe in Him. Let us have faith. Don't be looking to see if you have got the right kind of faith; look and see if you have got the right kind of Christ. Now faith is just the hand that reaches out and gets the blessing. Faith sees a thing in God's hand. Faith says I will have it. I see that book in Mr. Dodge's hand; I go and take it; I have got faith that he will let me have the book. Now, my friends, have faith in God to-night. Faith is an outward look, not an inward look. A great many people are looking at their feelings, a great many people are looking down here. Don't be looking at your feelings, but look at heaven, and if you have got the right kind of Christ you will have the right kind of faith. Suppose a man who had been in the habit of meeting a beggar on the street, and he might say, "I have met this man for years out here begging, and as I go up to-night I meet him; he has got a nice suit of clothes on, and I say to him: 'Hullo, beggar!' and he says, 'Don't you call me a beggar; I am no beggar.' 'Why, are you not a beggar?' 'No, sir, I am not a beggar.' 'What is the reason you are not a beggar?' 'Why, I was sitting there to-day, and I put out my hand and asked a man to give me something, and Mr. Dodge came along and he put $5000 right into my hand.' 'How do you know it is good money?' 'I took it to the bank.' 'How did you get it?' "I put my hand out, and he just put it in my hand.' 'How do you know it is the right kind of a hand?' 'Oh, pooh! what do I care what kind of a hand it was!'"

And so we have only to reach out the hand of faith to-night and take God's Son. The gift of God is His Son and this Son is eternal life. Do you want it? Take it. Who will have faith in Him to-night? You must have a poor opinion of God if you won't trust Him. I can imagine some people saying, "Oh, we have a great respect for God, but we have not got faith in Him." How if your children should say, "Oh, we love papa so much, but we don't have faith in him"? You smile at that, and yet how many Christians talk in that way? Oh, this miserable, wretched unbelief! What grounds have we got for not believing God! Let us ask God to-night to take us from it. Let us put our whole confidence in God, and let us trust Him now. If we don't believe Him, John says we make Him a liar, and that is what unbelief is. Many a man has been knocked down in the streets of New York for calling another a liar. Men take it as a great insult. It

isn't very often that it is such a great insult. We very often tell that which is not true. When a man tells God He lies, is it true? The devil said God was a liar, and men rather believe him than believe God. God is truth. Let us trust Him with all our hearts. Now, there is a verse here I would like to call your attention to—a brother spoke of in the inquiry meeting to the inquirers—the 3d chapter of John and the 33d verse, "He that hath received His testimony hath set to his seal that God is true." "He that hath received His testimony —'His,' that is, God's testimony—hath set to his seal that God is true." In the old days men used to wear a ring, a signet ring, and instead of signing their names to a document they used to take that ring and sign that document, and so Christ uses that as an illustration. Now Christ says if you will set to your seal that God is true, He will believe it. You then set to your seal that God is true. Now, oh lay hold of that verse to-night—"He that hath received His testimony hath set to his seal that God is true." Who will indorse Him? Who will believe? Faith says, I will. I will set to my seal that God is true. Isn't there some one here that won't set to his seal that God is true? There will be joy in heaven to-night. Isn't there some one that will do it?

My little Willie I once told to jump off a high table and I would catch him. But he looked down and said, "Papa, I'se afraid." I again told him I'd catch him, and he looked down and said, "Papa, I'se afraid." You smile, but that's just the way with the unbeliever. He looks down and dare not trust the Lord. You say that would be blind faith, but I say it wouldn't. I told Willie to look at me and then jump, and he did it and was delighted. He wanted to jump again, and finally his faith became so great that he would have jumped when I was eight or ten feet away and said, "Papa, I'se a comin'." I remember seeing a man in Mobile putting little boys on the fence posts, and they jumped into his arms with perfect confidence. But there was one large boy nine or ten years old who would not jump. I asked the man why it was and he said the boy wasn't his. Ah, that's it! The boy wasn't his. He hadn't learned to trust him. But the other boys knew him and could trust him. Oh, sinner, will you not learn Christ to-night, and jump into the arms of a loving Saviour? He'll keep you. Who will believe in the Lord Jesus Christ to-night? Who will come to Him and be saved? Will you not take God at His word? Oh, may He give you strength and faith to-night to trust Him as Job did!

TWENTIETH EVENING.

"For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." ROMANS, 10th chap., 10th verse.

LAST night I spoke to you about believing. I want to follow that subject to-night with another subject as important, and that is Confession of Christ; not confessing sin, that is not what I want to talk about to-night, but confessing Christ. In the 10th chapter of Romans, 10th verse—a very little verse—you will find these words: "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." I believe there are a great many people who have got into trouble and difficulty right in the middle of that verse, because they do not understand why it is that they do not have the joy they have heard other Christian people talk about. They say they believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; they say they trust Him, and Him alone, for salvation; they say that Christ is their only hope; but there they stop. Now, I say to you that confession is as important as faith. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Then the next verse says, "For the Scripture saveth, Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed." Now, if a man really believes in his heart, the next thing he ought to do is to confess Christ, is it not? And you won't get the blessing until you do. "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation." The fact of the matter is, that we are all moral cowards; we are ashamed to come out and confess Christ, and take our stand on the Lord's side, and on the side of His religion. It is the only religion in the world that is worth having; it is the only religion in the world that gives life to man; but, strange to say, I believe we are the only people on earth who are ashamed of their religion. You can not find a man who holds any false doctrine of religion who is not proud of it. If a man has got hold of an error he is not ashamed to confess it and acknowledge it to all men. A

man who is in the service of Satan is not ashamed of it. You hear such men swearing on the street, proclaiming who is their master every day; they seem to be proud of the devil, and to like to have every one know that they are servants of his.

But how do men confess their allegiance to Christ? As disciples of Jesus what cowards we are! It sometimes happens that those who have gone away from our meetings under the influence of a changed heart, come to me afterward and say that they are still in darkness. I say to them, there is a reason for this; did you confess Christ when you went home? "No, I thought I would wait and see how it would hold out before I told any one." But that is not the right way to do. You see it is with the heart man believeth, and the next step is to confess Him with the mouth; that is what the mouth is for—to confess Christ; to tell all that He has done for you. If a man is ashamed to do this, to take his stand on the Lord's side, he will not get the benefit of his conviction. In fact, it is confession unto salvation; salvation comes when we take our stand for Jesus Christ before all the world. If I belonged to the Republican party, and got tired and sick of it and wanted to join the Democratic party, I should not be ashamed to come out and acknowledge it. You never saw a man leave one party to join another who did not like to come out and let every one know it. They want to use all the influence they can to get their friends to join them. If a man is on the wrong side of this question of religion, and goes over on the Lord's side, ought he not to be just as willing to publish it, and to make every one know that he is on the Lord's side? Isn't it amazing how few there are who are ready to come out boldly and acknowledge to every one that they want to be on the Lord's side?

One thing that made our one o'clock meeting so interesting to-day was, a young man got up and said, "My sister and my mother are very anxious to have me become a Christian, and I myself want to." I said, "Thank God for that; that man has more courage; he is willing to let the world know that he wants to be on the Lord's side." I never yet have seen a man who came out boldly in that way but that he surely turns out all right at last. Look at the 9th chapter of Luke, the 23d verse: "And He said unto them all, If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me." But the cross is what men do not like; they want to get to heaven without taking up the cross—any way but that. If men could buy salvation, they would be willing

to pay a good price for it; they would go round the world to get to heaven without the burden of the cross. The way to heaven is straight as an arrow; it is perfectly straight. A man need not be in darkness about the way if he really wants to know. But on the way to heaven there is a cross, and if you try to go around it, or to step over it, or to do anything else than take it up and bear it onward, you get lost. When men are ready to follow Christ, to deny themselves, and humble themselves, and take up the cross, then salvation is ready for them. Satan puts a straw across our path and magnifies it, and makes us believe it is a mountain, but all the devil's mountains are mountains of smoke; when you come up to them they are not there, but mere mountains of smoke. Now, there is nothing to hinder this whole audience from coming out on the Lord's side to-night, and confessing Jesus Christ to be their Saviour; there is nothing but your will to prevent it. Satan has not the power to keep you from it if you will. Christ says, except a man become converted, and like a little child, he is not fit for the Kingdom of God. Pride, I think, is the worst enemy we have. It keeps thousands of people out of the Kingdom of God. The idea that we have to humble ourselves and become like a little child is too much for our pride, but "whoever shall save his life shall lose it, and whoever shall lose his life for My sake shall find it;" but "whoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My Word, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed, when He shall come in His own glory and in His power, and amid all the angels." Ashamed of Him! A young convert got up in one of our meetings and tried to preach; he could not preach very well either, but he did the best he could—but some one stood up and said, "Young man, you cannot preach; you ought to be ashamed of yourself." Said the young man, "So I am, but I am not ashamed of my Lord." That is right. Do not be ashamed of Christ—of the Man that bought us with His own blood. Ought we to be ashamed to speak for His cause, to take our stand on His side? He might well be ashamed of us, for ten thousand reasons which I could show. But the idea of a poor, miserable, vile, blind, hell-deserving sinner being ashamed to own Christ! It is the strangest thing in the world. Look in the 12th chapter of Luke, the 8th and 9th verses: "Also I say unto you, Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God. But he that denieth me before men shall be denied before the angels of God."

During our war, when a General had accomplished some great victory, or had any great success, he thought it was a great honor to have a man stand up in Congress and mention his name. But think of having your name mentioned in the Courts of Heaven, and not only that, but by the Prince of Heaven, by the King of Kings and Lord of Lords! Think of Jesus speaking our names there! He says to us, If you will not be ashamed of Me here before men, in this old creation, I will not be ashamed of you in Heaven before the angels, in the new creation. You confess Me here, I will confess you there. You deny Me here, I will deny you there.

Will the Christian people in this room, in this assembly, to-night, take their stand and let every one know in the circle of their family and among their acquaintances that they are on the Lord's side? Why, if you do, it would be the best meeting, a meeting of more satisfaction than any we have had. The results of such a course taken by every one here to-night, would bring more to Jesus, and be productive of greater righteousness than any brought out by any previous assembly. Let you, young converts, tell your experience, take your stand and confess Christ. That is the way to show how strong your conversion is. Be sure you are on the Lord's side. "If the Lord be God, then follow Him. But if Baal be God, then follow him." It is one of the surest signs of your genuine repentance to come out before men and confess the Lord Jesus Christ. Take your stand and be a witness to the Lord. "He that confesseth me before men, the same will I also confess before the angels of heaven. But he that denieth me before men, the same will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." I was in a Boston prayer-meeting a number of years ago—but I ought to say that I have lived for a number of years out west, a number of years in Chicago, and you know that that part of the country is made up principally of young men; at any rate, the prayer-meetings were for the most part made up of young men—hardly saw a gray-headed man in them at all. So, while I was in Boston, it was quite a treat to see old, gray-headed men in the assemblies. Well, in that meeting, a little, tow-headed Norwegian boy stood up. He could hardly speak a word of English, plain, but he got up and came to the front. He trembled all over, and the tears were all trickling down his cheeks, but he spoke out as well as he could, and said: "If I tell the world about Jesus, then will He tell the Father about me." He then took his seat; that was all he said, but I tell you in those few words he

said more than all of them, old and young, together. Those few words went straight down into the heart of every one present. "If I tell the world"—yes, that's what it means, to confess Christ.

And now are there not hundreds here to-night that are really ashamed of Christ—feel backward about confessing that they are Christians? I heard a story about two young men who came to this city from the country on a visit. They went to the same boarding-house to stay, and took a room together. Well, when they came to go to bed, each felt ashamed to go down on his knees before his companion first. So there they sat watching each other. In fact, to express the situation in one word, they were both cowards—yes, cowards! But at last one of them mustered up a little courage, but with burning blushes, as if he was about to do something wrong and wicked, he sunk down on his knees to say his prayers. As soon as the second saw that, he also knelt. And then, after they had said their prayers, each waited for the other to get up. When they did manage to get up, one said to the other: "I really am glad to see that you knelt; I was afraid of you." "Well," said the other, "and I was afraid of you." So it turned out that both were Christians, and yet they were afraid of each other. You smile at that, but how many times have you done the same thing—perhaps not in that way, but the same thing in effect. Henceforth, then, be not ashamed, but let every one know you are His. And I wish to say to the young converts here, to-night, that if you want peace and joy flowing into your heart like a river, commence at once and confess Him. It is not a work of merit; you are not making God a debtor to you; it is the very least you can do. And those who do so, come out boldly and confess Him, preach better and stronger than any minister of His. Each confession is worth more than a sermon; it is like to one raised from the dead.

The most powerful meeting we have ever had was that of last night, when the converts came boldly forth and told how they had been saved. I heard many say that it was the best meeting they had attended. Oh, what meetings of sweetness and communion with God we would have if every one would just come out and do his duty as God wants him to do! If we boldly took up our cross, and bore it manfully, the world would soon see the influence of these meetings. When I was in Ireland, I heard of a man who got great blessing from God. He was a business man—a landed proprietor. He had a large

family, and a great many men to work for him, taking care of his home. He came up to Dublin, and there he found Christ. And he came boldly out and thought he would go home and confess Him. He thought that if Christ had redeemed him with His precious blood, the least he could do would be to confess Him, and tell about it sometimes. So he called his family together, and his servants, and with tears running down his cheeks, he poured out his soul to them, and told them what Christ had done for him. He took the Bible down from its resting-place and read a few verses of gospel. Then he went down on his knees to pray, and so greatly was the little gathering blessed, that four or five out of that family were convicted of sin; they forsook the ways of the world, and accepted Christ and eternal life. It was like unto the household of Cornelius, which experienced the like working of the Holy Spirit. And that man and his family were not afraid to follow out their professions.

They were not like a great many men I have seen who accept Christ while there is no cross to bear, and where everything is plain and easy for them. Some men when they profess to accept Christ, immediately think they must go and join some church right away. So they go down and see the minister, and say: "Mr. So-and-so, I have become a Christian, and I want to take a pew in your church. I would like to be a member of your congregation, but I don't want to take any active part in the church. Now, don't ask me, some evening, to get up and tell my experience; I never did anything like that, and would not like to be pointed at so conspicuously." Well, he does join the church, and that is the last you ever hear of him. Last week, in this building, a man was converted, and he went right off and joined some church. Well, I hope after he did join, he didn't stop going to church. If a man is converted, I want him to come here and give his experience—let the thousands hear that he is a child of God; let his testimony be given to others, and the result may be that God will use his witnessing to the conversion of many. Mr. Sankey sang to-night, "Where are the Nine?" So may Christ ask the question, "Where are the Nine?" You have read of the story of the cleansing of the ten lepers—you know how the God of glory had compassion upon them. His command was, "Go show yourselves to the priests;" and so they went—behold, the leprosy was all gone. It must have been a wonderful sight. They are going along the road; all at once one discovers the great change that has been wrought in him,

and he stops suddenly. "Brothers, my leprosy is gone," he cries; "I am perfectly well, look." And another then sees his altered condition, and he cries out, "And I am well, too." And another, "Why, see! my fingers were nearly rotted off, and now the disease is all gone." So they all look at themselves, and the great truth bursts upon them that they have been made well. Nine of them continue on their journey, but one poor man turns back, and falls at the feet of Jesus, and glorifies God. Perhaps he did not find his Lord right away; perhaps he had to search for Him; but find Him he did, and gave Him the glory. Christ, after seeing him alone at His feet, out of all He had conferred the great boon upon, asked, in astonishment, "Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?" Well, I don't know what became of them. Perhaps they went and joined some church; at any rate, that is the last we hear of them. So the people think that if they join some church that is all that is required of them. Ha! my friends, "where are the nine?" If the Lord has cleansed you, why don't you lift up your voice in His praise, and give thanks? Why do you bury your talents? Why don't you confess Christ? It is sweet to Christ to have men confess Him. One day He said, "Whom do men say that I am?" He wanted them to confess Him. But one said, "They say thou art Elias," and another, "That thou art Jeremiah;" and another—"Thou art St. John the Baptist." But He asked, "Whom do you say that I am?"—turning to His disciples. And Peter answers, "Thou art the Son of the living God." Then our Lord exclaimed, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjonas." Yes, He blessed him right there because he confessed Him to be the Son of God. He was hungry to get some one to confess Him. Then let every one take his stand on the side of the Lord; confess Him here on earth, and He will confess you when you get to heaven. He will look around upon you with pride, because you stood up for Him here. If you want the blessing of heaven and the peace that passeth all understanding, you must be ready and willing to confess Him. Do you know how Peter fell? He fell like ten thousand people fall, because they don't confess the Son of God; that is the way Peter fell. He saw the people standing all around, and he was ashamed to own his Lord and Master. Am I speaking to any one here to-night who is ashamed to own Christ in his business; ashamed to own Him among his circle of acquaintances? Have you been out to some dinner party, the last week, and heard these meetings ridiculed, and

heard them scoff and jeer at Christ? If you did, and did not confess Him and own Him then, how can you expect to be acknowledged before the throne at the judgment day? If you are not willing to take your stand on the side of the Lord, you need not expect that He will bless you. I can imagine some one saying, "I don't believe in talking much about myself, and I don't." Well, I don't want you to confess yourselves; I want you to confess Christ. We have had enough of that first kind of work. Confess Him; that's what I want you to do.

Look into that 5th chapter of Mark. It is that man I spoke of the other night, how Christ cast out the legions of devils out of him, and how he prayed Him he might be with Him. "No," He said, "you go home and tell your friends how the Lord had compassion on you." The young converts say, "Well, I will go around to the synagogue every Sunday, but I can't tell any one; I won't say anything about it." But this man began to publish it, and it says that all men did marvel. They wouldn't have it that the Son of God did it; the man had never been to college. I don't know as he could write his name. I don't know as he had ever been to school. There was one thing he did know—he knew the Son of God had healed him and had put a new song into his mouth. Christ says, "Go home and tell your friends what great things the Lord has done." Thus he had the highest eloquence; he had the eloquence of heaven. The Spirit of the Lord God was upon him. Yes, but some of these women say, "If I was only a man I would confess." Look into the 4th chapter of John. There was a woman that stirred up the whole town. She took one draught of the living water, and when she went to publish it she says, "Come and see the man that told me everything I ever did; is not this Christ?" And then it says that many believed her testimony, and then they got Christ into town, and He stayed there two or three days, and many more believed on account of His own works. I wish we had a few more women like the woman of Samaria, willing to confess what the Lord Jesus Christ has done for our souls.

Now, there is one man in the 9th chapter of John I want to call your attention to. I do not know his name. I wish I did, because he is one of the men I want to see when I get to heaven. I would like to read the whole chapter, but it is so long. I will just read a few verses—in the 9th verse or 8th verse. It is that blind man that Christ gave sight to. Here is a whole chapter in John of forty-one verses just to tell how

the Lord blessed that blind beggar. It was put in this book, I think, just to bring out the confession of that man. "The neighbors, therefore, and they which before had seen him which was blind, said, Is not this he that sat and begged? Some said, This is he; others said, He is like him; but he said, I am he." If it had been our case I think we would have kept still; we would have said, "There is a storm brewing among the Pharisees, and they have said, 'if any man acknowledges Christ, we will put him out of the synagogue.' Now, I don't want to be put out of the synagogue." I am afraid we would have said that; that is the way with a good many of the young converts. What did the young convert here? He said, "I am he." And, bear in mind, he only told what he knew; he knew the man had given him his eyes. "Some said, He is like him, but he said, I am he." So, young converts, open your lips, and tell what Christ has done for you. If you can't do more than that, open your lips and do that. "Therefore said they unto him, How were thine eyes opened? He answered and said, A man that is called Jesus made clay and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, Go to the pool of Siloam and wash; and I went and washed, and I received sight." He said, "I anointed my eyes with clay and I went to the pool and washed, and whereas I had no eyes, I have now got two good eyes." Some skeptic might ask, "What is the philosophy of it?" but he couldn't tell that. "Then said they unto him, Where is he? He said, I know not. They brought to the Pharisees him that aforetime was blind. And it was the Sabbath day when Jesus made the clay and opened his eyes. Then again the Pharisees also asked him how he had received his sight. He said unto them, I put clay upon mine eyes, and I washed and do see." He wasn't afraid to tell his experience twice; he had just told it once. "Therefore said some of the Pharisees, This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day. Others said, How can a man that is a sinner do such miracles? And there was a division among them." Now I am afraid if it had been us we would have kept still and said, "There is a storm brewing." "They say unto the blind man again, What sayest thou of Him, that He hath opened thine eyes? He said, He is a prophet."

Now, you see, he is got to talking of the Master, and that is a grand good thing. I pity a man or woman that has got an idea that the world can't get along without him. This man, he began to talk of his Master. "He is a prophet;" that is what I think about Him. He knew what he was coming to,

because the Pharisees had just said if any man confessed Him he was going to be cast out of the synagogue. It wasn't like our churches nowadays, for if one church casts a man out, another will take him in if he shows any signs of repentance, but if he was cast out of the synagogue, there were none others there to take him in. "And the Jews did not believe concerning him that he had been blind and received his sight until they called the parents of him that had received his sight, and they asked them, saying, Is this your son who ye say was born blind? How, then, doth he now see? His parents answered and said, We know that this is our son and that he was born blind. But by what means he now seeth we know not, or who hath opened his eyes we know not. He is of age; ask him; he will speak for himself." I do not like those parents; they did know. They just dodged the question; they were ashamed to confess. What a blessing they would have got if they had only confessed! "He is of age, ask him." They had rather sit in the synagogue than have Christ. "Then again called they the man that was blind and said unto him, Give God the praise; we know that this man is a sinner. He answered and said, Whether he be a sinner or no I know not. One thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see." They couldn't beat that out of him; this young convert got assurance right away. "I know that whereas I was blind now I see." I had a good deal rather know that one thing than have all the wisdom of the world and not have that. "Then said they unto him again, What did He do unto thee? How opened He thine eyes? He answered then, I have told you already and ye did not hear; wherefore would ye hear it again, will ye also be his disciples?" He didn't even know Christ, but he is ready to preach for Him. Poor beggar! Unlearned man! If you are willing to be His disciple, I will tell it to you again. Will you do it? I like the faith that young convert had. You do not know what you can do by kindness and forbearance. I remember a family in Chicago who used to hoot at me and my scholars as we passed their house sometimes. One day one of the boys came into the Sunday-school and made light of it. As he went away I told him I was glad to see him there and hoped he would come again. He came and still made a noise, but I urged him to come the next time, and finally one day he said, "I wish you would pray for me, boys." That boy came to Christ. He went home and confessed his faith, and it wasn't long before that whole family had found the way into the Kingdom of God. Oh, let us confess Him to-night and not be ashamed of our religion!

TWENTY-FIRST EVENING.

"What must I do to be saved?"—ACTS, 16th chap., part of 30th verse.

I TAKE my text this evening from the 16th chapter of Acts, 30th verse: "What must I do to be saved?" At our afternoon meeting there were quite a number got up and told how they had been saved in the past two weeks. One young man rose and said that he had been saved within the last hour. I asked him how it was, and he said it was in the noon prayer-meeting, when we were talking about believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. He said the Lord saved him right there in the meeting. And in thinking of that I thought I would try and get hold of some one else to-night, in the same way. The only way to be saved is to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. This question, asked of Paul and Silas, is the most important that can be asked by a human being in this world. I have no doubt that every man and woman in this house to-night has at some time or other asked this question, "What must I do?" many and many a time. I wish they would add the words, "to be saved," to that last word. A man of business gets up in the morning, and asks, "What must I do to-day? What shall I do to make the most money? It is hard times, and it is hard to make both ends meet. It is hard to meet the notes that are coming due." But there is a good deal more important question than that, when a man is sick and asks what he must do to save his life; and even that is not so important a question as we have before us to-night. A man had better lose the life of the body than the life of the soul; and it is better to go into bankruptcy, and lose all through failure in business than to fail to save your soul.

From the highest to the lowest, it is an every-day question, "What must I do?" Now I want you to put on the rest of that question, and ask, "What must I do to be saved?" It is not "What must my brother do?" or "What must my friends do?" but, "What must I do to be saved?" We want to bring out that cardinal idea to-night—to bring it home to

BRINGING SACRIFICES TO THE TEMPLE.

ourselves. "What shall I do to be saved?" Now the answer was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Simply to believe! That Philippian jailor was like all the rest of mankind by nature. He was a sinner; he was already condemned, and what he wanted was salvation. What he wanted was to know what he should do to be saved—that is what every sinner wants to know when he becomes aroused and awakened. He thinks he has something to do. What was this Philippian jailor told to do? To pray earnestly, and weep, and mourn, and fast, and do penance, and cry aloud upon God? No; they did not tell him anything of the kind. They said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and not only thou, but thy whole house." Just simply "believe." A man's mind is always affected by the character of what he believes. If you believe that the Gospel is good news, it will make you glad. If you believe it is bad news, it will send you away sorrowful. We want to take God at His word, and believe that the Gospel is good news, and go on our way rejoicing. The Philippian jailor and his whole house rejoiced because they believed—so Paul and Silas say. In the next verse it says that he told how Christ died for sinners and a poor Philippian jailor, and he rejoiced. If we can make men believe that the Gospel is good news, it will fill them with gladness. I often hear people say, "Why do I not have the joy I have heard that others have when they are converted?" It is because you do not believe the Gospel is good news; if you did, it could not help making you glad. I had a friend who, last fall, came from Chicago with his wife and four children, who were going to France. After they sailed, as time went on, he kept looking at the papers to see if the steamer had arrived. As it did not arrive when due, he began to grow uneasy on the first day. On the second, they had not arrived, and he became alarmed. On the third, he was almost frantic with anxiety. One day when he had become almost mad with anxiety, and had been unable to sleep, a despatch came from his wife, saying, "Saved alone." All his children had gone to a watery grave. That was bad news, which made him very sad. I suppose if the despatch had said, "By the grace of God we are saved, not only myself, but all the family;" that would have been good news, and he would have rejoiced. When one hears good news, it makes him glad, and when he hears bad news, it makes him sad.

There were those four lepers, the messengers who brought the news that the Syrian army had gone, at which so many

rejoiced. There are a great many who are willing to believe the Gospel if they can have some polite messenger. They say: "You do not believe we would go and hear such a minister, do you? We do not believe in that kind of preaching." Now, if a boy brings you a despatch containing good news, you do not look to see who the boy is, do you? It is so in preaching; never mind who brings you the news of the Gospel; what you want is to be saved. When the news was brought to Samaria, people rushed out of the gate, and came where they could get good news. We see in the 8th chapter of Acts, that Philip went down and preached the gospel, and there was great joy in that city because they believed the Gospel of Jesus Christ. So there was good news brought to Samaria twice. Once was when the lepers brought the news that the army had left, and once when Philip went down and preached the gospel. To-night I want to make it so plain that every soul can understand what it is to be saved. A man said in one of our meetings, some time ago, that he had been forty-two years in learning three things; the first thing was that he could not do anything toward his own salvation. I said to myself, "I have learned that, too." The second thing was that God did not require him to do anything; and the third thing was, that Christ had done it all Himself. These things were worth knowing, if it did take him forty years to learn them. You cannot do anything toward saving yourself, you cannot work for salvation. It is a work of the mind, and not of the body. Though it is an act of faith, it certainly is not working; you would not say that trusting was working; or that believing a man's testimony was working. The first thing was, that he could not do anything; the second was, that God did not require him to do anything; and the third was, that Jesus Christ had done it all. All that you have to do is to believe in the finished work of Jesus Christ. When He said, "It is finished," He meant what He said. It is finished, it is completed, and all that poor mortals have to do is to accept it.

What shall I do to be saved? Accept of Jesus Christ personally; take Him in your heart now; let go of your own self; cease all your efforts, and just lay hold on Him. There were once two millers who used to keep their mill running day and night. Every night at midnight the man would go down the stream in his boat, and get out a few hundred yards above the dam, and from there a brother miller would take the boat and row back. One night the miller fell asleep,

and when he awoke he found he was only a few yards from the dam. He seized the oar, and pulled against the stream, but he found the current was so savage that he could make no headway. He managed in the darkness to get near enough the shore to get hold of a little twig; that twig began to give way near the roots, and he knew that if it did give way he would be lost. He had to stop trying to save himself: he gave a cry, "Help! help! help!" and at last some one heard his voice, and came and threw a rope from the shore. All that he had to do was to let go the twig and take hold of the rope, and they pulled him up from the jaws of death. Now, the rope let down into this unpleasant world is just the word "believe." Lay hold of this rope to-night; it is offered to every soul to-night, and all that you have to do is to lay hold of it. Another illustration I would give is about a dream—not that I believe in dreams, but sometimes they illustrate good truth. A woman was troubled about the condition of her soul, and tried to find peace by working her way up to Heaven; but she felt as every one else does who tries to do that. One night she dreamed that she was in a terrible pit: it was so steep that she could not climb out. She kept climbing up a little way and then slipping back until at last she got discouraged and gave up the whole. How many there are who have been saved just when they have got discouraged in trying to save themselves! So she threw herself down on the bottom of the pit to die. She looked up and saw a little star through the mouth of the pit and the star began to lift her up, and she was lifted higher and higher; then she took her eyes off and began to look at herself, and the moment she saw herself she went down again to the bottom of the pit. A second time she fixed her eyes upon the star and again it raised her higher, higher, higher; then again she looked at herself! What a picture it is of hundreds of sinners whom we meet every day! They take their eyes off of Christ and begin to look at themselves, and find they have the same old feelings again, and get discouraged. So when the woman looked at herself a second time, back she went again. The third time she fixed her eye on that star, and in her dream it lifted her, until at last she came out of the pit and her feet were landed safely. She has been looking at that star ever since and the darkness and clouds are now gone.

In order to be saved, you must look steadfastly unto the Lord. Jesus says to look into the ends of the earth and be saved, for God is able to give you help, and there is none else.

Don't look into your own sinful hearts, but away to Christ, for He alone can quicken you. He can draw you out of the pit that Adam dug for you and into which you have fallen. When he fell into it, he drew us all into it too. There are plenty of coal holes in America, and some pretty deep ones too; there are some hundreds and thousands of feet in depth, but I tell you that none of them are as deep as the one we are now in through Adam, and there is not one so hard to get out of as that same pit that Adam dug for us. Stop trying, therefore, for your efforts are fruitless; give up your own exertions and cry unto the Lord for succor. David says in the 40th Psalm: "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock and established my goings. And He hath put a new song into my mouth, even praise unto our God." Yes, He did it, He did it himself. The Lord wants to bring you up out of the horrible pit this very night, if you only let Him. "He heard my cry." There is not a poor penitent anywhere on this earth, no matter in how low a place he may be, but God will hear his cry. If you come from the very depths of sin and cry unto the Lord, He will hear and save you.

I remember when I was in the north of England—at Newcastle—one time I came home very late from the meeting, and sat down at table to take a little something to eat before going to bed; and the lady of the house set something before me and then said, "Mr. Moody, is there anything that you would like that is not on the table?" Well, I said there was nothing except, perhaps, a glass of water, as I felt thirsty. She went out and brought in a jug of water—they use jugs, earthen jugs in that part of the country, that keep the water nice and cool. Well, she brought in and set it before me, and then stepped aside. I took up the jug to pour out some of the water, when I saw a little fly in the water. I didn't want to trouble her again so late at night, and so didn't say anything to her about it—set down the jug of water without drinking it. Soon she perceived that I didn't pour any out, and said, "Why, Mr. Moody, what is the matter? I thought you were thirsty; why don't you drink? Is there anything the matter with the water?" Well, I didn't want to put her to any further trouble, and I said, "Oh, never mind; it's all right; thank you." "No; I am sure there is something wrong with the water," said she; and she came over and looked into the jug and found the fly. "Oh, it is a fly," she said; "now, if Edith were here"—Edith was a little girl about ten years of

age—"she would have mercy upon the little fly and take it out." I immediately said, "Madam, Edith shan't be more merciful than I am," and I took the pickle-fork and put it down near the fly. The little thing had before given up struggling, and had resigned itself to its fate. But as soon as it saw the fork it commenced struggling again, and, when it had seized it, held on firmly with all its might, and I brought it out of its danger safely. I then placed it on my warm hand—it was so cold that it could hardly stir—and by and by it began to move its wings, and when it had them all free of the water, and felt they were strong enough to carry it, it left my hand and flew to the wall. It was rescued, and, no doubt, if it could have spoken, it would have said, "Thank you, thank you; you have saved me." That is just what Christ is doing now. He will save you if you trust in Him. You must have faith in heaven, and believe that help must come from above; it can come from nowhere else. Just stop trying; that is a lesson that God wants you to learn. "I will save you if you give up trying to save yourself," God says; give up all hope, and He will be near and bring you safely home. But men are all the time saying, "I must do something; I can't remain still; I must be up and doing." I tell you that God don't save until you give up all hope. When you come to the end of your struggles, then comes God and offers you salvation. A couple of men, two or three years ago, went out to bathe in Lake Michigan, in the month of July. They were both fine swimmers. But they had not been long in the water before one of them got attacked by the cramp. When he felt it in his limbs, he cried out to his friend to save him. Of course the man swam out to him, and came within his reach. But his drowning companion immediately seized him around the neck, notwithstanding his repeated warnings, and both went down together. By the greatest exertions his friend got away from him while under the water. When he rose to the surface, he said to his friend, who was but a few feet away from him, "Now, I can save you if you only let me. Don't seize me again, but let me take you by the collar and I will bring you ashore. You give up all effort and I will save you. If you promise me you won't touch me it will be all right. If you seize me you will drown me as well as yourself." The drowning man promised all he was asked. Upon that his friend swam over to him again, but his terrified friend took hold of him again harder than ever. After a life and death struggle, however, he was shaken

off, and his friend had, for safety, to swim away from him several yards. He dare not go near him again, and there he had to stay, and he heard the dying groans of his drowning friend, and saw him go down for the last time, never to breathe again. He might have been saved if he had stopped trying. And so it is with you now; and if you give up all hope of saving yourself, and fall quietly into the arms of Christ—into the loving arms of the Saviour—He will save you.

What must I do to be saved? the Jailor cried. The answer was, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." You can do nothing yourself. You, my friend, may have tried to stop swearing, but after a short period of endeavor you have failed—haven't you? You have tried to stop drinking, haven't you, and have failed too? You have a miserable, wretched temper, my friend, and have tried to overcome it and have failed, haven't you? You have tried, some of you have, to break off some sin or other, and you have failed. You have tried again, and failed again; tried and tried, and failed and failed, every time, haven't you? Now, if you give up all hope and stop trying, you will be strengthened by grace from above, and you will conquer. Stop trying, then, to-night, and fall into the arms of the loving Saviour. You should trust Him, and then how quick will your salvation come. Let Him come into your heart and dwell there, and create it into a new tabernacle of holiness. If the heart is right, the life is right. If the fountain is pure, the stream is pure. I remember some years ago I used to hold open-air meetings out in Illinois. In the summer evenings great crowds used to come out, and I noticed at one of the meetings a gentleman sitting in his carriage which was on the outskirts of the assembly, and he had a cigar in his mouth. And again the next morning he was there; and again the next evening. After the preaching was over, he always used to drive right away. One time I saw him take a great interest in what was said, and after a while I saw tears trickling down his cheeks. I made inquiries about him, and they told me who he was. I said to them that I must go and see him some day. They laughed. "Why, you don't know the man as well as we do. You have no idea of the ridicule he has made use of with respect to these meetings, and the lies he has told about you all around town." And they gave me his history. They said he was a man of large wealth, had a fine house, and had everything to make life pleasant to him, but he was a very profane, godless man. He would curse everything and everybody. Even the wife of his bosom has

curses showered down upon her, and his children used to be witnesses of his frightful oaths. One day I set out to go to see him. I was near his house when he stepped out of the front door. I stepped up—"This is Mr. P., I believe?" "Yes, sir," in a gruff, unwelcome voice, "that is my name; what do you want?" He knew very well who I was; he mistrusted what I wanted. "I would like to ask you a question," I replied. "Well, what is it?" "I am told," I said, "that you are very wealthy, that God has blessed you with great wealth, that you have a beautiful wife and lovely children, and I just want to know why you treat God in this way you do?" The tears came out of his eyes, and he said, "Come in, come in." So I entered, and he told me that he had tried a thousand times to stop swearing, but he couldn't. I told him to trust to Jesus and He would stop it for him—that's what He came into the world to do, and the result was that he let Christ take the burden. He confessed his sin, had the prayers of all the Christians round about, and in a year he became one of the elders of the church.

Then be saved, my friends, yourselves. Don't put it off. A Scotch lassie in Perth wanted somebody to pray for her in meeting once. The minister gave her afterward the 53d chapter of Isaiah to read. She said, in her Scotch language, "I canna read, I canna pray. Oh, Jesus, tak me just as I am." It is a mistake to send one away like that. Jesus can save you this very hour, this very minute. Oh, sinner! let Him save you now. Throw yourself into His arms, and He'll save you. What must you do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and He will save you this very minute. When I was preaching once in Illinois, the next morning I had an inquiry meeting. I went around, speaking to this one and that one. And among them I saw a girl about seven years old—about as big as this girl here on the front seat. I thought she was too young to know what an inquiry meeting was. But just as I got through, I thought I would say something to her. So I said, "My little girl, are you a Christian?" And she looked up with tears in her eyes and smiled, and said, "Yes." I said, "How long have you been one?" "Ever since last night," she said. "I was at the meeting, and I felt I was a sinner, and I went home and kneeled by the side of my bed, and I asked God to take away my sin, and He did it." And I said, "How do you know He did it?" And she said, "Why, He promised to." I couldn't say any more. "He promised to." If you believe He will save you. Oh, believe Him, trust Him; receive Christ and you are saved.

TWENTY-SECOND EVENING.

"And Jesus went forth and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion towards them, and He healed their sick."—ST. MATTHEW, 14th chap., 14th verse.

I WANT to call your attention this evening to just one word—compassion. Some time ago I took up the Concordance, and ran through the life of Christ to see what it was that moved Him to compassion, for we read often in His life, while He was down here, that He was moved with compassion. I was deeply pleased in my own soul as I ran through His life and found those passages of Scripture that tell us what moved Him with compassion. In the 14th chapter of Matthew and 14th verse we find these words, "And Jesus went forth and saw a great multitude, and was moved with compassion towards them, and He healed their sick." He saw the great multitude, and He was moved with compassion and He healed their sick. And in another place it says that He healed all that had need of it. There didn't any one need to tell Him what was in the hearts of the people. When I stand before an audience like this I cannot read your history, but He knew the history of each one. It says in one place in Scripture, "each heart knows its own bitterness," and when Christ stood before a multitude like this, He knew the particular bitterness in each heart. He could read every man's biography; He knew the whole story, and as He stood before that vast multitude, the heart of the Son of God was moved with compassion, just as in the preceding verses we find Him, when John's disciples had come to Him with their sad story, and with broken hearts. Their beloved master had just been beheaded by the wicked king; they had just buried the headless body, and came to Jesus to tell all their sorrow to Him. It was the best thing they could do. No one could sympathize with them as Jesus could, no one had the same compassion with them that Jesus had. In all our troubles the best thing we can do is to follow in the footsteps of John's dis-

ciples and tell it all to Him. He is a high-priest that can be touched with our infirmities. We find after this, in a little while, that He, too, had to follow in the footsteps of the disciples. He had to lay down His life for that nation; but He forgot all about that as He looked upon the multitude, and His heart was moved with compassion. He sought to do them good; He sought to heal their sick.

In Mark, 1st chapter and 41st verse, there is a story that brings out the compassion of Christ. There came to Him a leper, and when He saw him His heart was moved with compassion. The poor leper was full of leprosy from head to foot. He was rotten with leprosy. I can just imagine how the leper told his whole story to Christ, and it was the very best thing he could do; he had no friends to be interested for him. He might have had a wife and family or a loved mother, but they could not be there to plead for him. The law forbid any one speaking to him or touching him, but undoubtedly some one had some day come out and lifted up his voice, and told him that a great prophet had arisen in Israel who could cure him of the leprosy; that he was quite sure that He could do it, because He had performed miracles equal to that, and that He could give him life if he would only ask Him. This leper told his sad story. Let us bring that scene down to our own day. Suppose that any one in this assembly here to-night should find that he was a leper and the law required him to leave home. What a scene it must have been when that poor leper left his home, left the wife of his bosom, left his own offspring, with the thought that he never was to see them again! It was worse than death; he had to go into a living sepulchre—to vanish from home, wife, from mother, father, children, friends, and live outside the walls of the city. And while he was out there, if any man should come near him, he had to cry, "Unclean, unclean, unclean!" He had to wear a certain kind of garment, so that all men should know him. You can see him outside of the walls of the city. It might happen in the course of years that some one came out and shouted at the top of his voice, and told him that his little child was dying, but he could not go to see his dying child or comfort his wife in her affliction. There in exile he had to remain, banished from home, while his body was rotting with that terrible disease, with no loved friends to care for him, nothing to do to occupy his time. That was the condition of the poor leper, and when he heard that Jesus could cure him, he went to Him and said, "Lord, if thou wilt Thou canst cure me; Lord, hear my pitiful story;

Lord, have mercy upon me; Lord, save me." And Jesus was moved with compassion, and He reached out His hand and touched him. The law forbade Him doing it, forbade any one touching him, but that great heart was moved, and He touched the man, and the moment He touched him the leprosy was gone; he was healed that very moment. He went home, and told his wife and family what a great blessing had come to him.

Did you ever stop to think that the leprosy of sin is a thousand times worse than that Eastern leprosy? All that it could do was to destroy the body. It might eat out the eye, it might eat off the hand, it might eat off the foot—but think of the leprosy of sin! It brought angels from heaven, from the highest heights of glory down, not only into this world, but into the very pit of hell. Satan once lifted on high hallelujahs of heaven, but sin brought him out of heaven down into darkness. Look into the home of the drunkard; look into the home of the libertine; look into the home of the harlot; look into the homes of those who are living in sin! The leprosy of sin is a thousand times worse than the Eastern leprosy of the body; but if the poor sinner, all polluted with sin, will come to Christ, and say as this leper did, that we have just read about, "Lord, thou canst have compassion upon me: thou canst take away this desire for sin; if thou wilt, thou canst save me," He will save you to-night. Oh, sinner, you had better come to Him; He is the very best friend that you have. It is Jesus that we preach here to-night, the Son of God. He has come to help you; He stands in this assembly, now. We cannot see Him with the bodily eye, but we can with the eye of faith, and He will save every sinner who will come to Him to-night! My dear friends, will you not come to Him and ask Him to have mercy and compassion upon you? If I were an artist, I would like to paint that scene, and bring out vividly that poor, filthy leper coming to the Son of God, and the Son of God reaching out His hand and touching and cleansing him.

And if I were an artist, I would like to draw another picture, and hang it up on yonder wall, that you might see it; that is of the father that came to Christ with his beloved boy. He had been up on the mountain with Peter, James and John, and there He met Elijah the prophet, and Moses the law-giver. Heaven and earth had come together, and there He had met His Father, and He had spoken to Him that memorable night on the mountain. In the morning when He came down, a crowd of people gathered round Him, and some were

laughing and talking; they had been trying to cast the evil spirit out of this boy, and told his pitiful story. No one knows but a father how much that man loved that boy; his heart was wrapped up in that child; but the boy was not only deaf and dumb, but he was possessed with a devil, and sometimes this devil would throw him into the fire, and sometimes into the water; and when the father came to Jesus, He said to him, "Bring him unto me." And when he was coming, the devil cast him down to the ground. So every man on his way to Christ must first be cast down. There he lay foaming, wallowing, and Jesus only said, "How long has this been?" "From his birth," was the answer; "Oh, you do not know how much I have suffered with this boy! When a child he was grievously tormented; he has broken my heart." Some of you here, perhaps, have children who are suffering from some terrible disease, and who are breaking your hearts—you can sympathize with that father. How that father wept when he brought that poor boy! And when Jesus saw that pitiful scene, His heart was moved with compassion, and with a word he cast out the devil. I can see the boy coming home with his father, leaping, and singing, and praying. Let us learn a lesson. Mother, father, have you got a son that the devil has taken possession of? Bring him to Jesus. He delights to save; He delights to bless. All we have to do is to take him in the arms of our faith and bring him to Jesus. I want to call your attention to a difference between the father we read of in the 9th chapter of Mark, and the poor leper in the 1st chapter. The leper says: "If thou wilt, thou canst make me whole." There was the "if" in the right place. The other said: "If thou canst, have compassion." He put the "if" in the wrong place. The Lord said: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible." Let us believe that the Son of God can save our sons and our daughters. Oh, have you got a poor drunken son? Have you a poor brother who is a slave to strong drink? Come; bring him to the meeting here to-morrow night, and let your cry be, "Lord, have compassion on my darling boy, and save him."

About Jesus there was a great number of disciples as He was going near the little city of Nain, and what met His eye? Why, there was a dead man carried out, and I cannot help but think of that passage. When I was preaching to the men last Sunday night, a poor man fell dead, and while we were preaching he was carried out. And here there was a dead man being carried out of the city of Nain, and there was a

great company of the friends accompanying that widow to lay away her only child, her only son. He was an only son, it says, and his mother was a widow. The father, the head of the house, had died perhaps long before, and long before that mother had watched over that husband, and at last she closed his eyes in death. It was a terrible blow, and now death had come again. You who are mothers can see how through all that sickness that mother was not willing to let the neighbors come in and watch over that baby. For weeks you can see a light burning in that little cottage in Nain. There is that mother, she is watching over that boy, her only son. How she loved him! You that are mothers can sympathize with her. You that are mothers can enter into full sympathy with her. You can see how hard it was to lose that only son. She will never look into that beautiful face again. She will never look into those beautiful eyes again. They have been closed; she has closed them with her own loving hands. She has imprinted the last kiss upon that lovely cheek. Now they lay him upon the coffin, or upon the bier, and perhaps four men take him up just as they did the man with the palsy, and they bear him away to his resting-place, and there is a great multitude coming out of Nain. All Nain is moved. The widow was loved very much and there was a great multitude attending her. And now we see them as they are coming out of the gate of the city. The disciples look, and they see a great crowd coming out of Nain, and the two crowds, the two great multitudes come together, and the Son of God looks upon that scene. We read often where He looked toward Heaven and sighed. He had followers on His right hand, followers on His left hand, followers behind Him, and followers before Him. He saw the woe and suffering in this wretched world, but he looked upon that weeping mother. Death had got its captive. And shall not the Son of God look upon that widow? He saw those tears trickling down her cheeks, and the great heart of the Son of God was moved. He would not suffer that son to pass. He commanded the young men to rest the bier. "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" and the dead heard the voice of the Son of God and he arose. I can imagine him saying, "Blessed be God, I am alive."

You know Christ never preached any funeral sermons. Here death had met its conqueror, and when He spoke the word, away went death. The Son of God was moved with compassion for that poor widow, and there isn't a poor widow in all New York but that Christ sympathizes with them. You

that are widows mourning over loved ones, let me say to you Jesus is full of compassion. Let me say He is the same to-night that He was 1800 years ago when He bound up that poor widow's heart in Nain. He will comfort you, and to-night, if you will just come to Him and ask Him to bind up your wounded heart, ask Him to help you to bear this great affliction, the Son of God will do it. You will find that His arm is underneath you to help you carry the burden. There isn't a poor, suffering, crushed, bruised heart in all New York but that the Son of God is in sympathy with it, and He will have compassion on you if you only come home to Him, and He will bind up that heart of yours. Yes, Jesus was moved with compassion when He saw that poor widow. They did not need to tell Him the story; He saw how the heart of the mother was broken and so He just spoke the word. He didn't take him with Him. He might have taken him along with Him to glorify Himself, but He gave him back to the mother. He took him right out of the arms of death and handed him back to the mother. Yes, there was a happy home in Nain that night. How surprised the mother must have been; she could hardly believe her eyes. Oh, my friends, Jesus has got the same power to-night, and He will bind up your aching hearts if you will only just come to Him.

Did you ever hear of one coming to Christ that He did not accept? He don't care what position in life you hold. No matter how low down you are, no matter what your disposition has been. You may be low in your thoughts, words and actions, you may be selfish, your heart may be overflowing with corruption and wickedness, yet Jesus will have compassion upon you. He will speak comforting words to you, not treat you coldly or spurn you, as perhaps those of earth would, but will speak tender words, and words of love and affection and kindness. Just come at once. He is a faithful friend—a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. He is a brother born for adversity. Treat Him like a brother and like a friend, and you will have a heavenly balm placed upon your wretched, broken heart. He is real; He is tangible. We don't worship a myth, we don't praise an unreal being. He is an everlasting, living person, a Man sitting at the right hand of God, full of the power and the majesty of heaven. He comes here to-night in the Spirit. He is present with you. Oh, accept Him, and He will deliver you and save you and bless you. My friends, just treat Him as if you saw Him here in person, as if He stood here in person, the same as I do now.

Come to Him, then, with all your troubles, and He will bless you. If He were here, and you saw Him beckoning unto you, you would come, wouldn't you? Well, you would be saved then by sight, but He wants us to take Him by faith. There are those here to-night that believe He is here now. Mr. Dodge, you came here for Christ's name, didn't you? [Mr. Dodge.—"Yes."] Isn't it Christ's name that has brought you here, Dr. Hepworth? [Dr. Hepworth.—"Yes."] And you, Dr. Booth, didn't you come here in Christ's name? [Dr. Booth.—"Yes."] Yes, you have come here for Christ, and are willing to confess His name. You are witnesses to His name. Yes, here are two or three gathered together in the name of Christ, and He is here because He has promised. Take Him at His word, then, my friends. The Son of God is here to-night. Do you doubt it? Is there a man or woman in this assembly to-night that doubts it? I tell you He is here. He is just here as much as if you saw Him. Press up to Him. He is infinite in compassion, and will take pity upon you.

Oh, my friends, that was earthly compassion, but what conception can you form of the compassion of Jesus? If you come and tell Him your sad stories His heart will be moved. Oh, come and tell Him your sins and misery. He knows what human nature is; He knows what poor, weak, frail mortals we are, and how prone we are to sin. He will have compassion upon you; He will reach out His tender hand and touch you as He did the poor leper. You will know the touch of His loving hand. There is virtue and sympathy in it. That story of the soldier reminds me of another. A mother received a despatch that her boy had been wounded. She resolved to go down to the front to see him; she knew that the nursing of the hospital would not be as tender as hers would be. After much solicitation she saw the doctor, and after repeated warnings from him not to touch the boy or wake him up—he had only a few days to live, at any rate, and waking him up would only hasten his death—she went to his bedside.

When she saw the poor boy lying there so still and lifeless, and with the marks of his suffering so fresh upon him, she could not resist the temptation to lay her hand on his brow. Instinct told him it was his mother's loving hand, and without opening his eyes, he said, "Oh, mother, have you come?" Let Jesus touch you to-night. His is a loving, tender hand, full of sympathy and compassion. Oh,

my brother (looking at a young man in one of the front rows), will you have him to-night? You will? Thank God, thank God, he says he will accept Him. We have been praying two or three days to this young man, and now he says he will take Christ. Oh, bless the Lord! Let us pray, and as we pray, let us make room for Jesus in our hearts as this man has done, upon whom He has had compassion and whom He has saved.

TWENTY-THIRD EVENING.

"The Prodigal Son."—ST. LUKE, 15th chap., 11–32 verses.

WE have for our subject to-night one of the two young men we have read about in the 15th of Luke. There is not a person in this audience here to-night but who is as well acquainted with the 15th chapter of Luke as the preacher. Probably there is not a prodigal in all New York but that knows the story as contained in this chapter of Luke. It is not necessary for me to tell you why this young man went away. It was his nature. It is natural for a man to go away from God. "All we like sheep have gone astray;" every one is turned too easily away. This prodigal went away without any reason that we know of; we are not told that his father was unkind to him, but I think, however, that the father made a mistake. I think if I had a son that wanted me to divide up my property and let him have the share that was coming to him, I should make a great mistake to give him the money. A great many people are making that mistake to-day, and if there is one person in this world to be pitied more than another, it is the man who has all the money that he wants to spend and nothing to do. When that young man came to his father and wanted him to let him have his portion, his father had better have said, "No, you had better wait until your father has gone." When the prodigal son got that which was coming to him, it says he gathered his goods all together, and took his journey into a far country. Well, he was considered popular in that distant country—most men who have plenty of money and nothing to do are very popular; but how long his popularity lasted we are not told, because we do not know just how long his money held out. But his friends gathered round him; he had a good many friends until his money was gone, and then the poor man woke up to the fact that all those he called his friends had been after his money and not him; they were friends to his money, not to him. And when he had spent all, at last he came to want. Did you ever stop to think

how many prodigals there are in a city like New York? Suppose that we had them all here to-night, and that we could bring them up here and let them pass in front of this audience, it would take a long, long time—tramp, tramp, tramp—before this assembled audience. New York is full of prodigals. They have not only left their earthly parents, they have sent many of those parents to an untimely grave. And how many have turned their backs upon God and have wandered away!

I do not know where the prodigal son in this story went to, perhaps to Egypt; perhaps he went to Memphis—that was one of the magnificent cities in those days—but he got as far away as he could from home. Perhaps he wanted to get away from home restraint and home influences; perhaps he talked as many young men do now, in a laughing way, saying he was only "sowing his wild oats." It makes my heart sad when I hear young men use that expression. A great many young men seem to forget that they have to reap what they sow tenfold. If a man sows a handful, he reaps a bushel; if a man sows the wind he reaps the whirlwind; it is only a question of time; he will surely come to want some day. All these earthly streams become dry some day; he will surely come to want. We read that when this prodigal's money was all gone, a famine struck that land and there he was alone, in a strange country in great want. All his friends were gone now: he had lost every one of them; he thought he had a good many friends, but they were now all gone. If they had had pawn shops in those days, you would have seen him hanging round a pawn shop pawning what he had left. The rings he wore away from home are gone; perhaps he has worn out his shoes and has not got them to pawn; there he is stripped. But he did not go and beg, like a great many men in these days. For that one thing I have respect for the prodigal, because he did go to work. It was a very humble occupation to be sure, but if he could not get what he wanted he was willing to do most anything rather than to beg; and there is no meaner occupation possible to a Jew than to feed swine; but he was willing to do that. If a great many of those people who are now called tramps would go to work we would all have sympathy for them.

The prodigal got down very low, but he did not get down low enough to beg; he went to work; his work was very mean; he could not have been in a meaner occupation than feeding those swine. When the backslider goes away from God he loses all the blessing of his work, and the prodigal

lost all his. He had no home. A man who is away from God has got no home; he has turned his back upon his home, and there was no home for him there among strangers. If the strangers had attempted to give him a home it would not have been home to him, but they did not. There he was among strangers, coatless, shoeless, hatless; some of the young men in that country came along, some of the very friends perhaps that had got his money away from him—for men gambled in those days as they do now—and they probably said, "Look at that fool; he came down here with $20,000 only two or three years ago, and now it is all squandered." Those very men who had got his money away from him began to make sport of him now. I think I can see him straightening himself up, and saying to them, "You call me a beggar! Why, my father's servants dress better than you do!" And they laughed, and said, "Your father's servants—why, you have not got any father." No one believed him; he had lost his testimony. And just so has every backslider from God lost his testimony. You never can get any food for the soul in the devil's country. There he was, away from home, starving, even the food the swine would eat—no one would give him even that. He would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat. Sin had taken him away from home, away from God; the point is, how did he ever get back?

I suppose you prodigals all want to know how he got back, and you want to know how to get back yourselves, hundreds of you here to-night. When the man began to come to himself, he woke up to the fact that the best friend he had in the world was his father. There was one thing that the prodigal never lost; he lost his work, he lost his food, his home, his testimony; but he never lost his father's love. His father loved him right on through it all. I find that a good many men, who are living in sin, wonder why it is that God does not answer their prayers. Well, God loves them too much to answer their prayers. Suppose the son had written his father a letter, saying, "I am in want, suppose you send me some money." The father would have loved him too well to answer that prayer. Your Heavenly Father loves you too well. If you have gone off into a foreign country; if you have got away from God's tables, His arms will not reach you there to feed and clothe you. He wants you to go home to Him. That man had left home and gone into a foreign land, and the famine was sore upon him. One day a neighbor came down from his native country perhaps, and found the young man

there. Said he, "Why do you not go home?" "Well, I don't know. I am not sure my father will receive me." "Your father—he loves you as much as he ever did." "My father—did you see him?" "Yes; I was talking with your father one day last week." "What did he say? Does he ever speak of me?" "Ever speak of you! He never speaks of any one else. He dreams of you at night." Oh, if there is a poor prodigal here to-night, do not go on in that terrible delusion that your Father has forgotten you. Here is a father that has nine children, and one is a prodigal away from home, but he thinks more of that one son than he does of all the rest.

One of the greatest impediments a man has got is his terrible pride. This young man says, "I went away with abundance. I went away in grand style, and now I have got to go back in rags." Perhaps his pride kept him away for some time. One day he came to himself, and made up his mind to return to his father's house. He got down on his knees and buried his face in his hands, like Elijah upon Mount Carmel, and he began to think. He was busy thinking, and he says, "Well, I don't know, but I had better go home. I think perhaps I had. In fact, there is no one in the world who loves me as much as my father," and he just lets his mind go back into the past; it sweeps over his whole life; it goes down into his childhood; he remembers his father and mother—how they loved him, and how they watched over him. He thinks of the tears of his mother. I cannot help but think he had lost his mother—for there is no one who could be more interested in the boy than his mother, and it don't say anything about her. He thinks how after mother died, father was about as tender as mother. He says, "I remember, the morning I left home, how the old man wept and sobbed over me. He tried to conceal his feelings, but I remember how he begged me to stay at home, and I remember how he prayed that morning around the family altar, how he asked the Lord God of Heaven to save his boy from sin, and how he asked that God might send His angels to watch over me." Everything was vivid in his mind miles away, back in his native town. He says, "Here I am, shoeless, coatless, and just covered with these miserable rags." And he took a look out in the future, and how dark it looked!

"Why, the very servants are better off than I am; there is bread enough and to spare in my father's house;" and the young man came to himself, and he said, "I will." That is the time that his heart turned back to his God. I would to

God we could get thousands to say that word to-night, "I will arise and go to my Father." Nine-tenths of the battle was won when he said, "I will arise and go to my father." He may be in a far country, but he will soon get home if he has made up his mind to come. And he made up a sort of a sermon he was going to preach when he got home. The first thing he was going to do was to confess. "I will confess that I have sinned against heaven. I will confess that I have done wrong, and I will ask if he will let me be as one of his servants."

Ah, he didn't know his father's heart; if he had he wouldn't have asked the rest. He says, "I will just ask my father to let me be as one of his servants." But now he had made up his mind to go home, and he starts. He goes to the citizen of that country, and he says, "I have made up my mind to go home, and I can't work for you any longer. My father is well off, and I am sure my father will receive me back." The citizen don't care anything about him; but there is a living heart there at home, and he starts. I see him on his way, and there is joy up there now; they ring the bells of heaven. I see the guardian angel that watches over him, and the moment he came to himself, then there was joy on high. Then the prodigal is out on his way—see him! I can just imagine his feelings as he came over the border of his native land—"It may be father has died; may be he is dead! If he is, may be I may not get a warm welcome." It was a good thing for the prodigal that his father was alive, wasn't it? He wouldn't have received a very warm welcome from that brother of his. Ah, young man, you had better make the most of that experience, and get home before that old father dies, unless you have got a godly, praying mother. Go down to your houses to-night, and write a letter to your mother or your father, and ask them to forgive you! Ask your Father in Heaven to forgive you.

But now see him as he is going along toward home, wondering if that father is alive waiting for him. There is the old man out on the flat roof. Many a time he has been there before. Many a time his eye has been looking in the direction where his boy went. He cannot tell him by any thing he has on; but love is keen. He saw his boy afar off; that was his long-lost boy. He starts out after him. You can see his long white hair floating through the air; he leaps over the highway; the spirit of youth has come upon him. The servants look at him leaping over the highway, and they wonder what

has come over him. It is the only time God is represented as running, just to meet a poor sinner. God walks. When those children of Israel were thrust in that fiery furnace, we find that God walked in that furnace. The whole story of that prodigal is just written to bring out God's love, or the compassion of God. "And when he saw him a great way off he had compassion on him." He did not wait for him to come. He did not say, "He went away without cause, I will not go to meet him." And when he meets him, he falls upon his neck, and he weeps over him; and the servants come running out to see what is the matter. And the boy begins to make his speech: "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son!" And just as he was going to say, "Make me as one of thy hired servants," the father interrupts him, and he says to one servant, "Go bring the best robe and put it on him;" and to another, "Go to my jewel-box and get a ring and put it on his finger;" and to another one, "Go and get the shoes;" and to another, "Go and kill the fatted calf." And there was joy there. What joy there was in that home! "He had compassion on him."

My friend, don't you know that since then that story has been repeated nearly every day—prodigals going back—and I never yet heard of any man going back that did not get a warm welcome. There isn't a poor prodigal in New York but that if he will go back to his father he will receive a warm welcome. But that isn't the lesson we want to teach. It is not only to be reconciled to your earthly father, but, my friends, to your Heavenly Father. The most reasonable thing you can do is to go to your Heavenly Father and ask His forgiveness. I have got a letter here, I think it is one of the last letters I received from England. The letter goes on to state that a son and husband had left his father's house—left his wife and children without a cause; and now in closing up the letter the sister says, "He need not fear reproach, only love awaits him at home." That man may be here to-night. My words may reach him, and if so I beg him to return from his erring ways. Listen, your sister says that no reproach or harsh words will meet you on your return home, only love will welcome you when you enter the door. Oh, do not spurn your sister's words, or the tears of the loved ones far away. The father of the prodigal did not reproach his boy; did not have unwelcome words when he had returned from his wanderings. And so God does not reproach the sinner. He knows what human

nature is—how liable a mortal is to go astray. It is human to err. He is always ready to forgive and take you back. Christ says He will forgive; He is full of love and compassion and tenderness. If a poor sinner comes and confesses, God is willing and ready to forgive you. He will forgive you the hour, yes, the minute, of your return. Oh, you that have gone astray, remember this.

There was a lady that came down to Liverpool to see us privately; it was just before we were about to leave that city to go up to London to preach. With tears and sobs she told a very pitiful story. It was this: She said she had a boy of forty-nine years of age who had left her. She showed me his photograph, and asked me to put it in my pocket. "You stand before many and large assemblies, Mr. Moody. My boy may be in London now. Oh, look at the audiences to whom you will preach; look earnestly. You may see my dear boy before you. If you do see him tell him to come back to me. Oh, implore him to come to his sorrowing mother, to his deserted home. He may be in trouble; he may be suffering; tell him for his loving mother that all is forgiven and forgotten, and he will find comfort and peace at home." On the back of this photograph she had written his full name and address; she had noted his complexion, the color of his eyes and hair; why he had left home, and the cause of his so doing. "When you preach, Mr. Moody, look for my poor boy," were the parting words of that mother. That young man may be in this hall to-night. If he is, I want to tell him that your mother loves you still. I will read out his name, and if any of you ever hear of that young man just tell him that his mother is waiting with a loving heart and a tender embrace for him. His name is Arthur P. Oxley, of Manchester, England. You who have got children around and about you, and can feel the pangs that agitate the breasts of these families whose chief joy and delights are gone, lift up your hearts to God for this erring father and for this wandering boy. If they be anywhere yet on the face of the earth, pray to God that He will turn their hearts and bring them back.

Perhaps there is no subject in the Bible that takes hold of me with as great force as this subject of the wandering sinner. It enters deeply into my own life; it comes right home into our own family. The first thing I remember was the death of my father. It was a beautiful day in June when he fell suddenly dead. The shock made such an impression on me, young as I was, that I shall never forget it. I remember

nothing about the funeral, but his death has made a lasting impression upon me. The next thing that I remember was that my mother was taken very sick, and the next thing that occurred in our family that impressed itself on my young mind was that my eldest brother, to whom my mother looked up to comfort her in her loneliness and in great affliction, became a wanderer; he left home. I need not tell you how that mother mourned for her boy, how she waited day by day and month by month for his return. I need not say how night after night she watched and wept and prayed. Many a time we were told to go to the post-office to see if a letter had not come from him, but we had to bring back the sorrowful words, "No letter yet, mother." Many a time have I waked up and heard my mother pray, "O God, bring back my boy." Many a time did she lift her heart up to God in prayer for her boy. When the wintry gale would blow around the house, and the storm rage without the door, her dear face would wear a terribly anxious look, and she would utter, in piteous tones, "Oh, my dear boy; perhaps he is now on the ocean this fearful night. O God, preserve him!" We would sit around the fireside of an evening and ask her to tell us about our father, and she would talk for hours about him; but if the mention of my eldest brother should chance to come in, then all would be hushed; she never spoke of him but with tears. Many a time did she try to conceal them, but all would be in vain, and when Thanksgiving day would come a chair used to be set for him. Our friends and neighbors gave him up, but our mother had faith that she would see him again. One day in the middle of summer a stranger was seen approaching the house. He came up on the east piazza and looked upon my mother through the window. The man had a long beard, and when my mother first saw him she did not start or rise. But when she saw the great tears trickling down his cheeks, she cried, "It's my boy, my dear, dear boy," and sprang to the window. But there the boy stood, and said, "Mother, I will never cross the threshold until you say you forgive me." Do you think he had to stay there long? No, no; her arms were soon around him and she wept upon his shoulder, as did the father of the prodigal son. I heard of it while in a distant city, and what a thrill of joy shot through me! But what joy on earth can equal the joy in heaven when a prodigal comes home? This night your father wants you. Dear son, come to Him. Confess your sin, and He will have mercy upon you and forgive you. May heaven's blessing rest upon every soul here is my prayer. Let us pray.

TWENTY-FOURTH EVENING.

"And laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."—ST. LUKE, 2d chap., part of 7th verse.

YOU will find my text this evening in the 2d chapter of the Gospel of Luke, a part of the 7th verse, "And laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." For four thousand years the world had been looking for Christ. Prophets had been prophesying and the mothers of Israel had been praying and hoping that they might be the mother of that child, and now He has arrived, we find that He is laid in a borrowed cradle. "There was no room for them in the inn." He might have come with all the grandeur and glory of the upper world. He might have been ushered into this world with ten thousand angels, yea, legions upon legions of angels might have come to herald His advent. He might have been born in a palace or a castle. He might have been born upon a throne if He had chosen to, but He just became poor for your sake and mine. He passed by mansions and thrones and dominions, and went down into a manger. His cradle was not only borrowed, but almost everything that He had was borrowed—it was a borrowed beast He rode into Jerusalem on; it was a borrowed grave they laid Him in. When the Prince of Wales came to this country, what a welcome he received. There wasn't anything too good for him. When the Prince of Russia came to this country, I saw him as he was escorted up Broadway, and cheer upon cheer went up all the way. New York felt honored that they had such a guest. The Prince of Wales during the past few months has been in India, and what a reception he has been receiving there! Even those heathen are glad to do him honor. When the Prince of Heaven came down, what kind of a reception did He meet with? There were no hallelujahs from the people. He found that there was no room in Bethlehem for Him; there was no room in Jerusalem for Him. When He arrived at Jerusalem not only the King, but all Jerusalem, was

troubled. When the wise men told Herod, "He is King of the Jews, for we have seen His star in the East," not only the king upon the throne, but all Jerusalem was in trouble; and every man that had been looking for Him seemed to be troubled, and the whole city is excited. The king sends out and commands all infants under a certain age to be slain. No sooner the news comes that He is born the sword is unsheathed, and follows Him, you may say, to Calvary.

And has the world grown better? Is not this world about like that little town in Bethlehem—there is no room for Him? What nation wants Him to-day? Does this nation want Him? Suppose you should put it to a popular vote, I don't believe there is a town in the whole republic that would vote for Him. Does England want Him? England and the United States are perhaps the most Christianized countries on the globe, but I don't believe there is a town in England or in this country that would vote for Him. In fact, I might say, does the church of God want Him? We have got the forms, we are satisfied with them, but we deny the power. I am ashamed to say that there are many of our churches that really would not want Him. There would be a different state of things in the Church of God to-day if Christ should come. A great many church members do not want Him; they say "My life is not right." There are very few families in the whole city of New York that would make room for Him. They would make room for the greatest drunkard in New York, rather than make room for Him. Don't think the world is better if it don't make room for Him. If He should go to Washington, do you think they would make room for Him there? If a man should get up in Congress and say, "Thus saith the Lord," they would hoot him out; if Christ should go there, they would say, "He is too good, he is too honest, we don't want Him, we don't want honest men." When it comes to a real, personal God, the world don't want Him, the nations of the earth don't want Him. Does France want Him? Does Italy want Him? Oh, my friends, there is no room for Christ, yet it would be a glorious day if there was room for Him. I believe the millennium would soon be here. When He went to Decapolis, He found a man there filled with devils, and He cast out those devils, and the men of Decapolis came out and besought Him to go out of their coasts. Take what you call the fashionable society of New York, is He wanted there? They will talk about this church and that church; they will talk about Dr. So-and-so, and the Rev. So-and-so, and talk about

the Bible in schools, but when it comes to a real, personal Christ, and you ask them, "Do you want Christ in your heart?" they say, "O, sir, that is out of taste." I pity the man or woman that talks in that way. Is He wanted in commerce? Is He wanted on 'Change? If He was, men would have to keep their books different. Commercial men don't want Him.

You may ask the question, "Well, where is He wanted; who wants Him? Where is there room for the Son of God; who will make room for Him?" I wonder if there is any one here that ever had that feeling for five minutes. I think I have had that feeling for a day. There are some who wonder how people can commit suicide. It's no wonder to me. When men feel that there is no room for them, that no one wants them, when they feel that they are a burden to their friends, and a burden to themselves, why it drives them mad. I remember one day when I felt as if no one wanted me. I felt as if there was no room for me. For about twenty-four hours I had that awful feeling that no one wanted me. It seems to me as if that must have been the feeling of Christ. His neighbors didn't want Him; those Nazarenes didn't want Him; they would have taken Him to the brow of the hill and dashed Him to the bottom; they would have torn Him limb from limb, if they could. He went down into Capernaum, they didn't want Him there. Jerusalem didn't want Him, there was no room. To me, there is one of the most touching verses in the Bible, in the closing part of the 7th chapter of John. I believe it is the only place where Christ was left alone: "Every man went to his own house, and Jesus went to the Mount of Olives." I have often thought I would like to have met Him upon that mount. He was on the mount alone. There was no home for Him in Jerusalem; He was looked upon as a blasphemer; some thought He was possessed of devils, and so He was left alone. You could have seen Him under an olive tree, alone, and I imagine that night you could have heard Him crying to God for His own. And perhaps it was on that memorable occasion, or a similar occasion, when He said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not whereon to lay His head." Thanks be to God there was a place. I have often thought of that little home at Bethany. It says that Martha received Him into her house. It was the best thing that Martha ever did; and do you think she ever regretted it? Little did she know that her loved brother was soon going to

die when she made room for Jesus. Ah, it was the best thing that Martha and Mary ever did when they received the village carpenter, the despised Nazarene, into their home. He used to have to walk down to the city two miles to Bethany, but there he always found room.

But look again, look in that home where Lazarus comes home sick. Some think his occupation was that of a scribe, that he was a writer, and one day he came home weary; perhaps he had headache, and fever seized him. One of the leading physicians of Jerusalem is sent for, and the third or fourth day he tells the sisters, "There is no hope for your brother, he is dying, he cannot live." And when all earthly hope had failed, and they had given up, then the sisters sent for Jesus. Those two sisters sent a messenger, perhaps one of the neighbors, off from Bethany; perhaps he would have to go twenty or thirty miles away, on the other side of Jordan, for they heard Jesus was there. They did not have papers in those days to tell them where He was, and if there had been papers they wouldn't have reported His meetings. There wouldn't have been a paper that would have taken the pains to report His meetings. They instructed the messenger to say, "Him whom Thou lovest is sick." That was enough. What a title to have to a man's name!—what a eulogy to have to a name! And when the messenger came and told the message, he told Him that him whom He loved was very sick; and the Lord Jesus turned to him and said, "I will go. Take back word to those two sisters. The sickness is not unto death, but I will come." And I can see those two sisters. How eager they are to find out what his success had been. "What did He say?" and the messenger answers, "Why, he said the sickness was not unto death, and he would come and see Lazarus." I can imagine Mary turns to the messenger and says, "I don't understand that. If He were a prophet He would certainly have known that Lazarus is dead, for he was dying when you went away, and he was already dead when he said the sickness is not unto death. Are you sure He said that?" "Yes, that was what He said." It might have been the second day after his death and He didn't come, and they watch and wait, and the third day they look for Him. "Why, it is so strange He treats us in this way." The fourth day comes, and it is noon, yet He has not come. I can imagine that on the fourth day in the afternoon they receive word that Jesus is just outside of the walls of Bethany with His disciples, and when He comes Martha says to Him, "If thou hadst been here my brother had

not died," and hear what gracious words fall from the lips of Jesus, "Thy brother shall live again." "Martha said unto Him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." Hear the blissful words that fall from the lips of the Son of God: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Little did Martha think that He whom she was entertaining was the Resurrection and the Life, and what a privilege it was to have such a guest! And Christ says, "Where is Mary? go, call her." So Martha goes and calls Mary, and says, "Mary, the Master is come, and calleth for thee." Isn't there some Mary to-day whom He is calling for? Isn't there some unsaved Mary within these walls whom He is calling for? If there is, He wants to bind up your heart—He wants to take away your sin.

And when Mary comes she meets Him with the very same words that fell from the lips of Martha, "If thou hadst been here my brother had not died;" and Christ says, "Where have ye laid him?" And now look at Him. Those two sisters are standing near Him, and perhaps are telling Him of the last moments of Lazarus, and how their hearts had been bleeding all these four days. And when He saw them weeping, and the Jews also weeping who came with them, the heart of the Son of God was moved with compassion and "Jesus wept." For it says, "He wept with them that wept," and the tears were streaming down His cheeks. "Then said the Jews, Behold how He loved him." And when Jesus came to the grave He said, "Take ye away the stone." But Martha says, "He has been dead four days, and by this time it is not proper to go near him." But He commanded them to take away the stone. "Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up His eyes and said, Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me. And I knew Thou hearest Me always; but because of the people which stand by I said it that they may believe that Thou hast sent Me." And when he had thus spoken, he cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth." Some one has said, it was a good thing He called him by name, for if He hadn't all the dead men in that yard would have leaped up. "And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes, and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, 'Loose him and let him go.'"

In the little town of Bethany now the sun is just sinking

behind one of those Palestine hills, and it is now about dusk. You can see the Son of God perhaps, with Lazarus hold of His arm, and they walk through the street. Ah, that was the happiest home on earth that night. I believe there was no happier home than that in Bethany that night. Isn't it the very best thing that you can do to make room for Him?

Mothers, if you will make room for Him, you will entertain the best guest, the best stranger you ever entertained. Ah, Martha didn't know how near death was to that home when she received Christ, and, dear friends, you don't know how near death may be to you, and when death comes, what a comfort it is to have Christ to help us, to have His arms underneath us and bear us up. You need Him, and had better make room for Him, and if you make room for Him here in your hearts, He will make room for you, up there. He says in that chapter which I read, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." Instead of His disciples comforting Christ, there is Christ trying to comfort them. And now, while He is up yonder preparing a place for us, shall we not make room for Him down here? If the nations won't make room for Him, if the church won't make room for Him, if the families won't make room for Him, thanks be to God, we can make room for Him in our hearts. He says you are the temples of the Holy Ghost. "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" Will you make room for Him this afternoon? Young lady, is there room for self? Is there room for the world? Is there room for pride? Is there room for jealousy? Is there room for every one and everything else but the Son of God? Will you turn Him away, or will you to-day make room for Him? Isn't it the very best thing you can do to make room for Christ? When He made this world, He made room for us, plenty of it. He made room for Himself in our hearts, but a usurper has come. My friends, won't you let the Son of God into your hearts, and won't you let Him dwell with you? The only room the world found for Him was just on the Cross. Now, suppose He were to come here, shall He come into this hall, and shall He go through this assembly, and shall He not find room in your hearts and mine, or will your heart be full like that full inn, in Bethlehem, or will you this afternoon, just while I am speaking, say, "Lord Jesus, I make room for you in my heart." Mother, ought not gratitude for

Him who has made a place for your loved ones in heaven, lead you to make room for Him? Won't you say, "Here is plenty of love, won't you come and dwell in my heart?" Just the very minute you receive Him, He will come. Am I speaking this afternoon to some poor fallen woman? Let me say to you, He received just such, and to-day He will come into your heart if you will just make room for Him. How many are there in this audience to-day that never have thanked the Lord Jesus for the blessings He has showered upon them! And, my friend, don't let this beautiful Sabbath pass without saying, "Jesus, there shall be room in my heart for thee hereafter," and then by-and-by He will receive you up yonder. If you will make room for Him here in your heart, you may be sure He will make room for you in one of His Father's mansions. Oh, this day and this hour, my friends, make room for Christ! Dear friends, don't you want Him? To-day, won't you make room for Him? Won't you just bow your heads, and, when you pray, pray that every soul that wants Christ, he may come to Him.

TWENTY-FIFTH EVENING.

THE BLOOD OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

WE have for our subject to-night, The Blood. I would like to call your attention to a few passages of Scripture in different portions of the Word of God. The first is in the 3d chapter of Genesis, the 21st verse: "Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God make coats of skins and clothed them." That is the first glimpse we have of the shedding of blood.

To me it is a very sweet thought that God thus dealt in grace with Adam before He dealt in government. Some people complain of God's dealing with Adam, that He was very severe, but you will find God dealt in love with him. Some one said, He put the lamp of promise into his hand before He drove him out of Eden. The first thing was the promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head, and in the very same chapter we find that God consented to kill those innocent animals to make coats of skins. Of course the blood had to be shed in order to furnish those garments. As they went out of Eden, I think Adam might have said to Eve, "These garments are a token of God's love." God clothed them. He put cherubim at the gate of the garden, and a flaming sword to protect the Tree of Life, that they should not come and eat; but we find when the right time came, He took that very sword and opened the way back to the Tree of Life, so that we can all come to it now if we will.

In the 4th chapter of Genesis we find the great doctrine of the blood brought out: "And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof, and the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering." In the morning of creation God had marked out a way for man to go. Abel took God's way; Cain wanted to go his own way. That is always the way. If you had talked to Cain, he would have said, "I do not know why the fruit of the earth should not be more acceptable to God than the blood of the lamb. I do

not understand why any one should bring blood for an offering; I am sure the ripened grain would be more acceptable to God than blood; I have a dislike for the very name of blood." You will find the world is full of Cainites and Abelites to-day. Some want to go to God in their way, and some wish to go to Him in His own way. The man who goes in his own way gets no life; it is all darkness until he goes in God's way. "Abel also brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof, and the Lord had respect unto Abel." He was a very religious man, but religion is one thing, and coming to God in His way is another. There are a great many who are very religious, and yet they do not like to go in God's way. There is no doctrine in the Old Bible written and spoken against so much as this very doctrine of the blood. From the time that Abel came with his bleeding lamb, man has disliked it. It shows how deceitful the heart is, that we do not like to go in God's way. These men had been brought up with the same surroundings. Up to this time we see no difference between the two men as to education, and yet there is a very great difference between their offerings. God accepted Abel's offering and did not accept Cain's, and consequently sin rose up in Cain's heart, and envy and hatred and malice, and he rose up and slew his brother. Sin leaped into the world full grown at one leap. The first-born was a murderer. When Abel first got to heaven and sang the song of redemption, there must have been but one soul in heaven when he came there alone, that could sing it. The angels could not join him, and they must have heard it with surprise; but that chorus has been swelling ever since that time, swelling for the last six thousand years. The first man who went to heaven had brought a bleeding lamb and put the blood thereof between him and his sin.

Will you look at the 8th chapter of Romans? "And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord, and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar." It was so important that he should have blood put between him and his sin, that God had him take clean animals for a sacrifice. We find the first 2000 years men were traveling by that highway. Way back there in Eden the scarlet line commences its course. You will find it running all through the Bible; you take it out of the Bible, and you take out all that book teaches. Those men who are trying to destroy that precious doctrine are at sea without sail; they do not know where they are. You cannot take up a place in

KING SOLOMON.

Scripture but you find the scarlet thread running through it. If you turn over to the 22d chapter of Genesis, you will find the story of Isaac's sacrifice. Abraham went in God's way. In the 13th verse, it is said, "And Abraham lifted up his eyes and looked, and behold, behind him a ram caught in the thicket by his horns, and Abraham went and took the ram and offered him up for a burnt offering instead of his son." There the doctrine of the blood is foreshadowed again. On that mountain we catch a glimpse of the blood; on Mount Moriah, which was close to Mount Calvary, where Christ was crucified—look at that scene!

For twenty-five long years, Abraham had been looking for that boy, and at the age of one hundred, God gave him Isaac. How he must have doted upon his boy! One night, God said to him, a few years after, "Abraham, take your son and go up to the mountain that I will show you, and offer him there as a sacrifice." He did not offer objections and ask why God had ordered it. God had told him to have faith in Him, and without consulting any one, not even his wife, he saddled an ass and took his son and told his wife he was going up to a mountain. He took the wood for a fire, and a knife, and his son, and away he went. I can imagine that father's feelings. He said to himself, "I do not understand it, but I know that God never makes any mistake. He never has told me to do anything but that it has brought honor and glory to His own name." I can imagine how the old man looked at the boy as he lay sleeping. He said, "In a little while my boy will be gone." I can see the tears on the old man's face as he gazed at him on that first night. On the second night I can see there was a struggle going on within him as he thought, "I will only have this lovely boy one night more." The third day comes, and in the morning he lifts up his eyes, and over yonder is Mount Moriah, and he says to the two young men who are with him, "You stay here, and Isaac and myself will go yonder and worship." They had the wood, they had the knife, but the lamb they had not. On the way up that mountain, the boy said to the father, "Father, where is the sacrifice? We have no lamb." And the father said, and it seemed prophetic, "The Lord will provide a lamb." And so He did in the fullness of time, the Son of His own bosom. "My son, the Lord will provide a lamb for a sacrifice," and on they went. The two worked together and built the altar, rolled up the stones and put wood on them. When everything was ready, I can imagine how the old man told his child that the Lord

had told him to take his boy and offer him up as a sacrifice, and after that they embraced and wept together. The old man binds his boy and puts him on that altar; he takes the knife, and is ready to drive it to the heart of his child; he is resolved to make quick work of it, but even while his hand is lifted, there is a voice from heaven, "Abraham, Abraham, spare thy son!" God so loved him that he spared his son, but He so loved you and me that He gave His own son for us all. There was no voice heard at Calvary, saying, "Spare my son." No angel came and took Him from the cross; but He gave Him up for us. And when Abraham looked around him, lo! there was a ram caught in a thicket, and he took the ram and slew him and offered him up for a burnt offering—and then was that scarlet thread trickling down Mount Moriah.

That was typical of God's own Son. We are told that when Abraham was on Mount Moriah God promised him that through his seed all nations of the earth should be blessed. Abraham walked by way of the blood. There is no other way. You cannot find any of God's children that have walked any other way. In Exodus, 12th chapter and 13th verse, you find, "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are, and when I see the blood I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you when I smite the land of Egypt." "And when I see your good resolutions, your tears, your agonies, I will pass over you." The blood was a token that He gave them. Some people say, "Oh, it was not the death of Christ; it was His life; it was His moral character that was significant, and you should preach up His life and preach up His moral character." Let us preach these indeed, but let us not forget to preach His death—that Jesus Christ died for sinners, but did not live for them. He lay down His life and became a substitute for sinners. The Bible does not say that the living lamb shall be a token. If they had tied up a live lamb, death would have gone over that; but they were to take a lamb and kill it, and put its blood upon the door-posts, and when Death came down, wherever the blood was he did not go in.

Some say, "I wish I were as good as that one who has been visiting the poor and doing deeds of charity during the last fifty years; wouldn't I feel safe for heaven?" But oh, my dear friends, if you are sheltered by the blood of the Son of God, you are as safe as any man or woman on the face of the earth. That is not character, that is not deeds; it is the blood.

God says, "When I see the blood I will pass over you." Moses and Abraham and Joshua were no safer behind the blood than the little boy; it was the blood that kept Death out; it was not their good work. An old minister, when dying, said he had preached the gospel for fifty years, but when he was dying he did not rely upon his preaching or his works, but he requested them to bring his Bible to him, and put his hand upon the verse which said, "And the blood shall be to Him a token," and he said, "I put my hope upon that verse." It was not his preaching, it was not his good deeds; away with them. Works are all right in their place, but they do not save us. It was not what he had done, but what the blood had done. So, it is not the strongest, nor those who have the best character that are the safest, but those who are behind the blood.

Some one said the little fly in Noah's ark was as safe as the elephant. It was the ark that saved the elephant just as it was the ark that saved the fly. The question is, Have you got the token? It was the most absurd thing in the world to the Egyptians, this sprinkling of the blood. I can see the haughty Egyptian riding through the town and seeing the blood sprinkled on the door-posts, stopping to inquire what it meant. Every one was killing a lamb, and he heard their bleating. He said, "You must have gone clean mad. What is that for?" They answered, "God has told us that at midnight to-night there will be a cry in Egypt, that Death is doing his work, and every house that has not got blood upon its door-posts Death will enter and take the first-born." I can see that Egyptian now. How scornfully he looks upon those men! That is the way the world looks now upon it. They say, "What do you mean by the blood? The idea of being saved by the blood! The idea that the blood of another cleanses from sin!" And the proud, haughty world scoffs at the thought. Listen! At night Death came down. He entered the palace and the crown prince was laid low; and so on through every house in Egypt, taking the first-born alike of the rich and the poor. And only faith and its sign in blood upon the door-posts kept him out. The blood of Jesus Christ when it comes will be worth more than all the world. Your wealth, culture and refinement cannot help you when God comes to judge the world. The question is, Have you got the token? The world makes light and scoffs and ridicules the idea now as it did then.

But the time is coming when the blood of Jesus Christ will

be worth more to you than all the world. It is like Noah's ark. I can see those antediluvians scoffing at Noah. But one hour after the flood began to fall Noah's ark was worth more than all the world put together. My friends, you had better be wise. Be sure you have got the token. If I go down to the depot and want to go to Chicago, I go to the ticket office, I buy my ticket, and when I get aboard the train the conductor don't know who I am, and he don't care who I am. It makes no difference to him whether I am white or black, learned or unlearned. The question is, Have I got a ticket? Have I got the token? Pardon the illustration. The man that has got the token is safe. The man that has not got it is unsafe, I don't care what his life or character may be, and not only unsafe, but unsaved. And there is no salvation outside the blood of Jesus Christ. There is no other name whereby ye may be saved! To be sure this scene down in Goshen was typical.

Another thought. A good many Christians wonder they are so weak and have not more strength and do not grow strong like other people. You will find out in the eleventh verse. "And thou shalt yet eat it; with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet and your staff in your hand." They were not only to kill the lamb, and take the blood and put it on the doorpost, but they were to feed on the lamb. Now, the great trouble with Christians is they do not feed on the Lamb. Their idea is, if you get converted and join the church, that is enough, instead of feeding on the Lamb, and getting strong, and becoming giants in God's service. They have got the wilderness journey before them, and they should keep the staff in their hands and the shoes on their feet, and feed on the Lamb. Let us learn the lesson to feed on the Lamb, and if we feed on Christ we will have strength. If we neglect to feed and do not feed on it, we will become weak and feeble, and won't have the power. There is another thought. "This month shall be unto you the beginning of months." All the 400 years they had been in Egypt were rolled away. And, sinner, all these years that you are in the service of sin, you are just losing them; it is all lost time. These 400 years they had been in bondage in Egypt God rolled away, and said, "This shall be the beginning of months." And you know everything dates from the blood. What is 1874? You date back to the blood; you can't help it. It is the beginning of months to you, and God made Israel date back to that night when the lamb was slain, that they might not forget the

meaning of it. There is another thought in that chapter. The fourth verse is: "And if the household be too little for the lamb, let him and his neighbor next unto his house take it according to the number of the souls; every man according to his eating shall make your count for the lamb." It don't say, "If the lamb be too little for the household." Christ is enough for any family, for any household. If you will only just take Him, He is enough for the whole world and all can have Him if they will. Take now, Exodus 29th chapter and the 16th verse, "And thou shalt slay the ram and take his blood and sprinkle it round about upon the altar." Now, I have not got time to picture that scene, but I want to call your attention to this. The only way the High Priest came into the presence of God was to sprinkle blood round about the altar, and if he came without the blood he had no communion with God whatever. And from the time Adam fell until the present time, there has been no communion with God whatever, only through the blood. I don't care who the man is, if he ignores the blood, he has no communication with Heaven, he has no intercourse with Heaven. There is no other way. Away back in those days you find they came and sprinkled blood around the altar, and then they made their request to God. Don't think, dear friends, that God will have anything to do with you unless you come to Him in His way. If you attempt to come to God and ignore His Son, Heaven will be as brass to you. There will be no communication between your soul and God, until you go by His way. Then in the 30th chapter and the 10th verse, "And Aaron shall make an atonement upon the horns of it once in a year with the blood of the sin-offering of atonements." Atonement means at one. It brings the sinner and God at one. The only way they can come together is through the blood of Jesus.

Now, turn to Leviticus, 8th chapter and 23d verse. "And he slew it, and Moses took of the blood of it and put it upon the tip of Aaron's right ear, and upon the thumb of his right hand, and upon the great toe of his right foot." I used to read such passages and used to say, "What in the world does that mean?" Blood upon the ear, the hand, and the foot! What for? It seems very plain to me now. Blood upon the ear! A man can't hear the voice of God unless he is sheltered behind the blood It is only the blood-bought that hear the voice of God. Why, you know in the 12th chapter of John, when God spake to His Son and said, "I have glorified my name and will glorify it again," the people said it thundered.

They could not tell the difference between the voice of God and thunder. But God's own children can hear it, and they can understand it. You take a man sheltered behind the blood, and let him come into this meeting, and he will understand what I mean. But next to him a man may sit and say, "What in the world is that man talking about?" It is a mystery to him. He don't understand it. Why? Because his ear is not open. No uncircumcised ear can hear the voice of God. And it is important to hear right.

Then blood upon the hand. A man may work for God, but it is only the blood-bought hand that can work for God. And now I tell you, dear friends, the greatest, the grandest mistake the church of God is making to-day, is getting ungodly men to do something for the church. It is keeping hundreds of men out of the Kingdom of God. We take ungodly men and make them trustees of the church, and take their money and say, "Their money is just as good as anybody else's money," and these men have an idea that they are buying their way to heaven, and they are even better in their own opinion than many true Christians. Then there are ungodly men singing in the choir and helping in the service of God. No man can do anything to please God until he is first sheltered behind the blood. I don't care who he is, I don't care what his life has been, God cannot accept it; he cannot work with God. Until sheltered behind the blood he cannot work or walk with God. A man will have no desire to walk with God until he is sheltered behind the blood, and brought into communion with God. God came down on sundry occasions and talked with Abraham and Jacob, but God never came down and walked with man until he put them behind the blood in Goshen. When the Israelites came to the Red Sea, they went through the Red Sea like giants. He walked with them in the wilderness. When they wanted bread He opened His hand and fed them: when they wanted water He brought it out of the rock. God walked with them. When Christ was down here they said to Him, "What shall we do?" Did he tell them to build colleges, teach in the Sabbath-school class, preach to the drunkard and feed the hungry, and clothe the naked? Ten thousand times, No! This is it: The work of God is to believe on Him, and if a man won't believe in God's Son he cannot hope to get to heaven in any other way. He that climbeth up the wall is a thief and a robber. No uncircumcised hand can work for God.

No uncircumcised foot can walk with God. Some may say,

"I cannot understand it; it is a very strange thing why God should demand blood." I will tell you why. He says, "The soul that sinneth shall surely die." That is the penalty. God's justice must be kept. He rides in a chariot with two wheels, of which justice is one and mercy another, and justice must be done as well as mercy. Why does God demand blood? God demands life. You have sold yourselves for naught. Christ comes and takes the place of the sinner, and dies in his stead, and it is through His precious blessed work of atonement on Calvary that we are saved. If there is any other way, my friends, I cannot find it. The life of all flesh is in the blood, and God has stamped the flesh with death, and He says it shall never come into His presence. And here comes in the glorious truth of the resurrection: "I am the resurrection and the life." All lost life in the first Adam; all got it in the second. Some people say: "It is a great mystery that sin came into the world." It is a greater mystery that God came down and bore the brunt of it Himself—that He took the saved into His own bosom and opened the way to the tree of life. Let me ask you to take up your Bibles and take up this great and glorious subject and study it a while, and you will have a reason for the hope within you. You will be able to tell how you are saved. It is not your good deeds, your tears, your prayers, but it is the finished work of Jesus Christ that saves you, because He died and gave Himself for us. I do not believe any one can get a true glimpse of Jesus Christ without loving Him.

There is a story of a man that went to California, when the excitement broke out, and left his wife and child in New England. He said as soon as he was successful he would send for them. It was a long time before he was successful, but at last he sent the money, and his wife and child came on to New York, and got on to one of those beautiful steamers, and started for San Francisco; and everything was going well. All at once, however, a cry was heard, "Fire, fire!" It ran through the vessel; the pumps were set to work and they got all the water they could, but they could not put it out. The flames gained on them and the captain ordered out the boats. But there were not life-boats enough to take all the passengers, and among the rest left on the deck was the mother of the lovely boy. The last boat was pushing away. If she did not get into that boat she must perish. She begged of the men to take her and her boy, but they said, "We dare not take any more." Her tears and entreaties at last touched the heart of

one of the men, and he said, "Let us take her." But the others would not, and at last they compromised by saying, "We will take one." What did that mother do? Did she leap into that life-boat and leave her boy behind to perish? That is not a mother's love. She hugged him, she kissed him and she dropped him over into the life-boat, and said, "If you live to see your father tell him I died to save you." Supposing that young boy has grown up to be a man, and he speaks contemptuously of such a mother, would you not say, "He is an ungrateful wretch?" But, sinner, what are you doing with Jesus? Did not He do more than that? Was not He numbered among the transgressors for us? Was not He wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities? Did not He die for the ungodly?

There is a story of a regiment in the Austrian army that was guilty of mutiny, and as they did not want to inflict the penalty of death upon the whole regiment, they decided that one man in ten should be shot. The regiment was drawn out in line and the officer went along taking out the tenth man. There was a father and a son. The son knew he could be spared better than the father. He was so anxious that the father should not be shot that he watched the officer, and saw, as he came nearer, that it would fall on his father. So the son stood behind his father, and pushed him into the place of life and took the place of death himself. So with us. We were condemned to die, and there was no hope and no way of escape, and Christ said, "Father, let me go and take that place," and He left the throne, and He came from heaven and died in our stead. And do you get up and go out of this hall and say, "I see no reason I should love Christ?" A young man said to me the other night, "I can go along without Christ; I don't need Him." Well, my friend, if you can get along without Him, He can get along without you. But He don't want you to perish; He wants you to live. May you find refuge behind the blood of Christ is my prayer.

TWENTY-SIXTH EVENING.

THE BLOOD OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

THOSE who were here yesterday will remember that we had for our subject, the blood, as found in the Old Testament. To-day we will consider it in the New Testament. There are those who say that it is all one story; that instead of being two books, it is but one. There is one class of people who say they believe in the New, but not in the Old Testament, and another class believes in the Old Testament, but not in the New. But if you read it carefully, you cannot divide it. If you change any part of it it is all gone. The very passages that some wish to throw out of the Old Testament and yet believe the New Testament, these very passages confirm the others. Some say, "I do not believe there was such a thing as a deluge; we do not believe there was any such thing as a flood." But Christ says, "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be." Some say, "We do not believe that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed in flames and buried, do you?" Yes, we believe what Christ believed. He says, "Remember Lot's wife." They say, "We do not believe the whale ever swallowed Jonah, do you?" Yes, we believe what Christ taught; and when Christ says, "As Jonah was three days in the whale's belly," He put His divine soul into the Old Testament as in the New. It is one book, therefore. Whoever touches any part of the Bible touches it all. That is what the questioner is trying to do, to break down the word of God, and our confidence in God's testimony, and God's record of His Son. Yesterday I did not have time to go through the Old Testament, to say all I wanted to say about the blood as there described. To-day we will pass over into the New Testament, and see what Scripture says about blood in the New Testament.

The first thing I call your attention to is that we are redeemed by the blood. There is no other redemption. In the 1st Epistle of Peter, 1st chapter, 18th verse: "Forasmuch as

ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." You are redeemed by the precious blood of Christ. Redemption is more than salvation, really. A man might rescue another from sudden death. He might see a man in a carriage, with the horses dashing through the street, and in a moment his life would be gone, dashed to pieces against the wall. He might stop that steed and save the man's life. He would be the saviour of that man. Christ is more than our Saviour. He is our Redeemer. He has redeemed us with His blood. Redemption is to buy back. When Christ came, He bought us back. He says you have sold yourselves for naught, but you shall be redeemed without money. Though salvation is free to us, and it is without money and without price, yet it cost God all that He had to do it. It was the blood of Christ, His only Son, that redeemed us. It cost Him His precious blood to buy us back. Do you think silver and gold could have redeemed this world? Why God could have created millions of worlds of gold, if silver and gold could have done it, but we could be redeemed not by such corruptible things as silver and gold. The apostle looks upon these with scorn and contempt, when it comes to the subject of redemption. You are redeemed by the precious blood of the Son of God, as of a lamb without spot or blemish. The joy of every Christian is that he has been bought back by the blood of Christ. Once, when I was going to speak in a little town, on our way there, there was a young man riding in front of us, and I said to my companion, "Who is that young man? I do not remember to have seen him before." He said, Look over there. Do you see that beautiful meadow, and that large farm, and the house over there? That young man's father drank that all up while he lived, and his son, there, went away, and went industriously to work, and accumulated money, and came back, redeemed the old homestead, and took his mother out of the poorhouse, and is now on his way to church, there, with his mother." That was the story of the old Adam. He did the same thing. He sold us out to the hands of justice; and the Son of God came to buy us back. A friend of mine was coming from Dublin, some time ago, and met an Irish boy with an English sparrow in his hands. The bird was trembling for its life, and trying to get back its liberty; but the boy was stronger than the sparrow, and would not let it es-

cape. The man tried to get the boy to let the bird go. He said, "My boy, why don't you open your hands and let the bird fly away?" The boy replied, "Faith, and I won't be doing that, when I have been after him for hours, and have just got him." Then he tried to get the boy to do it from principle, telling him that it was right to let the poor bird have its freedom again, but the boy would not do it, and finally the man bought him with a piece of money. When he put the money into the boy's hand, in so doing he redeemed the sparrow. At first, the little thing did not realize that it had its liberty. It chirped a few times, and looked around, and then it tried its little wings again, and went up singing, as if it said, "Thank you, thank you; you have redeemed me." That is what Christ did. And He says, "I will contend with him that contendeth against thee." He gave us our ransom. He redeemed with His own blood this lost world. There is redemption for every soul that wants to be redeemed.

We are not only redeemed by blood, but we are justified. This is more than pardon. If a man is washed in the blood, he is as just as if he had never sinned. The question was asked me, "How can a man be justified with God?" A man is justified by His precious blood. In the 3d chapter of Romans, 23d verse, it says, "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God. Being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." So, if a man has been redeemed by the blood of Christ, he is justified. Or, in other words, God says, "I have nothing in my heart against you." We talk about our sins being pardoned and forgiven. In reality no sinner is forgiven. Sin has to be atoned for, and the Son of God has made atonement. He has justified us with His own blood. In the 5th chapter of Romans, 9th verse, it says, "Much more, then, being now justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him." Then, another thing the blood does; it makes us all equal—one kindred, with one tongue, one language. A man that has been sheltered by the blood of Christ, he talks the same language with every other that has been so sheltered. You can tell a man that talks the language of Zion. He may not be able to talk the same language, but his language has the same spirit. Paul says in the 17th chapter of Acts, 26th verse, "And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Hath made of all nations one blood! The blood of Jesus Christ brings us together, makes us one, brings us all to one level.

Just before the war came on, during the days of slavery, I was in Boston. They were very exciting times there then, and Dr. Kirk was preaching on the subject of the cross. It was during the great strife, when there was a great deal of hatred and suspicion against foreigners then in our country. It was in the time of the Know Nothing party, and there was a great deal of feeling against the blacks and a great deal of feeling against the Irish. Dr. Kirk said when he came up to the cross to get salvation, he found a poor black man on the right and an Irishman on his left, and the blood came trickling down from the wounded side of the Son of God, and made them all brothers and all alike and equal. That is what the blood does. It makes us all one kindred and brings us all into the family of God. We are all saved by the same blood. The blood has two cries. It either cries for our condemnation or for our salvation. If we reject the blood, it cries out for our condemnation. If we are sheltered behind the blood, and if we fly to that blood for refuge, it cries out for our protection and for our salvation. We will turn a moment to the First Colossians, 1st chapter and 20th verse, "And having made peace through the blood of His cross:" and then with that let us read a verse that one will find in John, 19th chapter and the 34th verse, "But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and forthwith came there out blood and water. And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true, and he knoweth that he saith true." He saw the blood that came out of that side, and thought now there is the blood that speaketh peace. But you know when Pilate washed his hands and said "I am innocent of the blood of this just man," the mob cried out, "Let His blood be upon us and upon our children." Not to save us, not to redeem us, not to wash us, not to justify us, not to cleanse us, but "Let His blood be upon us and upon our children. We are responsible for the act." They took it upon themselves, but what a prayer it was! Would to God that the prayer had been, "His blood be upon us and our children to cleanse us and save us and speak peace to our guilty conscience." How it would have been blessed! But their cry was let His blood be upon us, said in all scorn and derision. That is the cry to-day of hundreds of thousands: "We are not going to be saved by the blood; we don't believe in any such thing. We will be responsible for rejecting Him and casting Him away." Oh, my friends, if we ignore the blood we are lost. There is no other way of being cleansed from our sins. It says in the 1st chapter of Revelation and 5th verse,

"Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood." Now, if He so washed us, we are clean. If the Son, by His coming, washed us, and if the blood did not cleanse us, how are we to be cleansed? How are we ever to come into the presence of the pure and holy God, and see Him in high heaven, where He sits upon His throne? No man until he is washed by the blood can see God—he will have no desire to see Him.

Some people tell us that the Bible does not contain anything on the subject of the blood. I received a letter from a lady some time ago stating that it was the Apostles that taught it; that Christ did not say one solitary word about it; so she threw out the epistles and the teaching of Paul, and said she took the teachings of Jesus Christ, because there was no blood in them. In Matthew, 26th chapter and 28th verse, it says, for this is "My blood of the New Testament which is shed for many for the remission of sins," and then you will find in the 9th chapter of Hebrews, 22d verse, that "without the shedding of blood there is no remission." I would like to ask the people who believe in the Bible and yet try to ignore the doctrine of blood, What are you going to do with that portion of Scripture where it says that "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission?" From the time that Adam fell in Eden to the present time there has never been a soul saved but by the shedding of blood, there has never been a soul prepared for the coming to God except by the shedding of blood. The Holy Ghost comes and dwells with that soul that is washed in the blood of redemption, and it becomes a temple for the Holy Ghost to dwell in, but never until it has been cleansed by the shedding of the blood.

"There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins." Why do we sing that song? Why do we like to sing that hymn? It is because it has got the blood in it. The hymns that have the scarlet line running through them will never be lost. That hymn never will be lost; as long as there is a church on earth it will be sung. There is not a nation in the world, where there is a Christian, but that they have that hymn translated into their own language. I question if there is an hour in the whole twenty-four but in some parts of the earth they are singing that hymn—"There is a fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins." Why do you like that hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea, save that Thy blood was shed for me?" Why is it that that hymn is so popular? Why does the Church of God like it and sing

it? Why do we sing it so often? Because it has got the precious blood in it. Then there is the familiar hymn, "Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee," etc. Why do we all like that so much? Because it speaks of that fountain which has been opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness, whereby your sins may be washed away in the blood of the Lamb. Everything that blood touches it redeems. When the blood came out of the Son of God and touched the Roman spear it touched the Roman covenant, and when the blood came out and touched this earth it redeemed it. Though the usurper has got it now, Jesus Christ will have it by and by. Everything that blood touches it purifies and redeems.

And so, my friends, what you want is to have the blood applied to you, applied to your sins. You want to be cleansed by it, and as long as there is blood upon the mercy-seat there is hope for the vilest sinner that walks the face of the earth. God, seeing us look at the blood upon the mercy-seat, says, "Press in! Press in, sinners! Press into the Kingdom of God!" The vilest can come if he will. That is what the blood of Christ was shed for, to cover sin and to bless us and wash us and prepare us for God's Kingdom. You may turn a moment to Hebrews, 10th chapter. I wish I had time to go through Hebrews with this wonderful subject, for there is more said in Hebrews about the blood than in any other book in the Bible. Now, it says at the 19th verse: "Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us through the vail, that is to say, His flesh." Before he had to go to the high priest, but now God has opened a new and living way and made all His children kings and priests, and we don't now need any one to intercede for us. When Christ said "It is finished," the vail of the temple was rent. It does not say it was rent from the bottom up. No, it was rent downwards. It was God that seized that vail and tore it open, and God came out and man can go in there now. Through His flesh the vail was rent, and now all of us, through the precious blood of Christ, are made kings and priests, and can go boldly into the holiest. Now a living way has been opened. That is what Chris thas done. "By a new and living way which He hath consecrated for us through the vail, that is to say, His flesh; and having a high priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience and our bodies washed with pure water. Let us hold fast the profession of

our faith without wavering, for He is faithful that promised." Now turn to the 28th verse of that same chapter: "He that despised Moses's law died without mercy under two or three witnesses. Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God and hath counted the blood of the covenant wherewith he was sanctified an unholy thing, and hath done despite unto the spirit of grace?"

Now, I would like to ask friends here to-day that ignore the whole subject of the blood, where is your hope? What is it based on? What are you building your hopes of heaven on? Is it on your good deeds? He says those men that despised Moses's law died without mercy. How much more worthy of punishment shall he be thought who hath trodden under foot the blood of the Son of God, the blood of the covenant? I heard of a man some time ago that was going to get into heaven in his own way. He did not believe in the Bible or the love of God, but was going to get in on account of his good deeds. He was very liberal, gave a great deal of money, and he thought the more he gave the better it would be in the other world. I don't, as a general thing, believe in dreams, but sometimes they teach good lessons. Well, this man dreamed one night that he was building a ladder to heaven, and he dreamed that every good deed he did it put him one round higher on this ladder, and when he did an extra good deed it put him up a good many rounds; and in his dream he kept going, going up, until at last he got out of sight, and he went on and on doing his good deeds, and the ladder went up higher and higher, until at last he thought he saw it run up to the very throne of God. Then, in his dream, he died, and a mighty Voice came rolling down from above, "He that climbeth up some other way the same is a thief and a robber," and down came his ladder, and he woke from his sleep and thought, "if I go to heaven I must go some other way." My friends, it is by the way of the blood that we are to get to heaven. If a man has got to pay his way there, only a few can get there. What are you going to do with these poor sick people who cannot work at all and make money to bestow on others? Are they to be lost and damned? No, thank God! He has made the way so easy and open that the weak and the young and the smallest and poorest can be saved if they will. He has made a new and living way right up to the Throne. The despised and persecuted can go up as well as anybody else. Let me read that again: "He that despised

Moses's law died without mercy under two or three witnesses." That is established. You can go out of the Bible and find that in history.

Now, friends, let me ask you where is your hope? How are you going to be saved? If the Bible is true, and I suppose there is hardly one here but believes in it, what are you going to do with that passage that says in Hebrews, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission?" If you have this blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ offered to you, sent to you, and you send back the insulting message that you don't want it, where is your hope? What is your hope? How are you going to be saved? How are you going to escape the condemnation of the law? Now, I have travelled considerably during the last two or three years and have met many ministers, and I have learned that the man who makes much of the blood in his preaching, much of the Atonement, and holds up Christ as the only Substitute, God honors his preaching; and the man that covers up this glorious truth there is no power in his preaching. He may draw great crowds, and they may hover around him for a few years, but when he at last goes, the church itself goes down because it had no power in itself, their prayer-meetings had no power. The minister would get up a good choir and a great crowd to hear the music and the fine singing, but when it comes to a real spirit of power they have not got it; and any religion that takes the blood and covers it up hasn't any power.

I was in a city in Europe and a young minister came to me and said, "Moody, what makes the difference between your success in preaching and mine? Either you are right and I am wrong, or I am right and you are wrong." Said I, "I don't know what the difference is, for you have heard me and I have never heard you preach. What is the difference?" Said he, "You make a great deal out of the death of Christ, and I don't make anything out of it. I don't think it has anything to do with it. I preach the life." Said I, "What do you do with this: 'He hath borne our sins in His own body on the tree?'" Said he, "I never preached that." Said I, "What do you do with this: 'He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities, and with His stripes we are healed?'" Said he, "I never preached that." "Well," said I again, "what do you do with this—'without the shedding of blood there is no remission?'" Said he, "I never preached that." I asked him, "What do you preach?" "Well," he says, "I preach a moral essay." Said I, "My friend, if you take the blood out of the Bible, it is all a myth

to me." Said he, "I think the whole thing is a sham." "Then," said I, "I advise you to get out of the ministry very quick. I would not preach a sham. If the Bible is untrue, let us stop preaching, and come out at once like men, and fight against it if it is a sham and untrue; but if these things are true, and Jesus Christ left heaven and came into this world to shed His blood and save sinners, then let us lay hold of it and preach it, in season and out of season." In the college at Princeton this last year, when the students were ready to go forth into the world, the old man, their instructor, would stand up there and say, "Young men, make much of the blood. Young men, make much of the blood!" and I have learned this, that a minister who makes much of the blood and makes much of substitution and holds Christ up as the sinner's only hope, God blesses his preaching. And if the Apostles didn't preach that, what did they preach? You take the great doctrine of substitution out of the preaching of Paul, Peter, John. James, and Philip, and of all those holy men, and you take out all that they preached. And so, my friends, there don't seem to be one ray of hope for the man that ignores the blessed, blessed subject of the blood. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission."

It is said of Julian, the great apostate, that when he was trying to stamp out Christianity in the days of Rome's prosperity, before it received Christianity, when he was trying to drive those Christians away, he received a mortal wound, and as he pulled the spear out of his side, he took a handful of the blood that gushed forth from the wound, and threw it toward heaven as he reeled and staggered, crying out, "There, Galilean! Thou hast conquered!" We are all conquered, overcome by the blood of the Lamb. The only way to Heaven is by the Word of His testimony and His blood. Revelation is full of the subject. It would take days to go through Revelation and see all it contains about blood. The only thing that Christ left down here in the world of His person was His blood. His flesh, His bones, He took away with Him, and when He hung there on Calvary, and the blood came out of His hands, and out of His feet, and from His bruised side, and trickled down on the earth, it was never gathered up. It was left there, and God holds the world responsible for it. What are you going to do with it? Are you going to trample it under foot, and send a message to Heaven that you don't care for it, that you despise, hate it? Or, are you going to find a refuge and shelter behind it? It is Christ's,

shed for the salvation of every soul here within these walls. It is said every man that goes up goes by the way of the blood. You cannot think about Abel, but you think of the bleeding Lamb. So, my friends, the question to-day is, what are you going to do with this subject? I have heard of an English lady who was greatly troubled about her soul for several months, and the way her conversion was brought about, was this: She told her servant one day to go out and kill a lamb, and told him what to do with all of the different parts except the blood, and presently after he had killed the lamb he came in and asked her, "What shall I do with the blood of the lamb?" And God used it as the arrow that should go down into her soul; and she began to walk her room and ask herself, "What shall I do with the blood of the Son of God?" What are you going to do with that precious blood that flows out of Calvary? Are you going to let it cleanse you from sin? What say you? Will you take it and by and by stand with your garments made white by the blood of the Lamb, and sing the song of redemption?

During the war, a New York minister, I think it was, came down among the soldiers in the hospital, and preached to them the way to Christ, and helped them in their dying hours. He found one man whose eyes were closed, and who was muttering something about "blood, blood;" and the old doctor thought he was thinking of the carnage of the battle-field and the blood he had seen there, and going up to him, he tried to divert his mind; but the young man looked up and said, "Oh, doctor, it was not that that I was thinking of; I was thinking how precious the blood of Christ is to me now that I am dying. It covers all my sins." Oh, my friends, the dying hour will come. We are hastening on to death. If Christ is not your all in all, what is to become of you? I was on the Pacific coast some time ago, and there they were telling me about a stage-driver who had died a little while ago, and you that have been there know that those men who drive those coaches make a great deal of the brake, for they have to keep their feet upon it all the time going down the mountains; and as this poor fellow was breathing his last in his bed, he cried out, "I am on the down grade, and can't reach the brake!" Those were his last words. There was not a stage-driver there, when I was there, but was talking about it. Just about that time a very eminent man in our country was dying here in New York or New Jersey—a holy man of God, who had lifted the banner of Christ and won many to Christ.

and he was passing away in the prime of life. There stood his wife and friends around his bedside, and there was seemingly a heavenly halo around that couch, and just expiring, he said, "I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb." Those were his last words. They live to-day in the nation. I believe they will never be forgotten. Your time will come, and then it will be grand to die with those words upon your lips—"I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb."

TWENTY-SEVENTH EVENING.

HEAVEN.

WE have for our subject this evening, Heaven. It is not as some talk about heaven, as just the air. I find a good many people now that think there is no heaven only just here in this world, that this is all the heaven we will ever see. I talked with a man the other day who said he thought there is nothing to justify us in believing there is any other heaven than that which we are in now. Well, if this is heaven, it is a very strange kind of heaven—this world of sickness and sorrow and sin. If he thinks this is really all the heaven we are going to see he has a queer idea of it. There are three heavens spoken of in the Bible, and the Hebrews acknowledge in their writings three heavens. The first is the aerial—the air, the wind, the air that the birds fly in; that is one heaven. Then, there is the heaven of the firmament, where the stars are; and then there is the heaven of heavens, where God's throne is and the mansions of the Lord are—the mansions of light and peace, the home of the blessed, the home of the Redeemer, where the angels dwell. That is the heaven that we believe in and the heaven that we want to talk about to-day. We believe it is just as much a place and just as much a city as New York is, and a good deal more, because New York will pass away and that city will bide forever. It has foundations whose builder and maker is God. I do not think it is wrong for us to speculate and think about and talk about heaven. I was going to meeting once some time ago, when I was asked by a friend on the way, "What will be the subject of your speech?" I said, "My subject will be heaven." He scowled, and I asked, "Why do you look so?" He said, "I was in hopes you would give us something practical to-night. We cannot know anything about heaven. It is all speculation." Now, all Scripture is given to us by the inspiration of God. Some is given for warnings, some for encouragement.

If God did not want us to think about heaven and talk about it down here, there would not be so much said about heaven in Scripture. There would not be so many promises about it. If we thought more about those mansions God is preparing for us, we would be thinking more of things above and less of things of this earth.

I like to locate heaven and find out all about it I can. I expect to live there through eternity. If I was going to dwell in any place in this country, if I were going to make it my home, I would want to inquire all about the place, about its climate, about what kind of neighbors I was going to have, about the schools for my children, about everything, in fact, that I could learn concerning it. If any of you who are here were going to emigrate, going off to some other country, and I was going to take that for my subject to-night, why, would not all your ears be open to hear what you could learn about it? Would you then be looking around to see who was sitting next you, and who among your acquaintances were here, and what people were thinking about you? You would be all interested in hearing of this country that I was talking about. You could not think anything about the latest fashion or about some woman's bonnet. If it is true that we are going to spend eternity in another world, and that God is inviting us to spend it with Him, shall we not look and listen, and find out where He is and who is there and how we are to get there? Soon after I was converted an infidel got hold of me one day, and he asked me why I looked up when I prayed. He said that heaven was no more above us than below us, that heaven was everywhere. Well, I was greatly bewildered, and the next time I prayed it did seem as though I was praying into the air. His words had sowed the seed. Since then I have not only become better acquainted with the Bible, but I have come to see that heaven is above us; it is upward. If you will turn to the 17th chapter of Genesis, you will see that it says that God went up from Abraham. In the 3d chapter of John, in the wonderful conversation that Christ had with Nicodemus, He told them that He came down from heaven, and as we read in the 1st chapter of Acts, "They saw Him go up into heaven" —not down—"and the clouds received Him out of their sight." If you will turn to the 8th chapter of 1st Kings, 30th verse, I will show you that God has a dwelling-place. A great many people have gone upon their reason until they have reasoned away God. They say God is not a person that we can ever see. He is God of Nature. "And hearken Thou to the

supplication of Thy servant, and of Thy people Israel, when they shall pray towards this place; and hear thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and when Thou hearest, forgive." Some people are trying to find out and wonder how far heaven is away. There is one thing we know about that: it is that it is not so far away but that God can hear us when we pray. There is not a sigh goes up to Him but that He hears it. He hears His children when they cry. God has a throne and a dwelling-place in heaven. In the 7th chapter of 2d Chronicles, 14th verse, it says, "If My people which are called by My name shall humble themselves, and pray and seek My face and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

There are a good many promises given us to encourage us to pray, and to teach us that God hears us when we do pray, that He is not so far away but that He hears us. When Christ was on earth, they came to Him and said, "Teach us how to pray to our heavenly Father." He taught them a prayer. It began, "Our Father which art"—not on earth——no, but "Our Father which art in heaven." Now, when we go to heaven we will be with our Father Himself. If you will turn to the 7th chapter of Acts, 15th verse, it says, "But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God and Jesus standing on the right hand of God"—which shows that heaven is not so far away but that God can allow us to look into it, if He will. "And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my Spirit." Thus we have it clearly established from Scripture teachings, that not only is heaven the dwelling place of God the Father but of Jesus Christ the Son. A great many think that there is but one person. There is but one God, but there are three persons, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. When I get to heaven I expect to see them all there. There is Christ standing on the right hand of God. Stephen saw Him. We have got Christ there; heaven would not be all that we love unless Christ was there. I would be unhappy when I got to heaven if I could not find Him there who redeemed me, who died for me, who bought me with His own blood. Some one asked a Christian man once, what he expected to do when he got to heaven? He said he expected to spend the first thousand years in looking at Jesus Christ, and after that he would look for Peter, and then for James, and for John, and all the time he could conceive of would be joyfully filled with looking

upon these great persons. But oh, it seems to me that one look at Jesus Christ will more than reward us for all that we have ever done for Him down here; for all the sacrifices we can possibly make for Him, just to see Him; and not only that, but we shall become like Him when we once have seen Him, because we shall be like the Master Himself. Jesus, the Saviour of the world, will be there. We shall see Him face to face.

It won't be the pearly gates; it won't be the jasper walls and the streets paved with transparent gold that shall make it heaven for us. These would not satisfy us. If these were all, we would not want to stay there forever. I heard the other day of a child whose mother was very sick; and while she lay very low, one of the neighbors took the child away to stay with her until the mother should be well again. But instead of getting better, the mother died, and they thought they would not take the child home until the funeral was all over, and would never tell her about her mother being dead. So a while afterward they brought the little girl home. First she went into the sitting-room to find her mother; then she went into the parlor to find her mother there; and she went from one end of the house to the other, and could not find her. At last she said, "Where is my mamma?" And when they told her her mamma was gone, the little thing wanted to go back to the neighbor's house again. Home had lost its attractions to her since her mother was not there any longer. No, it is not the jasper walls and the pearly gates that are going to make heaven attractive. It is the being with God. We shall be in the presence of the Redeemer. We shall be forever with the Lord.

We have now seen that God the Father and God the Son are dwelling in heaven. Will you turn to the 18th chapter of Matthew, 10th verse: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." So we shall have the company of angels when we go there. We find when Gabriel came down and told Zachariah that he should have a son, Zachariah doubted his word, and Gabriel replied, "I am Gabriel that stands in the presence of God." It says in Luke, 2d chapter and 13th verse, that after one angel had proclaimed that Jesus was born in Bethlehem, there was a multitude of the heavenly host telling out the wonderful story. So, we have angels in heaven. We have God the Father and Christ the Son and

angels dwelling there. The angels undoubtedly wander away from the throne of God to this worldly sphere, to watch over the soul's welfare of those they have left behind. It may be that some angels are hovering over the souls here to-night, to see if some one will decide in favor of the Lord's side.

And we have not only the presence of the angels already established, but we have friends. Those who have died in the Lord are there. Do you believe that Stephen is not there, after his martyrdom? Do you believe God did not answer that prayer of his, "Lord, receive my spirit?" Undoubtedly, the moment that spirit left that body it winged its way to the world of light. Do you think those who have died in Christ are not there with the Master to-day? What does Paul mean when he says, "Absent from the body, present with the spirit?" All the redeemed ones are in Heaven. We talk about "the best of earth." They are not down here. They are up in Heaven. The best that ever trod this earth are up there around the throne singing their songs of praise, the sweetest songs you ever heard. Turn to John, 12th chapter and 26th verse: "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am there shall also My servant be; if any man serve Me him will my Father honor." I want to call your attention to this: "Where I am there shall also My servants be." They shall be with Him. We have it clearly established. Will you turn to the 7th chapter of Revelation, 9th and 10th verses: "After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb."

There are redeemed saints around the throne. You may say, "Well, what good does that do me? That will not help me. What I want to know is, have I an interest in that land?" Well, I cannot speak for the rest of you, but I can say that it is the privilege of every one in this audience to know that their names may be written in Heaven if they care to have them there. When the seventy went out to preach, in every town they went to there was a great revival; people are prejudiced against revivals these days, but they are as old as the world. When these men went out two by two and proclaimed the Gospel, their cry was, "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand;" and the seventy returned elated with their wonderful success. They thought all they had to do was

to speak and the whole world would be moved; but they were told, "Rejoice not at your success in these cities; rejoice that your names are written in Heaven." It is a grand thing for a man or woman to know that his or her name is written in Heaven. Young lady, do you know to-day that your name is there? Young man, do you know that your name is written in Heaven? Do you think that Christ would have told these men to rejoice if He had not known that their names were written there? Some persons say that you cannot be sure; but that is one of the greatest delusions of the devil. If we cannot be certain of being saved, then we cannot preach salvation. There is not one passage of Scripture that gives us reason to doubt our own salvation. "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" in Him I believe. I know that I have passed in this world from death to life; I know, I know, I know—that is the way the Scripture speaks in regard to our salvation, and so if you do not know to-day that your name is written in Heaven; if no spirit bears witness with your spirit that your name is written in Heaven, oh do not sleep to-night until you do know it! It is the privilege of every man and woman in this house to know it if he will.

Would you just turn to a few passages in the Scriptures? Turn back to the prophecy of Daniel a moment, the 12th chapter and 1st verse: "And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people; and there shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation, even to that same time; and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found within the book." Every one that shall be found written—not in the church book; a good many have got their names written on some church record that have not got them written in the book of life—but every one whose name is found written in the book of life shall be delivered. Then would yout urn a moment to Paul's epistle to the Philippians, 4th chapter, 3d verse: "And I entreat thee also, true yoke-fellow, help those women which labored with me in the Gospel, with Clement also, and with other my fellow-laborers whose names are in the Book of Life." Why, it is not only they themselves who know it, but Paul seemed to know their names were there. He sent them greeting "whose names are in the Book of Life." My dear friend, is your name there? It seems to me it is a very sweet thought to think we can have our names there and know it; that we can send our name on ahead of us, and know it is written in the Book of Life.

I had a friend coming back from Europe some time ago and she came down with some other Americans from London to Liverpool. On the train down they were talking about the hotel they would stop at. They had got to stay there a day or two before the boat sailed, and so they all concluded to go to the North Western Hotel, but when they reached Liverpool they found that the hotel was completely filled, and had been full for days. Every room was taken, and the party started to go out, but this lady did not go with them, and they asked her, "Why, are you not coming?" "No," said she, "I am going to stay here." "But how? The hotel is full." "Oh," said she, "I have got a room." "How did you get it?" "I telegraphed on a few days ago for one." Yes, she had alone taken pains to telegraph her name on ahead and had thus secured her room. That is just what God wants you to do. Send your name on ahead. Have your mansion ready for you when you come to die. Don't go on neglecting this great question. Don't neglect your soul's salvation. Don't neglect your home beyond the grave. You can have your name written in the Book of Life to-day, and have the crown and robe all ready for you when your spirit leaves your body. You can secure an interest in the Kingdom of God this very day, if you will only seek it. But there is another passage I want to call your attention to in regard to this very point of having your names put in the Book of Life. Now turn to Revelation, 13th chapter, 8th verse: "And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship Him, whose names are not written in the Book of Life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Ah! there is a good deal in Scripture about our names being written in the Book of Life. Turn again to Revelation xx. 12: "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened which is the Book of Life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." Then in the last chapter but one and the last verse: "And there shall in nowise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, nor maketh a lie, but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life." Not a soul shall enter in through the pearly gates of that city whose names are not written in the Book of Life. It is a very important thing that we have our names written there, and then I think the next important thing after our names are written in the Book of Life is to have our children's there. We ought to be careful and see that the names of the children whom God has given us are written there.

I want to speak here for a few minutes about our children, for the promises are not only to us but to our children. I pity those fathers and mothers who don't believe in the conversion of their little children. I pity the fathers and mothers who are not laboring to bring their children to Christ and have their names written in the Book of Life. I heard of a mother dying a few years ago of consumption, and when the hour came for her departure, she asked that the children be brought in, and the oldest child was brought to her bedside. The mother put her dying hand on his head, smoothed his hair and gave him her dying blessing; and the next child was brought in, and the next, and the next, and to each she gave a message of love and hope; and at last the little infant was brought in, and she hugged it to her bosom and kissed it and hugged it again and again until, as they went to take the little child from her mother, as they saw it was exciting her and hastening her death, she looked up into her husband's face and said, "I charge you to bring all these children home with you."

And so God charges us parents to bring our children home with us. He don't want one left out, but wants every one written in the Book of Life. And they can be written there to-day if we only seek, and if that is the uppermost in the minds of God's people to have them there, they will be brought in. What a blessed revival we will have if the fathers and mothers will only wake up and see that they are brought in! If we want to shine forever in the kingdom of God then we must bring them in. But the trouble is, we want to shine down here in this fleeting world. How ambitious the fathers and the mothers are that their children shall just shine here for a little while, and the best and final interest of their soul is overlooked and forgotten. I heard of a man that was dying some time ago, a man of great wealth, and when the doctor told him he could not live, the lawyer was sent for to come and make out his will, and the dying man's little girl, only about four years old, did not understand what death meant, and when the mother told her that her papa was going away the little child went to the bedside and looked into her father's eyes and asked, "Papa, have you got a home in that land that you are going to?" And the question sunk down deep into his soul. He had spent all his time and all his energy in the accumulation of great wealth. He had a grand home and had now got to leave it; and how that question came home to him.

Dear friends, let me ask you the question to-day, have you got a home beyond the grave? Can you say your name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life? Can you rejoice as only Christ's disciples rejoice, because your name is there? If you cannot, then don't let the sun go down until the great question of eternity is settled. Let the news flash over the wires of heaven, up to the throne of God, that you want your name there: "Oh, let my name be written in the Book of Life!" And then when your name is called, and there is a voice heard, "Come up hither!" you will go with joy and gladness to meet your Lord and Saviour. You remember how it was with that dying soldier—you have undoubtedly seen it, it has been in print so often—who, lying on his cot, was heard to say, "Here! here! here!" and they went to him and asked him what he wanted. "Oh," said he, "they are calling the roll of heaven, and I am answering to my name," and in a few minutes he faintly whispered it again, and was gone. That great roll is being called, and it will be a very important thing, more important than anything else when the hour comes, that our names be written in the Book of Life, for God says except it is written in the Book of Life, we shall not enter that city. The gates will be closed against us; no one will enter the Kingdom of God except those whose names are written in the Book of Life. So, my friends, let us be wise. Let us see that our names are there, and then let us go to work and see if we cannot bring our children to Christ. I know a mother in this audience, to-day, who has got a family of children, and a few days ago she got stirred up and thought she would go to her children and talk to them personally about Christ. She commenced only ten days ago, and what is the result? A son and two daughters—all that she has got—have been brought to Christ, and perhaps there is not a happier woman in New York to-day, because she has got the names of her family all written in the Book of Life. She knows that they are to be an unbroken circle in eternal life. Fathers and mothers, let us be wise unto eternity, and bring our children into the kingdom with us. But you may say, what has this to do with heaven? You cannot talk about heaven, but the children must be spoken of, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven." They have been going up there for these 6000 years. Their little spirits are up yonder with the Shepherd, and He will take better care of them than we can. It seems as if it ought to make heaven very dear to us.

I never talk about children and heaven, but what the story

of two fathers comes right home to me. One lived out in the western country, on the banks of the Mississippi river. The world calls him rich, but how poor he is, or, how poor he was! Thank God! he is rich now. One day his oldest son was brought home to him unconscious; a terrible accident had happened, and the family physician was hurriedly called in. As he came in, the father said: "Doctor, do you think my son will recover?" "No," said the doctor, "he is dying, and cannot recover." "Well," says the father, "only bring him to, can't you, that we may tell him? I don't want him to die without knowing that he is dying." The doctor said he would try, but that the boy was fast dying. After a while the boy did become conscious for a moment, and the father cried: "My boy, the doctor tells me you are dying, and cannot live. I could not let you die without letting you know it." The young man looked up to his father, and said: "Father, do you tell me I am going to die right away?" "Yes, my boy," said the agonized father, "you will be gone in a little while." "Oh, father, won't you pray for my lost soul?" Said the speechless father, "I cannot pray, my son." The boy grew unconscious, and after a little while was gone; and the father said when he buried that boy, that if he could have called him back by prayer, he would have given all he was worth. He had been with that boy all those years, and had never prayed once for him. Am I talking to a prayerless father and mother, to-day? Gather your children around you and show them the way to the Kingdom of God. Train them to go where Christ reigns in triumph, that they may be with you.

The other father was a contrast. I don't know but he may be in this audience this evening. His son had been dangerously ill, and when he came home one day he found his wife greatly troubled. She told him there had been a great change since morning, and she thought their boy was dying. "I wish," said she, "that you would go in and tell him of his condition, for I cannot bear to, and he ought to know it if he is dying." The father went in, went up to his son's bedside, placed his hand on the boy's pale forehead, and saw the cold, damp sweat of night was gathering, and he saw in a little while the boy would be gone, and he said, "My son, do you know you are dying?" and the young man said, "No. Am I dying?" "Yes, my son." "Will I die to-day?" "Yes, my boy, you cannot live until night." And the boy looked surprised, and yet seemed to be glad, and said, "Well, father,

I will be with Jesus, to-night, won't I?" "Yes, my boy, you will stand to-night with the Saviour," and the father turned away to conceal his tears, and the boy saw the tears and said, "Father, don't you weep for me; when I go to heaven, I will go right straight to Jesus, and tell Him that ever since I can remember, you have tried to lead me to Him."

God has given me two little children, and if I know my heart to-day, I would rather have such testimony as this go home to my Father through my children than to have the world rolled at my feet. I would rather have them come to my grave and drop a tear over it, and say, "When my father lived he was more anxious for my eternal salvation than he was for my temporal good," than I would to have all the power this world can bestow. A few weeks ago, when my boy was sick, and I didn't know but that it would result fatally, I took my place by the side of his bed, and placed my hand on his forehead, and said: "Willie, suppose you should be really sick"—I didn't want to have him think he was likely to die—"and you should be taken away, do you think you would be afraid of death?" and a tear trickled down his cheek, as he said, "No, papa; last summer I was awful afraid of death, but Jesus has taken it all away now. If I die, I should go to Him, and He would give me everything I wanted." Ah! how sweet it was to think the little fellow was not afraid of death. It seems to me we ought to teach our children so that they will hail with joy the time that they can go to meet Jesus, their blessed Saviour. Oh, may the Spirit of the Lord God come upon this assembly to-night, and may we know that our names are written in the Kingdom of Heaven, and then see that the children whom God has given us are written in the Book of Life.

Famous Castlemon Books.

No author of the present day has become a greater favorite with boys than "Harry Castlemon;" every book by him is sure to meet with hearty reception by young readers generally. His naturalness and vivacity lead his readers from page to page with breathless interest, and when one volume is finished the fascinated reader, like Oliver Twist, asks "for more."

N.B.—Any volumes of the sets sold separately.

By Harry Castlemon.

GUNBOAT SERIES. By Harry Castlemon. In box containing the following. 6 vols. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold $7 50

Frank the Young Naturalist. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Frank in the Woods. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Frank on the Prairie. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Frank on a Gunboat. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Frank before Vicksburg. Illustrated. 16mo. . . 1 25

Frank on the Lower Mississippi. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

GO AHEAD SERIES. By Harry Castlemon. In box containing the following. 3 vols. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold 3 75

Go Ahead; or, The Fisher Boy's Motto. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

No Moss; or, The Career of a Rolling Stone. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Tom Newcombe; or, The Boy of Bad Habits. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SERIES. By Harry Castlemon. In box containing the following. 3 vols. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold $3 75

Frank at Don Carlos' Rancho. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Frank among the Rancheros. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Frank in the Mountains. Illustrated. 16mo. . . 1 25

SPORTSMAN'S CLUB SERIES. By Harry Castlemon. In box containing the following. 3 vols. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold 3 75

The Sportsman's Club in the Saddle. Illustrated. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold 1 25

The Sportsman's Club Afloat. Illustrated. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold 1 25

The Sportsman's Club among the Trappers. Illustrated. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold . . 1 25

FRANK NELSON SERIES. By Harry Castlemon. In box containing the following. 3 vols. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold 3 75

Snowed Up; or, The Sportsman's Club in the Mountains. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Frank Nelson in the Forecastle; or, The Sportsman's Club among the Whalers. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

The Boy Traders; or, The Sportsman's Club among the Boers. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

BOY TRAPPER SERIES. By Harry Castlemon. In box containing the following. 3 vols. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold 3 75

The Buried Treasure; or, Old Jordan's "Haunt." Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

The Boy Trapper; or, How Dave filled the Order. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

The Mail Carrier. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

ROUGHING IT SERIES. By Harry Castlemon. In box containing the following. 3 vols. Cloth, extra, black and gold $3 75

George in Camp; or, Life on the Plains. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

George at the Wheel; or, Life in a Pilot House. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

George at the Fort; or, Life Among the Soldiers. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

ROD AND GUN SERIES. By Harry Castlemon. In box containing the following. 3 vols. Cloth, extra, black and gold 3 75

Don Gordon's Shooting Box. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Rod and Gun. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

The Young Wild Fowlers. Illustrated. 16mo. . 1 25

FOREST AND STREAM SERIES. By Harry Castlemon. In box containing the following. 3 vols. Cloth extra, black and gold 3 75

Joe Wayring at Home; or, Story of a Fly Rod. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Snagged and Sunk; or, The Adventures of a Canvas Canoe. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Steel Horse; or, The Rambles of a Bicycle. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

OUR FELLOWS; or, Skirmishes with the Swamp Dragoons. By Harry Castlemon. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Alger's Renowned Books.

Horatio Alger, Jr., has attained distinction as one of the most popular writers of books for boys, and the following list comprises all of his best books.

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

RAGGED DICK SERIES. By Horatio Alger, Jr. In box containing the following. 6 vols. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold $7 50

Ragged Dick; or, Street Life in New York. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Fame and Fortune; or, The Progress of Richard Hunter. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Mark the Match Boy; or, Richard Hunter's Ward, Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Rough and Ready; or, Life among the New York Newsboys. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Ben the Luggage Boy; or, Among the Wharves. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Rufus and Rose; or, The Fortunes of Rough and Ready. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

TATTERED TOM SERIES. (First Series.) By Horatio Alger, Jr. In box containing the following. 4 vols. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold 5 00

Tattered Tom; or, The Story of a Street Arab. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Paul the Peddler; or, The Adventures of a Young Street Merchant. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Phil the Fiddler; or, The Young Street Musician. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Slow and Sure; or, From the Sidewalk to the Shop. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

TATTERED TOM SERIES. (SECOND SERIES.) In box containing the following. 4 vols. Cloth, extra, black and gold $5 00

Julius; or, The Street Boy Out West. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

The Young Outlaw; or, Adrift in the World. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Sam's Chance and How He Improved It. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

The Telegraph Boy. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

LUCK AND PLUCK SERIES. (FIRST SERIES.) By Horatio Alger, Jr. In box containing the following. 4 vols. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold 5 00

Luck and Pluck; or, John Oakley's Inheritance. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Sink or Swim; or, Harry Raymond's Resolve. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Strong and Steady; or, Paddle Your Own Canoe. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Strive and Succeed; or, The Progress of Walter Conrad. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

LUCK AND PLUCK SERIES. (SECOND SERIES.) In box containing the following. 4 vols. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold 5 00

Try and Trust; or, The Story of a Bound Boy. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Bound to Rise; or, Harry Walton's Motto. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Risen from the Ranks; or, Harry Walton's Success. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Herbert Carter's Legacy; or, The Inventor's Son. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

CAMPAIGN SERIES. By Horatio Alger, Jr. In box containing the following. 3 vols. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold 3 75

Frank's Campaign; or, The Farm and the Camp. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Paul Prescott's Charge. Illustrated. 16mo. . . 1 25

Charlie Codman's Cruise. Illustrated. 16mo. . . 1 25

BRAVE AND BOLD SERIES. By Horatio Alger, Jr. In box containing the following. 4 vols. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold $5 00

Brave and Bold; or, The Story of a Factory Boy. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Jack's Ward; or, The Boy Guardian. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Shifting for Himself; or, Gilbert Greyson's Fortunes. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Wait and Hope; or, Ben Bradford's Motto. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

PACIFIC SERIES. By Horatio Alger, Jr. 4 vols. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold 5 00

The Young Adventurer; or, Tom's Trip Across the Plains. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

The Young Miner; or, Tom Nelson in California. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

The Young Explorer; or, Among the Sierras. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Ben's Nugget; or, A Boy's Search for Fortune. A Story of the Pacific Coast. Illustrated. 16mo. . . . 1 25

ATLANTIC SERIES. By Horatio Alger, Jr. 4 vols. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold. 5 00

The Young Circus Rider; or, The Mystery of Robert Rudd. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Do and Dare; or, A Brave Boy's Fight for Fortune. 16mo. 1 25

Hector's Inheritance; or, Boys of Smith Institute. 16mo. 1 25

Helping Himself; or, Grant Thornton's Ambition. 16mo. 1 25

NEW VOLUMES.

The Store Boy; or, The Fortunes of Ben Barclay. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Illustrated. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold 1 25

Bob Burton; or, The Young Ranchman of the Missouri. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Illustrated. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold 1 25

By C. A. Stephens.

Rare books for boys—bright, breezy, wholesome and instructive; full of adventure and incident, and information upon natural history. They blend instruction with amusement—contain much useful and valuable information upon the habits of animals, and plenty of adventure, fun and jollity.

CAMPING OUT SERIES. By C. A. Stephens. In box containing the following. 6 vols. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold $7 50

Camping Out. As recorded by "Kit." With eight full-page illustrations. 16mo. 1 25

Left on Labrador; or, The Cruise of the Schooner Yacht "Curlew." As recorded by "Wash." With eight full-page illustrations. 16mo. 1 25

Off to the Geysers; or, The Young Yachters in Iceland. As recorded by "Wade." With eight full-page illustrations. 16mo. 1 25

Lynx Hunting. From Notes by the Author of "Camping Out." With eight full-page illustrations. 16mo. 1 25

Fox Hunting. As recorded by "Raed." With eight full-page illustrations. 16mo. 1 25

On the Amazon; or, the Cruise of the "Rambler." As recorded by "Wash." With eight full-page illustrations. 16mo. 1 25

By J. T. Trowbridge.

These stories will rank among the best of Mr. Trowbridge's books for the young—and he has written some of the best of our juvenile literature.

JACK HAZARD SERIES. By J. T. Trowbridge. In box containing the following. 6 vols. 16mo. Cloth, extra, black and gold 7 50

Jack Hazard and His Fortunes. With twenty illustrations. 16mo. 1 25

A Chance for Himself; or, Jack Hazard and his Treasure. With nineteen illustrations. 16mo. . . . 1 25

Doing His Best. With twenty illustrations. 16mo. $1 25

Fast Friends. With seventeen illustrations. 16mo. 1 25

The Young Surveyor; or, Jack on the Prairies. With twenty-one illustrations. 16mo. 1 25

Lawrence's Adventures Among the Ice Cutters, Glass Makers, Coal Miners, Iron Men and Ship Builders. With twenty-four illustrations. 16mo. . . 1 25

By Edward S. Ellis.

A New Series of Books for Boys, equal in interest to the "Castlemon" and "Alger" books. His power of description of Indian life and character is equal to the best of Cooper.

BOY PIONEER SERIES. By Edward S. Ellis. In box containing the following. 3 vols. Illustrated. Cloth, extra, black and gold $3 75

Ned in the Block House; or, Life on the Frontier. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Ned in the Woods. A Tale of the Early Days in the West. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Ned on the River. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

DEERFOOT SERIES. By Edward S. Ellis. In box containing the following. 3 vols. Illustrated. 16mo. 3 75

Hunters of the Ozark. Illustrated. 16mo. . . . 1 25

Camp in the Mountains. Illustrated. 16mo. . . 1 25

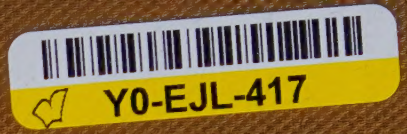
The Last War Trail. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

LOG CABIN SERIES. By Edward S. Ellis. In box containing the following. 3 vols. Illustrated. 16mo. 3 75

Lost Trail. Illustrated. 16mo. 1 25

Camp-Fire and Wigwam. Illustrated. 16mo. . 1 25

Footprints in the Forest. Illustrated. 16mo. . . 1 25


Y0-EJL-417